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on page 27

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Your bath only takes care of <u>past</u> perspiration, but to guard your <u>future</u> freshness—the word is Mum!

YES, YOUR bath washes away all *past* perspiration. But it can't protect you against risk of underarm odor *to come*. It can't safeguard your *future* freshness. That's a job Mum does well.

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MUM takes the odor out of perspiration



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LION'S ROAR

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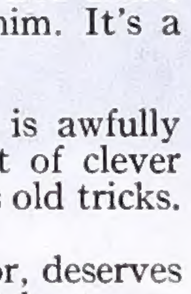


The greatest star of the screen!

There are several kinds of laughs. The smile, the chuckle, the quirk of amusement— ★ ★ ★ ★
None of these goes with the new Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn film —"Without Love". ★ ★ ★ ★



We're talking about the Abdominal Upheaval—the kind of laugh that gets a half-nelson on your midriff and rolls you around in your seat.
★ ★ ★ ★
The handkerchief-stuffed-in-the-mouth kind of laughter.
★ ★ ★ ★
"Without Love" is sensationally funny. And personal and warm.
★ ★ ★ ★
This columnist saw the picture four times before writing this. We laugh in the same places each time.
★ ★ ★ ★
Spencer was never immenser. Katharine attempts to woo, but his attitude is that it can't Hepburn here.
★ ★ ★ ★
The picture is much better than that.
★ ★ ★ ★
Donald Ogden Stewart has adapted Philip Barry's play with a fresh approach and a free hand. He has introduced a sleep-walking motif.
★ ★ ★ ★
Spence sleep-walks at first and Katie sleep-walks right back at him. It's a sleep-walkie-talkie.
★ ★ ★ ★
Lawrence Weingarten, who is awfully good at producing this sort of clever fare for M-G-M, is up to his old tricks.
★ ★ ★ ★
Harold Bucquet, the director, deserves a bouquet for his excellent job.
★ ★ ★ ★
The picture has one of the greatest casts ever. In addition to Tracy and Hepburn, there's, to begin with, Lucille Ball, a star on her own, who lives up to her reputation.
★ ★ ★ ★
Keenan Wynn never was funnier. Then there are Carl Esmond, Patricia Morison, Felix Bressart—and and and.
★ ★ ★ ★
It started during Easter at the Radio City Music Hall in New York and is still running. It's a long run picture.
★ ★ ★ ★
Changing the subject, how many of you have seen "The Picture of Dorian Gray", the most unusual film of the year?
★ ★ ★ ★



This production based on Oscar Wilde's absinthe-tinted drama is causing a great deal of talk. It is so superbly produced, so different in theme from conventional fare. We think you ought to see "Dorian".
★ ★ ★ ★
M-G-M has many wonderful offerings on the way. You might look for "The Clock", "Son of Lassie", "The Valley of Decision" "Thrill of a Romance", and "Ziegfeld Follies".
★ ★ ★ ★
Still roaring. —*Leo*



PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS

PRESENTS FOR JUNE

Story Highlights

Five Star Letter		**27**
Letter from Lew Ayres	***Adela Rogers St. Johns***	**28**
That's Hollywood for You	***Sidney Skolsky***	**30**
"Ask Me No Questions . . ." — **In which June Allyson gets quizzed**	***Louella O. Parsons***	**32**
The Magic of McGuire	***Helen Louise Walker***	**34**
Confessions of a Lazy Guy	***Joseph Cotten***	**36**
It's Fun to Be Bracken	***John Chapman***	**38**
Life with Fathers	***Ruth Waterbury***	**40**
She Had to Be Me — **The author of "Roughly Speaking" on Roz Russell**	***Louise Randall Pierson***	**42**
The Dane Takes Over—Dane Clark	***Dorothy Deere***	**45**
"Every Time I Leave You—"	***Adele Whitely Fletcher***	**47**
My Worst Boner		**48**
If You Were the House Guest of Sonny Tufts	***Eleanor Harris***	**50**
I'm Like This	***Lauren Bacall***	**54**
Sunday in Hollywood		**56**
Gingham Girl with Sequins—Gail Russell	***Harriet Eaton***	**58**
Shy Girl with Nerve—Eleanor Parker	***Louise Irwin***	**59**
Here Comes the Bride	***"Fearless"***	**60**
What Should I Do? — **Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert**		**62**
Wedding in the Rain — **The marriage story of Robert Cummings and Mary Elliott**	***Alyce Canfield***	**64**

Portraits in Color

Dorothy McGuire	**35**	**Bing Crosby with his sons**	**40**
Joseph Cotten	**37**	**Alan Ladd with his daughter**	**41**
Jim Brown with his daughters	**40**	**James Craig with his son**	**41**
Roy Rogers with his daughters	**40**	**Dane Clark**	**44**
		Marie McDonald	**46**

Special Features

Beauty	**130**	**Photoplay's First-Run Fashions**	**73**
Brief Reviews	**24**	**Speak for Yourself**	**66**
Casts of Current Pictures	**128**	**The Shadow Stage**	**20**
Inside Stuff—Cal York	**4**		

Cover: Lauren Bacall, next appearing in "The Big Sleep"
Costume designed by Leah Rhodes, designer for Warner Brothers
Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

Fred R. Sammis, Editorial Director — **Helen Gilmore,** Editor
Elaine Osterman, Hollywood Manager — **Adele Whitely Fletcher,** Associate Editor
Edmund Davenport, Art Director — **Sara Hamilton,** Associate Editor
Hymie Fink, Staff Photographer — **Ruth Waterbury,** Contributing Editor

JUNE, 1945 — **VOL. 27, NO. 1**

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Dunellen, N. J. ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO: 205 East 42nd Street. New York 17, N. Y. (General business, advertising and editorial offices): O. J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise, Senior Vice President; S. O. Shapiro, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Carroll Rheinstrom, Executive Vice President; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Manager. Chicago Office: 221 North LaSalle St., E. F. Lethen, Jr., Mgr. Pacific Coast office: San Francisco, 420 Market St., Lee Andrews, Mgr. Entered as second-class matter September 21, 1931, at the post office in Dunellen, New Jersey, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Price in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland, $1.80 a year; price per copy, United States and Canada, 15c. In Cuba, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. $2.80 a year; in other countries $3.80 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any loss of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.

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She WAS A BASHFUL BRIDE!

He WALKED IN HIS SLEEP!





HILARIOUS *M.G.M.* STAR-HIT!

SPENCER TRACY · KATHARINE HEPBURN

Without Love







with LUCILLE BALL

KEENAN WYNN • CARL ESMOND • PATRICIA MORISON • FELIX BRESSART

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart • Based on the Play by Philip Barry

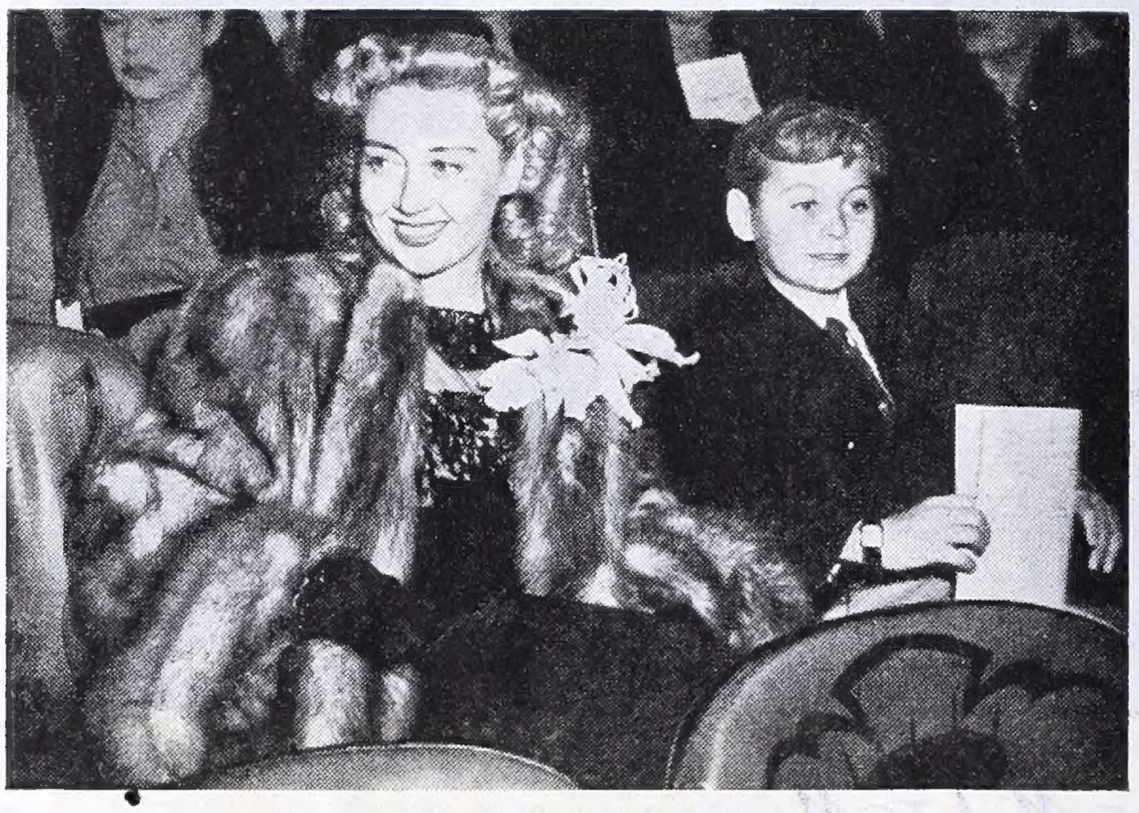
Directed by HAROLD S. BUCQUET • Produced by LAWRENCE A. WEINGARTEN • An M-G-M Picture

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

All in the family: Joan Blondell and son Norman gaily check the program and the people on a theater date



For Sale: One motorcycle, by Van Johnson. And this is no gag. Doubt if Van will ever go bouncing around on a two-wheeler again—after the near tragedy that befell his pal Keenan Wynn exactly two years after a similar accident almost cost Van his own life! The very day that Wynn figured in his motorcycle-auto smash was the day that Eve Wynn was being brought home from the hospital with the new baby. For three days and nights Van never left Keenan's bedside at the hospital. Connie Moore stayed at Eve's side, keeping the news of Keenan's accident from her and doing what she could for Mrs. W. who was very ill for many days. Finally, as both Wynns improved, each was told of the others troubles. And here's a so-far unprinted twist: Just a few moments before Keenan hopped on his cycle to go home, he had almost talked Connie into riding on the back of it with him. Instead she decided to ride in the car following him with her husband Johnny Maschio and Van Johnson. Just two minutes before all reached the Wynn home the accident occurred.

Thisa and Thata: Sinatra has finally been classified 4F. . . . Vic Mature's Hollywood leave leads everyone to believe he's the same old Vic. Hasn't changed a drop. What's more, rumor has it Dick Quine, also of the Coast Guard and husband of Susan Peters, who is confined to a hospital bed, may be given Vic's role in the picture "Tars And Spars" . . . When Van Johnson decides to have a date he really does it up brown. A photographer trailed Van and his date, Jacqueline Dalya, from Romanoff's to Mocambo, on to Ciro's and the Troc and finally at Dave's Blue Room gave up and went home exhausted. . . . It's our opinion, based on observation, that Diana Lynn is the young lady most admired by the men in Hollywood. Lunching at Lucey's one fine



Glamour and khaki: Dorothy Lamour and Army husband Major William Ross Howard have dinner at the Crillon

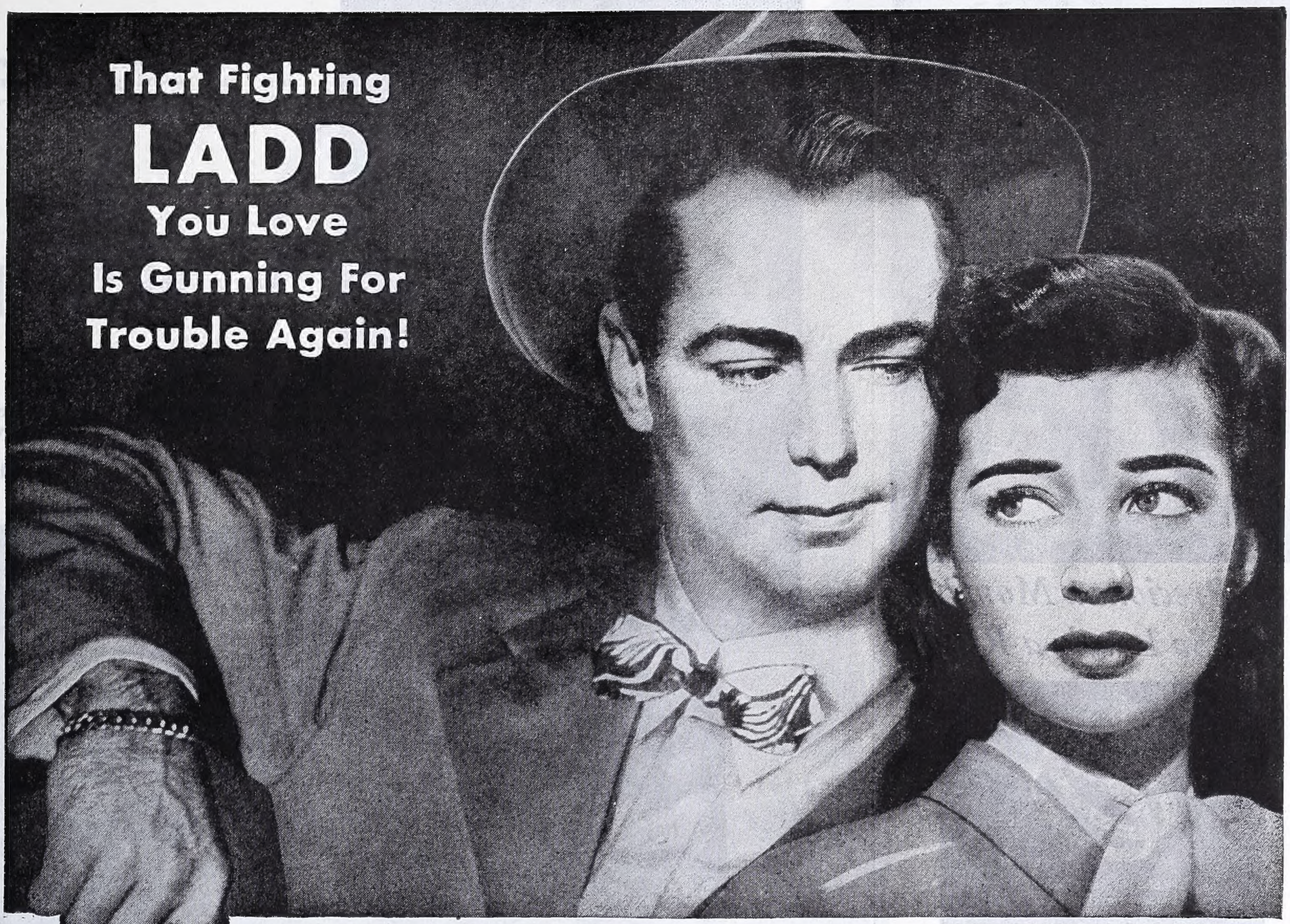


Double-exposure date: Popular John Hodiak and Anne Baxter have dinner at Ciro's before their break-up

day this week we glimpsed Dorothy Lamour in one booth, Veronica Lake in another and nearby Diana Lynn. Just by casually checking up, Cal discovered nine out of every ten men had their eyes longingly and admiringly fastened on little Miss Lynn. Hmmmm!

The Bride and Bonita: After the preview of "Hotel Berlin" Cal found himself beside the effervescent Bonita Granville at Mocambo's newest and swankiest supper room, the Crillon. Bonita was off to New York next day for six weeks of radio and stage personals and camp tours. At twenty-two she's kept her heart intact, which is something in this land of young brides.

Bonita, who used to be engaged to Jackie Cooper, told us of her recent San Francisco hospital tour with Danny Kaye. Who should be on the tour but June Horne, Jackie's bride. Bonita and (*Continued on page* 6)



Hollywood's most meteoric Star Sensation in his first rough, tough and terrific role since his screen return . . . falling for a girl with stars in her eyes while he tames a man-killing horse and a lady-killing tough guy!

Paramount Presents

Alan Ladd and Gail Russell in "SALTY O'ROURKE"

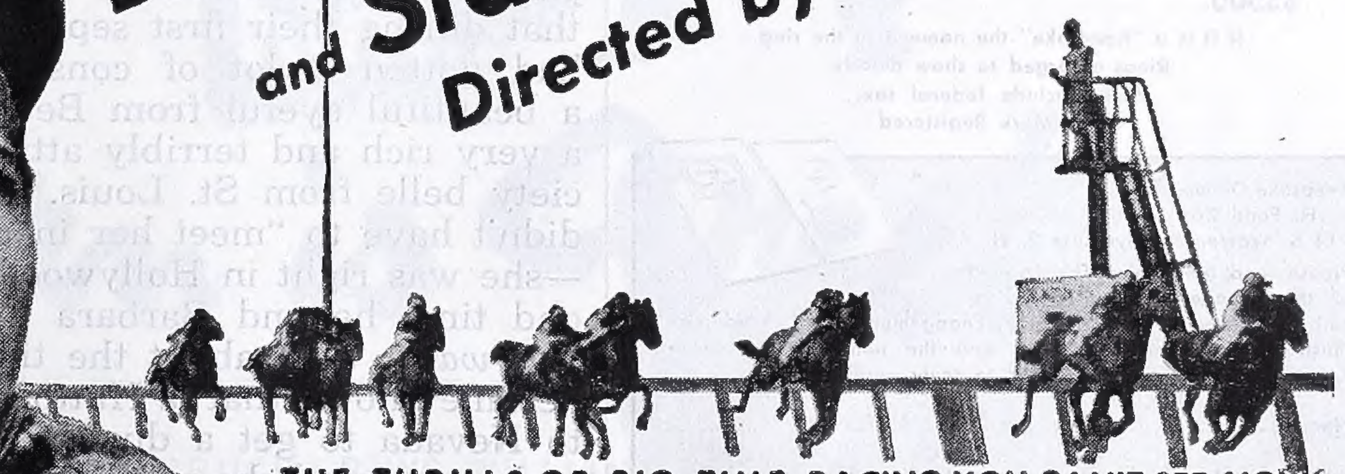
with William Demarest · Bruce Cabot · Spring Byington and Stanley Clements

Directed by Raoul Walsh

The riotous roughneck of "Going My Way" as the smartest little jockey who ever booted home a winner!

The Miracle Man of "Morgan's Creek" has a new "Conquering Hero" to hail!



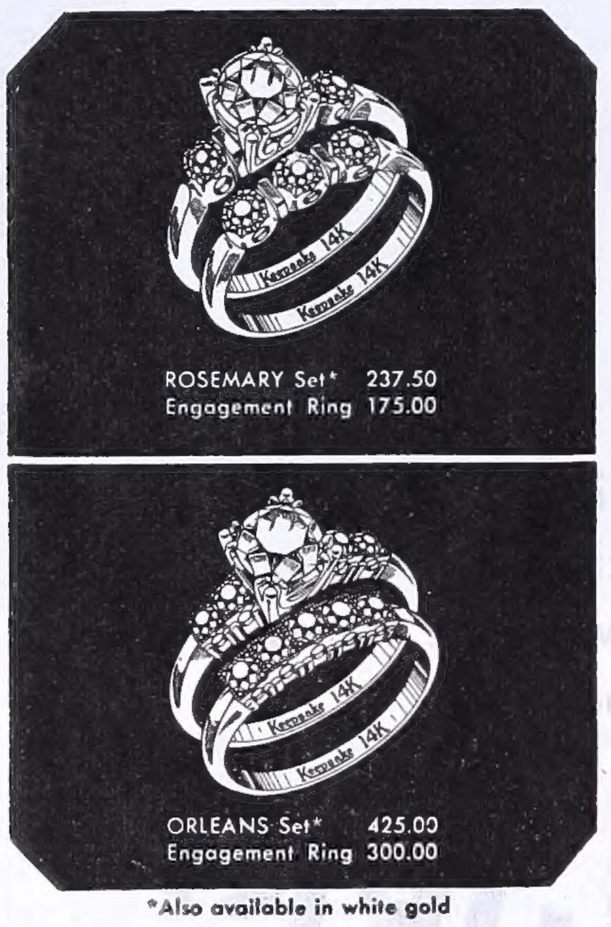


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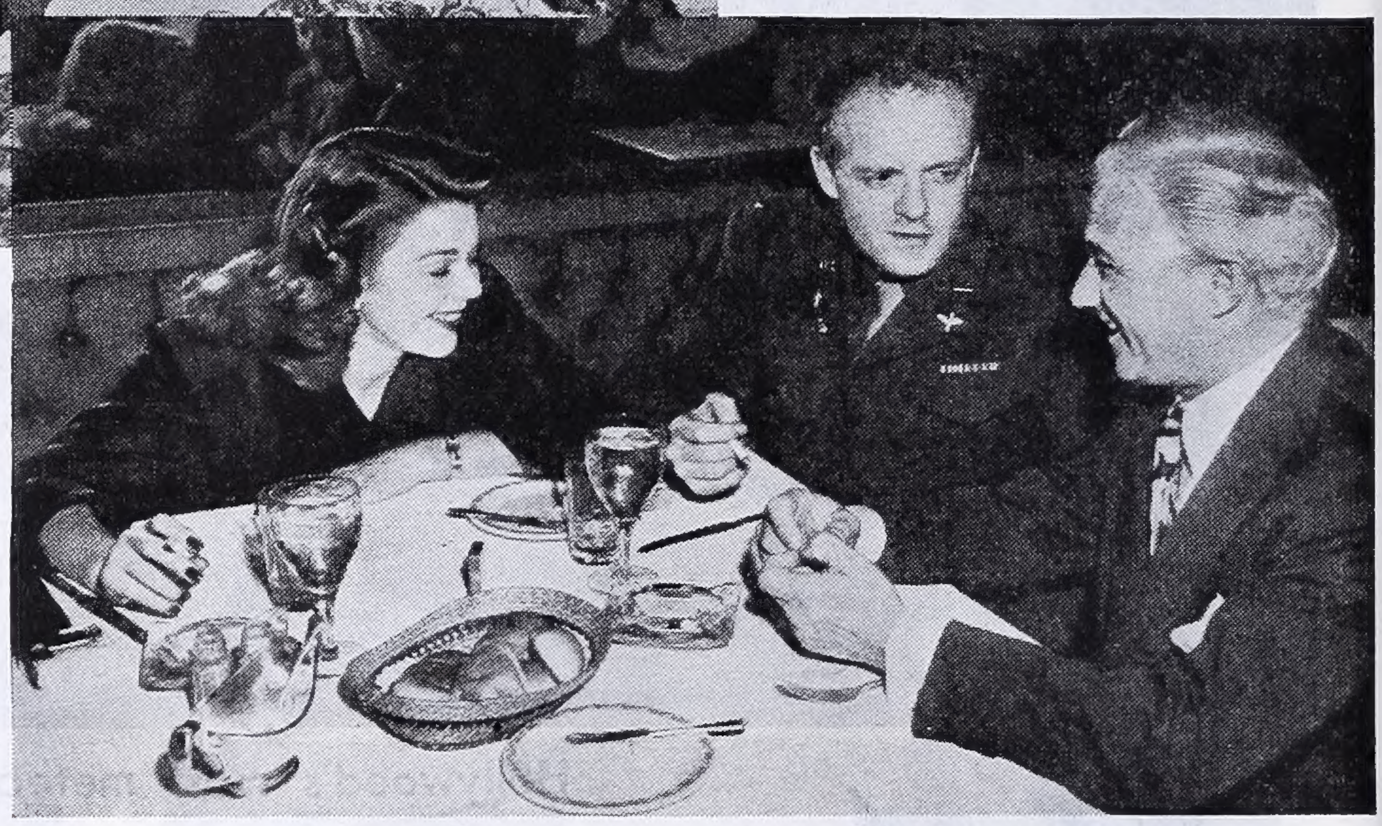
City..... TR 6-43



Paul Brook does the suggesting and serving for menu-minded Jeanne Crain at Ciro's

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

Mrs. Van Heflin and Charlie Morrison in a gay mood over the return from overseas of Lieutenant Van—at the Crillon



(*Continued from page* 4) June became fast friends.

"It was very funny," Bonita said, "when the boys in the hospitals asked me about Jackie and what happened to our engagement.

"I always said, 'I'm not sure about that, but I do know about his marriage. And do let me introduce the present Mrs. Cooper. Isn't she lovely?' "

Grant Again: Ye Gods! If you don't think Hollywood is agog over the Cary Grant - Barbara Hutton - Betty Hensel doings then you've never heard gab! And, oh yes, Phillip Reed figures in here somewhere too. The moment that the second separation of the Grants was announced, Barbara started seeing a lot of Phil, recently discharged from the Navy and about to resume in pictures. But someone remembered that during their first separation Cary had gotten a lot of consolation and a beautiful eyeful from Betty Hensel, a very rich and terribly attractive society belle from St. Louis. But Cary didn't have to "meet her in St. Louis" —she was right in Hollywood the second time he and Barbara busted up. But *wait!* Just about the time that it became known that la Hutton would go to Nevada to get a divorce, Betty up and announced she would marry Army Lieut. William Dodge. Boy—was that a surprise! And Cal hears that Cary was just about going nertz at this point. In fact, so was Betty—with indecision. But the day before her wedding, the nuptials were called off! Had Cary talked her out of it and asked her to wait until he was free? Or had she just decided herself that she was so crazy about Grant that she couldn't marry another fellow—and would take her chances on what Cary might have to say in the future?

Cal has a hunch that Betty will be marrying Cary when he's free.

Another Voice: We vote Louis Hayward's the best speaking voice in pictures. It flows like liquid music, soft but completely unaffected with its cultured English accent. On the "Ten Little Indians" set Cal sat with Louis, Roland Young (a scream in old flannel pajamas and raincoat) and June Duprez. We talked of the housing shortage, with Louis trying to buy a house in order to keep his dog with him; of New York plays, with Roland returning to Broadway for a *Topper* play; and of the heat, with June all done up in black for the scene.

Louis's quietly beautiful voice seemed to dominate every subject.

Incidentally, they told us on the set that even yet tiny shrapnel fragments work their way to the surface of Hayward's face—the same shrapnel he received at Tarawa. (*Continued on page* 8)

Bette Davis

NEW HONORS FOR
THE SCREEN'S MOST
HONORED ACTRESS!



In her heart of hearts she knew she could never hold him...



His first picture! Meet that stage sensation... John Dall!

WARNER BROS.
BRING ANOTHER GREAT
PLAY TO THE SCREEN!

"The Corn is Green"

A LOVE THAT RIPENED TOO FAST!

Directed by
with JOHN DALL • JOAN LORRING • NIGEL BRUCE • RHYS WILLIAMS • IRVING RAPPER
Produced by JACK CHERTOK • Screen Play by Casey Robinson & Frank Cavett • From the Stage Play
by EMLYN WILLIAMS • Produced by Herman Shumlin • Music by Max Steiner



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Invisible Charm
IS THE SILKEN
FRAGRANCE OF MAVIS

However hot the day, she walks in cool, heavenly fragrance. For she showers with sweet Mavis Talcum, after her bath. Mavis leaves skin smooth, pretty, dry; armpits truly dainty. Clothes and shoes slip on easily. She starts fresh . . keeps fresh . . appealing, adorable.

•

MEN: You'll like the cool comfort and freshness of Mavis, too!



The same delightful MAVIS fragrance in Talc Mit, 69¢ and $1.00 Dusting Powder with Puff $1.00

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FOR BODY BEAUTY

At all cosmetic counters, 59¢, 39¢, 23¢, 10¢
All prices plus tax

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Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



Oscars for Barry Fitzgerald, Ingrid Bergman and Bing Crosby, who also won a Photoplay Gold Medal Award



Cary Grant greets Gene Tierney at the Academy Award ceremonies

(*Continued from page* 6)

It's Oscar Time Again: The rib-tickling remarks of Bob Hope, who was master of ceremonies at the annual Academy Awards affair, had the town in stitches. When it came to the set dresser's award (the small group whose plight precipitated the studio strike) Bob salaamed before the winner and inquired anxiously if the other winners (only one showed up) were outside. "Look," Bob said, pointing to the winner and his plaque, "he's already wearing it as a sandwich board," and the audience, visualizing the picketers, roared.

"Now I know how Dewey felt," Bob remarked when Bing Crosby won the Oscar for his work in "Going My Way."

"When a director can take a broken-down crooner like me by the hand and guide him through a picture to this," Bing said, "anyone has a chance."

In her tomato red frock and a coronet braid atop her head, Norma Shearer was a vision as she presented the Irving Thalberg Award to Darryl F. Zanuck. And judging by the applause, both Ingrid Bergman and Barry Fitzgerald were equally popular winners. Little Margaret O'Brien, who received a special award for the best all-around child performer, had to be held in Bob's arms to speak over the mike.

When the photographers asked the two to pose, Bob said—"Stand over here, Marg—you know where to stand," he interrupted himself. "I've seen you work."

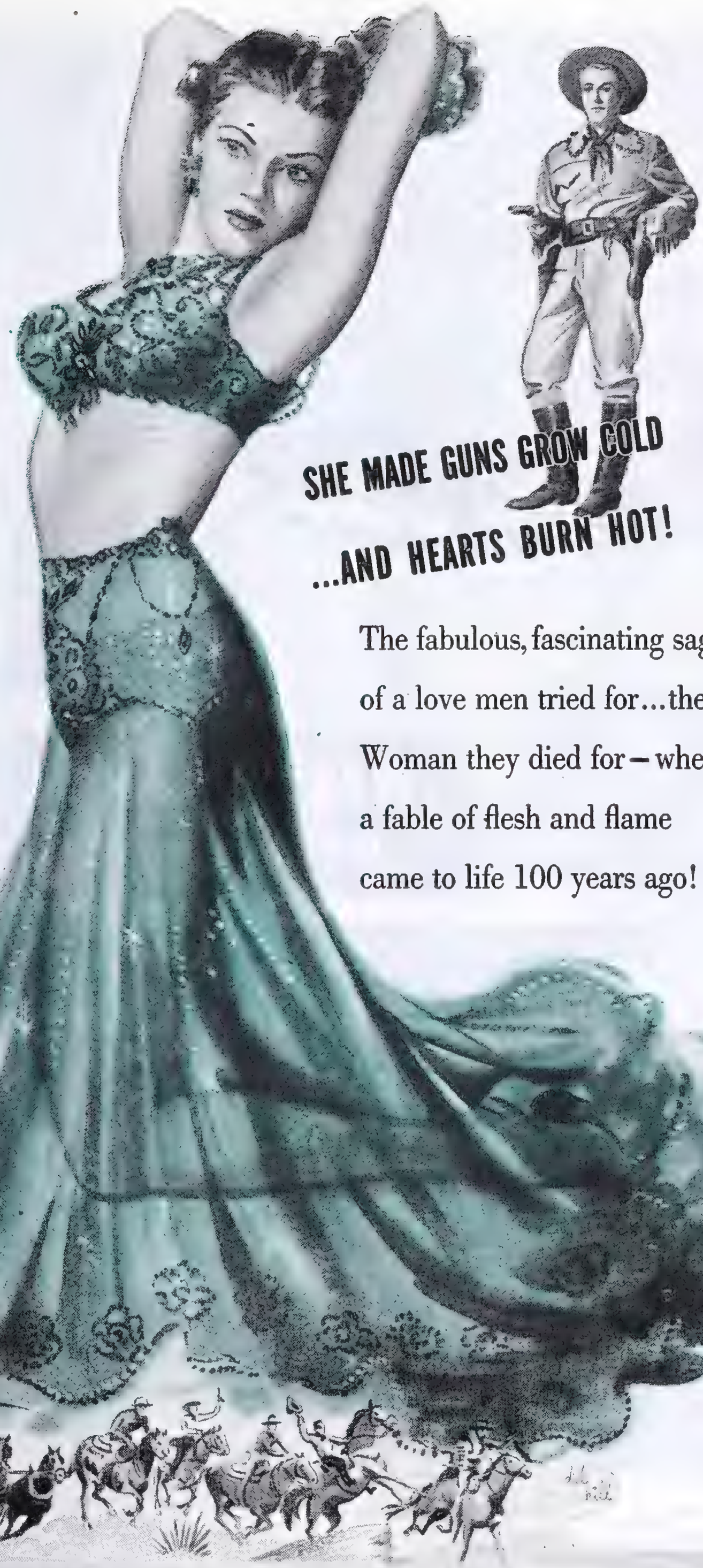
Love-ly: Even yet, Bette Davis isn't telling anybody—studio or friends—just what she did in Georgia for those three months. So whether or not she's Mrs. Corp. Riley is still anybody's guess. You can also guess whether it's love, marriage or just keeping a secret that gives her a new glow. Because Bette has just completed the most starry-eyed set of portrait sittings at the studio gallery that she's ever made. Positively glamorous . . . Lots of the stars and starlets with sweethearts or husbands overseas get all kinds of souvenirs and sometimes jewels from their adored ones. And then usually dash out to have these trinkets or stones made up into things they can *wear*. But Marsha Hunt's (*Continued on page* 10)

WALTER WANGER *presents*

"SALOME, *Where She Danced*"

IN TECHNICOLOR

a Universal Picture



SHE MADE GUNS GROW COLD ...AND HEARTS BURN HOT!

The fabulous, fascinating saga of a love men tried for...the Woman they died for—when a fable of flesh and flame came to life 100 years ago!

With **YVONNE DeCARLO**

ROD CAMERON DAVID BRUCE WALTER SLEZAK ALBERT DEKKER

Marjorie Rambeau J. Edward Bromberg Abner Biberman

Screenplay by Laurence Stallings From an original story by Michael J. Phillips Directed by CHARLES LAMONT

Associate Producer, ALEXANDER GOLITZEN Produced by WALTER WANGER

If your heart is set on a West Branch model that isn't now available, the date of its return is a date worth waiting for . . . because a West Branch is the chest that gives you most in beauty and in protection.

IT'S A DATE WORTH A WAIT

No. 7308T. (above) New West Branch model in popular design. Diamond matched Paldao and Oriental woods. Deep Waterfall lid. Automatic tray.

No. 30080. (right) Handsome Salem chest in mahogany. Drawer in base, simulated drawers on top compartment.

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WEST BRANCH
Cedar Hope Chests
The Present with a Future

For the lovely . . .

To Relax . . . make your bath soft as summer rain with Bathasweet Water-Softener. Then lather up with creamy Bathasweet Soap.

To Soothe away tenseness . . . spill Bathasweet Pine Oil into your tub and laze till your skin feels silken.

To Tone your body . . . rub your skin to a rosy glow with a fragrant Bathasweet Shower Mitt.

To Exhilarate your spirits . . . try a quick dip in Bathasweet Foam. As refreshing as bathing in sea foam.

Top each with Bathasweet Talc Mitt and be dainty for hours!

3 fragrances: Garden Bouquet, Spring Morning, Forest Pine.

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Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



The gorgeous gal Trocadero-ing with Van Johnson is Jacqueline Dalya

(*Continued from page* 8) husband, Capt. Jerry Hopper, went the rest of the boys one better. He collected some beautiful sea shells and stones in his travels in the Pacific and when he sent them to Marsha they were already made up into costume jewelry. Must have had the natives work on them . . . Maureen O'Hara is an eye-filler in a breath-taking black lace dress in "Spanish Main." Just about the time she was making scenes in the gown, she got word that her husband Will Price was in the thick of the fighting on Iwo Jima. She almost went to pieces with anguish and worry. Naturally, nobody could tear her away from a radio and its newscasts. This went on for several days. And the next time she donned the dress to play a balcony scene with Paul Henreid—it hung off her in all the wrong places. Maureen had dropped seven pounds! Shortly after this, she got word that Price was safe.

Bridal Party: There's a grown-up prettiness about Joan Leslie that's startling to a town that has watched this young actress grow from a gangling adolescent into a smart hair-on-top-of-her-head chicness. Yet there's a natural eagerness about Joan that will forever bar her from the glamour-girl classification, for which Allah be praised.

Cal glimpsed Joan at the cocktail party photographer Paul Hesse gave for the new bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cummings. There she sat in her smart checked frock, with Charles Russell and Jinx Falkenburg, having her picture snapped all over the place. It occurred to us then she was the prettiest gal in the room—except for the bride, the former Mary Elliott, whose radiant happiness shone all about her.

Among the guests greeting Bob and Mary were pretty Joan Caulfield with her beau, Lieut. Bob Davis; Sonny Tufts and his (*Continued on page* 12)



JANE POWELL · RALPH BELLAMY · CONSTANCE MOORE · MORTON GOULD AND HIS ORCHESTRA

and ARTHUR TREACHER • LOUISE BEAVERS • RUTH TOBEY • Produced by CHARLES R. ROGERS • Directed by ARTHUR LUBIN

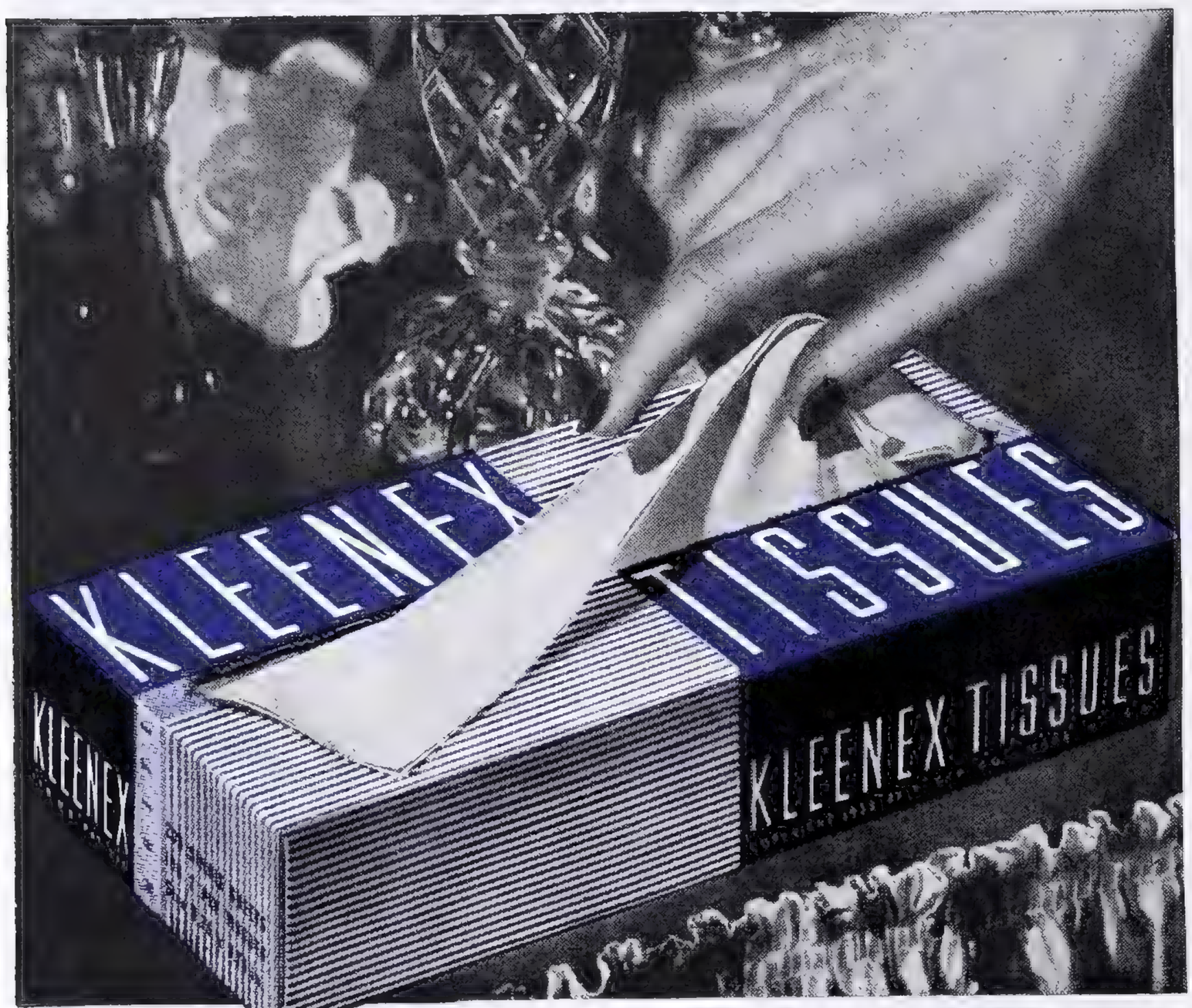
Screen Play by WALTER DeLEON and ARTHUR PHILLIPS • Based on a story by IRVING PHILLIPS, EDWARD VERDIER and FRANK TASHLIN

Associate Producer: JOSEPH S. TUSHINSKY • Original Music and Arrangements by MORTON GOULD • Musical numbers staged by ERNST MATRAY

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There is only one KLEENEX

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 10) Mrs., Billy Gilbert and his wife Ella and Sonja Henie who was busy denying that she'd ever been out dining with Dick Haymes—says she doesn't even know him.

Double Trouble: There's a fellow around Hollywood named Dave Willock who has missed film job after film job because he looks so much like Frank Sinatra. It always hurts rather than helps newcomers to look too much like any already established star. But finally Willock got himself a small part in "It's A Pleasure"—and if you look fast you'll catch him as the elevator boy in several sequences with Sonja Henie. . . .

And speaking of Frankie-boy, isn't it swell the way he's been giving so much time and effort to those talks he's been making on tolerance? Lots of people talk about doing something to help the boys and girls—but Frankie really did something. He talked to teen-agers in schools and auditoriums in New York and Philadelphia—under the supervision of the Board of Education—and unless a scheduled overseas tour interrupts, he'll go right on with his campaign to spread the right kind of thinking among those who are only too glad to listen to him.

Here's wishing him lots of luck—he has plenty of the right things to say!

(*Continued on page* 14)

Shirley Temple (note the ST on her dress) at the Academy Awards with sailor Guy Madison, co-workers in "Since You Went Away"



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THE BIGGEST ENTERTAINMENT THRILL OF THE YEAR!

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IF you're a Blond, "Bridal Pink" will intensify your blondness, make you look *softer, more feminine!*

IF you're a Brunet, with fair skin . . . "Bridal Pink" will intensify the contrast, make you look *more romantic!*

IF you're Brown-Haired, with a medium skin . . . "Bridal Pink" will give an exciting lift to your *entire appearance!*

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Look *different* tomorrow! Look more interesting, more exciting! Apply Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" — the new powder-shade that's so daringly *romantic!* See how it lights up your face with instant new life and warmth.

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Lady Esther FACE POWDER

Cal York's



Dana Andrews has reason to smile—it's Mrs. Dana with him at the theater

(*Continued from page* 12)

Mad Hats: Went to a cocktail party that would have had the original *Mad Hatter* jumping with joy. There was Claudette Colbert with what looked just like a large black valentine heart flat on the top of her dome. There was Maria Montez, in a John Fredericks number—made entirely of huge blue silk roses, just set at cock-eyed angles all over her head—invisibly held together with heavenknowswhat! There was Kay Williams in what looked like a miniature derby perched on top of her blonde curls. There was Greer Garson, in a black cocktail suit, wearing a tiny black chapeau, with an inch-wide brim on which were about eight little golden chess-men!

Hollywoodiana: Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz go right on fighting and making up—their last spat was a humdinger. But they haven't reached their last—not by a long shot . . . The Alan Ladds and Bill Bendixes, are friends again, we are happy to say . . . Rita Hayworth has her pre-baby figure back as all the La Rue diners could see the night she and Orson Welles dined there. They'd just returned from Mexico—and Orson is getting ready to do the new Claudette Colbert picture—as her leading man . . . Joan Crawford and Phil Terry headed for a long vacation in New York . . . Plenty of ice between Veronica Lake and Sonny Tufts on the sets these days—but nobody can understand why . . . Some people are beginning to think that Ann Sheridan doesn't care if she never makes another picture—certainly looks that way. She remained glued to Steve Hannagan's side for months back east—and nobody would be surprised if she just stayed on there as his Mrs. . . . Faye Emerson swears she won't be a mama in 1945—not that she wouldn't like to be . . . Prediction: That Bill Williams, who debuts in "Those Endearing Young

INSIDE STUFF



Captain Ronald Reagan with his pipe and his Jane Wyman on a theater date

Charms" with Bob Young and Laraine Day, will be well on his way to stardom before the year is out.

At the Haymes House: Hollywood certainly hopes that the Dick Haymes reconciliation will stick. It wasn't such a shock to a lot of people who had suspected trouble in that household for some time. And for many reasons. One of the reasons is that Mrs. H. is determined to resume her acting career where she left off when she married the now successful crooner. She's been taking dramatic lessons—and Dick feels one career in the family is enough.

News of Our Boys: Billy Halop, ex-"Dead End" kid, in service three years, is now with the Army in France.

Mickey Rooney gives as many as twelve shows a day from the back of a jeep. He was last seen heading for Germany.

Colonel Anatole Litvak is much grayer and more subdued, we may say. Cal found himself at the former director's table at Mocambo the other night and learned he expects to go right back over the pond again.

Deanna Durbin's former husband, Navy Lieut. Vaughn Paul, finished work aboard an Essex-class carrier in connection with the first strike on Tokyo and transferred by breeches buoy in rugged weather to a tanker where his good fellowship won him a lot of friends. Vaughn was grateful for the cot set up in the crowded ship's office, and more grateful for the lift given his crew and their two tons of equipment. Paul is in charge of the "CinCPac Newsreel," first Navy newsreel unit, and was on Iwo Jima during the siege there.

A friend reports the last time he saw Navy Lieut. Henry Fonda he had his arms around the shoulders of fellow-officers close-harmonizing over a cold bottle. Hank had come ashore on a Pacific Island as a member of an admiral's staff after many weeks of duty

Another June

Rung in with chimes for lovers reunited . . . with a ripening moon, big as a stage prop, to light the garden lawn. Another June to be commemorated with music, with poetry, with *perfume* . . . Yardley's own "Bond Street" . . . a scent as dream-touched as a summer's night. Find it traced through Yardley Lipstick and "English Complexion" Powder, too.





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Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



Starlet Marjorie Riordan and war plant executive Ted Briskin dance

aboard ship. Hank, we're told, likes to relax when off duty, but on the job is one of the hardest working, most conscientious men in his organization.

Incidentally, Van Johnson has again been rejected by his draft board, due to that head injury suffered in an accident.

Gene Kelly expects to ship out as soon as his basic training is completed in San Diego, California. Already the town misses Gene's genial grin and good humor, to say nothing of his grand acting.

Hollywood is Talking About: The sudden right-about-face of Mayo Methot, whose obvious heartbreak over her separation from Humphrey Bogart turned to philosophical resignation as she embarked for Las Vegas and a divorce. "I saw Bogie the other night," Mayo told a friend, "and thought what a nice person he was to know and that was all."

What Lana Turner will do if Turhan reports to Turkey and the Turkish Army is the question before the house. There are no flirtatious qualities about the blonde beauty, oddly enough. When she loves a man she loves only him.

Turhan certainly discovered how much he missed and loved Lana while she was on her recent eastern tour. His constant telephone calls left no doubt of this in Lana's mind. Cal firmly believes that if Lana were free she would marry Turhan before he leaves. We know first-hand the actor has been in constant touch with the Turkish consul in Los Angeles, and is one foreigner who remains loyal to his Turkish friends in the city. Turhan told us he was an officer in the Turkish Army prior to leaving Europe and even wore a fez with his colorful uniform. Now there's a romantic figure for you!

(*Continued on page* 18)

Explosive as the new bare fashions. That real red-red you dreamt about—knew could exist . . . never could find. Here it is in Nail Enamel and Lipstick—just plain dynamite!
(And with it "Sheer Dynamite" Face Powder.)



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Plus Tax

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

Callers: Cal answered the doorbell to discover Bill Eythe on the threshold.

"I just heard you live around the corner from my studio and thought I'd dash over while I'm waiting for my check," he said.

We were glad to see Bill. His dark eyes have a glad-to-be-alive twinkle and the incongruity of his high professional status that contrasts so oddly with his shyness (a trait he tries desperately to hide) gives him a rather appealing boyishness.

He'd just been recalled from the East to test for "Dragonwyck," but he was more excited over discovering Elyse Cox at the Pittsburgh Playhouse than anything else that happened on his brief trip. Bill said they had gone to Carnegie Tech Dramatic School together and had fought through every course. And suddenly here she was, a brilliant actress, now being tested by Twentieth at Bill's request.

Bill telephoned his mother from New York that he'd been recalled by the studio for the test.

"Listen, Bill," she said, "you don't have to work in Hollywood. I've saved every cent of the money you've sent us and you take it, get a good substantial job in Kaufman's Department Store in Pittsburgh and settle down."

Our old friend Sydney Greenstreet absolutely filled the doorway. "Come on, you," he said, "we're going over to Phyllis Thaxter's for dinner."

He is abrupt to those he likes and horribly polite to those he dislikes.

As usual Phyllis was all atwitter over not being quite ready, having just come in from tennis. And, of course, there were the wedding pictures to be gone over again and the latest news from her bridegroom, Capt. James Aubrey, to be discussed. Her husband's being in service brought Phyllis closer to Ginger Rogers than anyone has come in a long time. On the set of "Weekend At The Waldorf" they greeted each other daily with: "Any letters today?"

The following evening we were all set for a quiet time at home when—yep, the doorbell again.

Charlie Russell, the boy "with the hands" in "The Purple Heart" and more recently in "Captain Eddie," stood and looked at us without a word.

"You—no—you did! You got the role," we shouted at him.

"I came over directly from the studio," he said, wiping away greasepaint as he sat down.

We could only rejoice with Charlie whom Hollywood regards as one of the finest young actors in the business.

"They told me today when the test was only half completed," he said. "Only you know what this waiting has meant to me, so only you can know how I feel now." So watch for Charlie in the leading role in "The Embezzler" with Jimmy Dunn and Sheila Ryan, and you'll understand why all Hollywood has been pulling for him.



The lady and her likeness—Ruth Hussey with her portrait painted by Costa

Cal Gets Around!: We sat at our favorite corner table in Twentieth Century-Fox's dining room (where the food is terrific and the studio hospitality the best in Hollywood) with Mary Anderson and Richard Crane.

Mary is an intense young lady who never quite got the break she deserved after her swell stage performance in "Guest In The House." She got all absorbed relating to the young flying officer with us her idea of how a magnet should be placed on gun sights in our bombers. And she stated her case well against his more practical arguments.

And then in the midst of all their technical discussion she turned wistfully and said, "I want to be a 'feathery' girl in movies."

"What in heaven's name is a 'feathery' girl?" we demanded.

"The kind of girl Dick here would fall in love with on the screen," she added.

Young Crane blinked at her.

"Well?" we demanded. "Would you, or did you, rather? Is your bride Kay Morley 'feathery'?"

"No," he asserted. "She's wonderful." And then everybody screamed. . . .

That night at Mocambo, with friends from New York, who should we see walk in with producer Mark Hellinger but Humphrey Bogart and Lauren (Baby) Bacall. The photographers swarmed as one in their direction.

"Don't snap me, boys," Bogie shouted. "I'm too hot right now. Lay off!"

"What does he mean he's 'too hot'?" asked one of our visiting friends.

We explained, or tried to, that Bogie meant that his love affair was too much in the public eye right now.

"Well, didn't he give out interviews that would put it there?" the New Yorker asked.

We allowed as how that made little difference.

"Well," they all agreed, "movie stars are beyond us."



Before *After*

"What Happened WHEN I LOST 38 POUNDS!"

—as told by Mrs. Ann Weir of East St. Louis, Ill.

"When I was married," says Ann Weir, "I weighed 127. But after I had my fourth child, my weight went up to 166. I had what men call a 'bay window.' I read reducing diets, tried reducing exercises. But all my efforts brought no results.

"For two years I kept reading about the DuBarry Success Course, which you follow right at home, but I feared it would be expensive. When I found how little it cost, my husband gave me the Course, and with my doctor's approval, I started. In six weeks I lost 22 pounds, kept on and lost 16 more—right where I needed to lose them—9 inches off my abdomen, 6 off my waist, 6½ off my hips.

"People had always told me I had a nice complexion, but it has improved 100%, and what I learned about make-up has been a revelation. So here's what happened when I lost those 38 pounds: I regained my slender waistline, I wear my clothes with assurance, I have more energy—and I look ten years younger. Far from being expensive, the Course has been an investment that has brought wonderful dividends in health and happiness."

HOW ABOUT YOU? Haven't you wished that *you* could be slender again, hear the compliments of friends, wear youthful styles, feel like a new person? The DuBarry Success Course can help you.

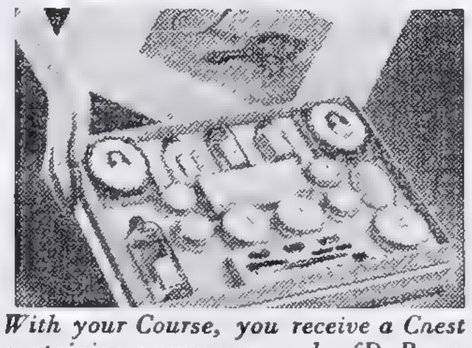
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The *Shadow* Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Nuptials to remember: Judy Garland and Robert Walker in "The Clock"

✓✓ The Clock (M-G-M)

LOVE—it comes suddenly, tenderly, beautifully and compellingly into the hearts of Robert Walker, a corporal on a short leave, and Judy Garland, secretary in the city of New York.

It marches around the hours of the clock in a succession of thrilling moments that, in turn, bring laughter, tears and sympathetic understanding, all of which makes for a sure-fire picture that will appeal especially to the romantic minded.

It is unquestionably a "director's picture" with the brilliant touches of director Vincente Minnelli at times outshining the story itself with its message that love transforms the humblest into shining storybook people.

Judy, with nary a song, except the one in her heart, comes into her own as a dramatic actress of depth and charm. Robert Walker, the boy who is bewildered by his headlong collision with love, gives one of the best performances we've glimpsed in a moon's age. There's an authoritative sincerity about Walker that will secure him steadfast in the hearts of his fans.

For a bit that outshines everyone and everything about it, we nominate Keenan Wynn in his brief scene as the realistically inebriated gentleman of the lunchroom. What a gem of a performance! James Gleason as the milkman and Lucile Gleason as his wife take over with Judy and Robert for a four-handed game of perfection in acting (and direction) in a breakfast-table scene that other directors should flock in droves to see.

The whole film is a breakdown of exquisite bits that, when strung together, emerges one of the very best of its kind.

Your Reviewer Says: Love time—around the clock.



Obviously with love: Alan Ladd and Gail Russell in "Salty O'Rourke"

✓✓ Salty O'Rourke (Paramount)

ALAN LADD, Gail Russell, Bruce Cabot and a lad you'll remember, Stanley Clements, are sucked into a whirlpool of action and suspense that has the audience going right over the rapids with them.

While it's not Ladd's best picture, the way he plays it enhances his firm grip on the fans who love the cold, hard smoothness that precipitated him into focus. And in this one he's just as cold, just as calculating and just as appealing as ever.

The plot, of course, provides the background for all this frozen emotion dealing with Ladd's attempts to repay Cabot a debt for which he isn't responsible but which, because Cabot's a tough hombre, has to be paid. As a means of quick retribution Ladd buys a mad-minded race horse whom only Stanley Clements can manage. But again there's a catch. Clements has been barred from all tracks and must needs pose as his younger brother, which sends him into the schoolroom of Gail Russell, and there's where the love business comes in.

The thing clips along cockily, with events shaping up to high-blood-pressure suspense toward the entangled end.

Clements is simply marvelous as the jockey. Ladd, of course, is up to every inch of his role. William Demarest, Spring Byington and Marjorie Woodworth are good in their little corners, too.

Your Reviewer Says: All the elements of a good movie.



High-heart drama: George Brent ond Joan Fontaine in "The Affairs Of Susan"

✓✓ The Affairs Of Susan (Paramount)

SUSAN, played by Joan Fontaine, was four women to four men, and all of the *Susies* were interesting, none of them dull, and each one lovelier than the other, which only goes to prove a woman can be anything a man wants her to be, and sometimes is.

The story, a gay, charming sort of thing, rambles on willy-nilly, and if it consumes too much time in the telling, the lightness of its mood somewhat redeems its overlength.

We first meet *Susan* through George Brent—a New York producer. Honest, naïve, frank, childlike and unassuming, *Susan* marries George, becomes a fine actress who loses her husband through the identical failings that won his heart. When Don DeFore, a Montana lumberman, comes along, Joan has become wiser, a siren out to get, tease and tantalize her man. With author Dennis O'Keefe she becomes the intellectual, the bespectacled young woman of learning who must be rescued from author O'Keefe by Brent and DeFore, always loyal to *Susan*.

It's Walter Abel, the stolid solid citizen, she finally decides to marry, however, and who learns about all the various little *Susies* from her three former swains. The ending has been guessed from the beginning, of course, but still it has a way of being so darned entertaining it really doesn't matter.

Rita Johnson is a pretty heavy, if you know what we mean. And Fontaine is really delightful.

Your Reviewer Says: Charm is the word for this affair.

(*Continued on page 22*)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 22

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 128

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 24


PEARL BUCK'S
Thrilling Novel
CHINA
VIOLENCE of BOMBS...
FURY of JEALOUSY!!
For this American doctor, his bride, and the "other woman," there's no escape from the bomb-ravaged heart of China ...nor from the love, treachery and jealousy smouldering in their passionate hearts!
Spectacular... daring as only Pearl Buck would dare to write it!
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RUTH WARRICK · ELLEN DREW
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(Continued from page 20)

Without Love (M-G-M)

VITAMIN A, vitamin B, plus a dash of high-powered paprika has been needled into the situations and dialogue of Philip Barry's rather dull stage play, "Without Love," and the results are hilarious. But the premise of the tale? Well, not exactly original is the story of a woman who hides from the world because a past love was too perfect, and a man who is a refugee from love—past imperfect.

Katharine Hepburn is so very Hepburnish as the woman that we had the feeling Katie was kidding us with the best Hepburn imitation to date. Forcefulness, the frightening kind, melts to a kittenishness when Katharine and Tracy, both scientists, marry without love and develop the grand passion along the way.

Just how Carl Esmond, a prospective buyer for Katie's house, suddenly develops into an amorous suitor is never explained. But no explanation is necessary for Keenan Wynn as Katie's cousin. His every appearance (especially in the taxicab with Wynn stewed to the eyebrows) is signal for joy among the fans.

Felix Bressart is amusing as a fellow scientist and Lucille Ball equally amusing as the realtor in pursuit of Wynn. Lucille is a gladsome thing to eye and ear and does a bit of plot needling on her own.

If it's pure (well, not pure exactly) escapist entertainment you seek, light, airy and feathery, "Without Love" is it.

Your Reviewer Says: Try *not* to laugh.

Best Pictures of the Month

The Affairs Of Susan
Salty O'Rourke
Music For Millions
Without Love
The Clock
Salome—Where She Danced

Best Performances

Joan Fontaine in "The Affairs Of Susan"
Alan Ladd in "Salty O'Rourke"
Stanley Clements in "Salty O'Rourke"
June Allyson in "Music For Millions"
Margaret O'Brien in "Music For Millions"
Jimmy Durante in "Music For Millions"
Tallulah Bankhead in "A Royal Scandal"
Katharine Hepburn in "Without Love"
Spencer Tracy in "Without Love"
Judy Garland in "The Clock"
Robert Walker in "The Clock"

✓A Royal Scandal (20th Century-Fox)

A MERE incident in the flavorsome life of Catherine the Great has been blown up into a full-fledged movie. The result is a fluffy concoction, good to look at but not exactly satisfactory to a hungry man. The story lacks sufficient body and strength of plot to qualify as a picture of rounded maturity, but we dare anyone not to be amused at some of the risque lines.

Tallulah Bankhead *is* Catherine. Her lines under the Bankhead skill come to life. What's more, she looks beautiful. Those years of stage trouping certainly serve her well in this tricky role of Catherine.

Bill Eythe plays the innocent victim of Bankhead's charm. He looks and acts the part. Charles Coburn as the chancellor is up to every minute of palace intrigue, and Anne Baxter, who loves Eythe, has much too little to do, but does it well. But it's Bankhead's picture, make no mistake.

Your Reviewer Says: Naughty, but nice.

✓Counter Attack (Columbia)

FOR several reasons we found "Counter Attack" an interesting and worth-while picture. One reason is the subdued and well-tempered portrayal of Paul Muni whose usual indulgence in artistic posturings has been controlled admirably by director Zoltan Korda.

Another is the well sustained mood—steady, quiet, and in time fascinating.

The story, however, seems a bit untimely and comes too late in the current events of the havoc of this world to create more than average interest. It tells the story of Paul Muni and Marguerite Chapman, Russian guerrilla fighters who find themselves trapped with seven Germans in a cellar.

The psychological battle that is waged between the minds of the peasant Muni and the Prussian officer Harro Meller fastens the interest and holds it.

Larry Parks is a pleasant addition to the cast of a picture that would have proven more interesting a year ago.

Your Reviewer Says: Moody.

✓Hotel Berlin (Warners)

A SUSPENSEFUL, timely tale, enhanced by a spine-tingling musical score, "Hotel Berlin" points the way for Germany's tomorrow while the stench of its today still reeks in the nostrils.

Changing headlines during the picture's making account for a lack of focus which is the story's main weakness. Helmut Dantine, a German citizen, is presented in a sympathetic light as a member of the underground. And he's not only handsome in looks but in performance.

Raymond Massey as one of the generals who plotted against Hitler's life and must needs take his own, exerts a sympathy-getting influence. Newcomer Andrea King gives all sorts of fancy promise as the Nazi actress who thinks of self before love. Miss King has an interesting face, easy assurance and naturalness. Faye Emerson turns in a warm and finely shaded job as the hotel hostess who snitches to the Nazis but redeems herself in her dramatic defense of the Jewish boy she loves.

Peter Lorre, a German professor, is one more member of the cast to rate sympathy with his muddled mind that eventually clears in time to redeem himself.

Your Reviewer Says: Warners even beat the Russians to Berlin.

(*Continued on page* 121)

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- ☐ *A cold wave*
- ☐ *A machine wave*

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Is this little beach belle—

- ☐ *Playing patty-cake*
- ☐ *Dive balmy*
- ☐ *Collar-bone conscious*

No, she's not "tetched" . . . just collar-bone conscious. And if *you* have hollows around the base of your neck, try: Standing erect, arms out (as shown), elbows stiff. Swing arms backward, forward, touching finger tips. This also banishes shoulder-blade problems. To banish problem-day discomfort—choose Kotex, for Kotex *stays soft while wearing*—far different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. And the special *safety center* of Kotex gives you *plus* protection.



If you're stymied with a show-off, should you—

- ☐ *Try to reform him*
- ☐ *Go smilin' through*
- ☐ *Make with the icicles*

Why attempt to freeze or reform him? Be smart and go smilin' through his clowning. It can be fun—and he'll tell the world you're wonderful! Learning to laugh in a trying situation helps build self-confidence. That goes for trying *days*, too . . . when you laugh off "telltale outline" fears with the patented, *flat tapered ends* of Kotex. So unlike thick, stubby napkins, those flat pressed ends don't show revealing lines. Kotex keeps you confident!

Now—a DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together



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Dorothy Lamour and Arturo de Cordova in "A Medal For Benny"

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓*BETWEEN TWO WOMEN*—M-G-M: Van Johnson takes over in the *Dr. Kildare* series as *Dr. Red Adams,* and is very likable in the role of the young medico who solves the case of why night club entertainer Gloria De Haven can't eat. Marilyn Maxwell, who tries to annex Van, Keenan Wynn as a night club master of ceremonies and of course Lionel Barrymore as *Dr. Gillespie* are all present. (Mar.)

BIG BONANZA, THE—Republic: Richard Arlen, a disgraced Union officer, goes west, but instead of joining his boyhood pal, Robert Livingston, saloon proprietor, he helps the miners fight for their rights. Bobby Driscoll is swell as Arlen's kid brother, Jane Frazee sings and Lynne Roberts teaches Sunday school. (Apr.)

BIG SHOW-OFF THE—Republic: Arthur Lake is a meek little pianist who pretends to be a wrestling sensation and Dale Evans is the supposed victim of this unfunny deception. Lionel Stander, George Meeker, Paul Hurst and Marjorie Manners go around for a couple of whirls. The harder it tries to be funny, the worse it gets. (Apr.)

✓*BODY SNATCHER, THE*—RKO: A horror number that would scare a totem pole into splinters. Boris Karloff, who snatches bodies for the medical school of Henry Daniell, is horribly wonderful, and Russell Wade turns in a swell performance as the young medical student who gets embroiled in the unholy mess. Bela Lugosi adds to the horror and it's all a swell scare 'em show. (May)

✓*BRING ON THE GIRLS*—Paramount: Eddie Bracken is a millionaire who joins the Navy because all the girls want to marry him for his money. Sonny Tufts goes along as his chaperone and Eddie gets mixed up with Sonny's ex-girl, Veronica Lake, until Marjorie Reynolds, night club singer, comes along. It's pretty silly in spots, but you'll get a few laughs. (Apr.)

✓✓*CAN'T HELP SINGING*—Universal: Deanna Durbin's new picture is a Technicolor musical with Jerome Kern's tunes, gorgeous scenery and romance, but it's structurally weak. Robert Paige is unconvincing as the romantic hero, Deanna sings beautifully. Akim Tamiroff and Leonid Kinsky attempt comedy but rarely achieve it and Andrew Tombes, David Bruce and Thomas Gomez are also in the cast. (Mar.)

CHICAGO KID, THE—Republic: Red Barry believes Otto Kruger railroaded his father into prison, so in order to seek revenge he worms his way into Kruger's firm, joins some gangsters, wins the love of Lynne Roberts, Kruger's daughter, and finally gets Kruger into a pretty nasty fix. You can take it or leave it alone. (May)

✓*CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE*—20th Century-Fox: Proving you can't always believe what you see, this has Michael O'Shea landing in prison when three witnesses testify they saw him wielding a lethal axe. Lloyd Nolan is excellent as always and Billy Cummings, Trudy Marshall and Ruth Ford bring warmth to the cold gray of the prison story. (May)

CRIME, INC.—PRC: This is based on the experiences of Martin Mooney, a crime reporter, but it seems to us that gangsters are a bit old hat these days. Tom Neal plays the reporter whose book exposing a crime corporation eventually breaks up the gang and gets the girl in his arms. Martha Tilton sings right through this shooting epic. (May)

DANGEROUS PASSAGE — Paramount: Robert Lowery gets in more trouble when he tries to evade enemies seeking his inherited fortune by boarding a slow steamer. Instead he runs into a phony insurance plot, a secret agent, a night club entertainer and all kinds of troublesome things. Phyllis Brooks and Lowery are both good, but you'd think they'd have a nervous breakdown at least. (Mar.)

(*Continued on page* 125)

Shadow Stage

Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

Affairs Of Susan, The..... 20
Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe..... 121
Brewster's Millions..... 124
Clock, The..... 20
Counter-Attack..... 23
Dillinger..... 123
Earl Carroll Vanities..... 124
High Powered..... 124
Hotel Berlin..... 23
House Of Fear, The..... 123
Molly And Me..... 123
Music For Millions..... 121
Royal Scandal, A..... 23
Salome—Where She Danced..... 122
Salty O'Rourke..... 20
Sudan..... 123
Utah..... 122
Where Do We Go From Here?..... 121
Without Love..... 22



"And she still won't get by"

What Madame La Couturière (nee Minnie Mooney) whispered about Barbara—now trying on her fourteenth hat—was cruel, but it was the truth. Everybody in town knew what Barbara's trouble was except Barbara herself . . . why men fell over themselves to meet her, then turned suddenly indifferent . . . why she was the "last resort" when a fourth at bridge or an extra girl was needed to fill out a party.

How About You?

Clothes, charm, good looks can count for little when your breath is off-color. You perhaps do not realize that halitosis (bad breath) is so common and that anyone may be guilty at some time or other—*without knowing it.* It's wise to be always on guard against this condition, which can put you in such a bad light so quickly.

Listerine Antiseptic, used as a mouth rinse and gargle, offers you a simple and wholly delightful precaution that so many popular people rarely omit. Use it always before any "date" where you want to be at your best.

Listerine's rapid germicidal action halts food fermentation in the mouth and the odors it causes. And, although halitosis is sometimes systemic, this food fermentation, in the opinion of some authorities, is a major cause of unpleasant breath. Almost at once, in such cases, your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

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P. S. A little loving care is what your teeth need, and this delightful dentifrice helps give it. LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

P
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IT'S GRABLE! IN THE MUSICAL THAT OUTSTRIPS THEM ALL!

Wait 'til you see . . . the daring ACAPULCO!

•

The dazzling AMERICAN BEAUTY!

•

GRABLE *go for* HAYMES!

Lucky, Lucky You!

Betty GRABLE

Dick HAYMES

Billy Rose's

DIAMOND HORSESHOE

in Technicolor

with

PHIL SILVERS · WILLIAM GAXTON · BEATRICE KAY · CARMEN CAVALLARO

Directed and Written for the Screen by GEORGE SEATON • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG

Suggested by a Play Produced by Charles L. Wagner and Written by John Kenyon Nicholson

Songs by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

IT'S A 20th CENTURY-FOX 30th ANNIVERSARY PICTURE

WAIT 'TIL YOU HEAR!

"The More I See You"

"Acapulco"

"I Wish I Knew"

And other new hits!

Five Star Letter

Our new world is in the hands of these

great men. The editors ask you to read their message— —then act





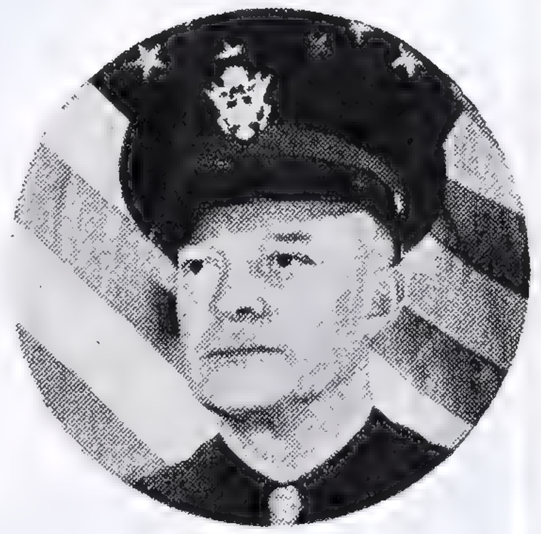
TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE:

Your sons, husbands and brothers who are standing today upon the battlefronts are fighting for more than victory in war. They are fighting for a new world of freedom and peace.

We, upon whom has been placed the responsibility of leading the American forces, appeal to you with all possible earnestness to invest in War Bonds to the fullest extent of your capacity.

Give us not only the needed implements of war, but the assurance and backing of a united people so necessary to hasten the victory and speed the return of your fighting men.











Letter From

LEW AYRES

by Adela Rogers St. Johns



Courtesy Yank Magazine

In the Philippines Lew Ayres, versed in first aid, takes care of a native child's injured foot

The postmark was the South Pacific, the envelope was addressed to one of America's most gifted writers, the letter—she gives it to you here and asks only that you read with an open heart



Lew Ayres trades news from home with Coastguardsmen in the Pacific

"I HAVE," the letter says, "strong, irrepressible surges of optimism even out here at times. For He does walk with us. He does indeed. The proofs are so many."

The letter is headed simply, The Philippines.

Across the envelope, beside that U. S. Army Postal Service mark with which so many of us have become familiar, is written: "Sgt. L. Ayres, 39309326, 36th Evacuation Hospital, A.P.O. 26 c/o P. M., San Francisco, California."

The history of a soul's struggle toward the light, of the transformation of a brilliant and successful young movie star into a chaplain's assistant is all in that brief address. From the flamboyant background of Hollywood emerges a life story that is unique in our times.

Lew Ayres, who started as a banjo player in a jazz band and ended as the box-office sensation *Dr. Kildare*, has made a good many headlines since the opening days of the war, when he declared himself a conscientious objector. But none of them can paint the true picture.

I think it is a story at which you and I can warm our chilled faith sometimes, and because the letter from the Philippines speaks for him so simply and clearly, I think the time we should hear it is now.

Lew Ayres, a movie star whose name blazed in neon lights on every main street in America, who had everything of wealth and success and popularity that this country could offer, is a man who became convinced that Jesus Christ meant exactly what He said. In this letter to me Lew writes, "It's there, in black and white, clean-cut and dazzling. It just remains for us *professed* Christians to begin living up to it. All of it. Living by what we speak and preach and declare as our faith. *All of it.* It has not been tried as often as it should be. The time has come when we must try it."



Before war—Lew as *Dr. Kildare*

Out there today in the Philippines, dying and wounded men, helpless little children with bullet holes through them, lost and shattered old women, call aloud for *Dr. Kildare* and in response to that call, under shell fire and bursting bombs, Lew Ayres, who began this war in a labor camp for conscientious objectors, moves quietly among them doing what he can for their smashed bodies and even more for their bewildered souls.

A long road from the glittering sets of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios—and he traveled it alone, the hard way.

When it began—how it began—that Lew Ayres, the handsome young favorite who was once married to Ginger Rogers, desired to give up everything to follow that road of faith and service, is a true story of revelation.

Lionel Barrymore who, as the beloved *Dr. Gillespie* in the "Kildare" pictures, observed Lew as keenly as he did fondly, says it began long ago and grew steadily to that dramatic and dreadful moment when Lew declared that in his country's greatest war he must be listed as a conscientious objector with religious scruples against killing.

I want, first, to set down here some things about Lew Ayres. I have to do that because it is vitally important that you should know him as he lived around our town of Hollywood, as the men (*Continued on page* 103)



Even Ingrid must watch her points

That's Hollywood

I HAVE been informed that Greer Garson believes that I don't like her because I once wrote that she is too much of a lady. She has asked me to visit her, but I haven't done so for I like her so much I might not be a perfect gentleman . . . Lauren Bacall, I want you to know, is influenced so by Humphrey Bogart that off the screen she talks more like Bogie than he does . . . So far as I'm concerned, no singer has come along to even question the supremacy of Judy Garland, in the female department, and as for the males, Bing is still the king—go on, throw your bobby socks at me. The runner-up is Harold Arlen, the songwriter, who should have a radio program. He sings his "Bloomer Girl" songs better than the players in the show . . . I am getting a little tired of Betty Hutton's display of energy, and I guess Betty's getting a little tired from displaying it . . . I like Hugo Friedhofer's remark that any man who marries for the second time doesn't deserve to lose his first wife.

I can recall when movie audiences were very prissy, and their heroes had to be pure and unmarried. Francis X. Bushman, the Clark Gable of the silents, found himself practically through when his admirers discovered that he was a married man. Now the gals swoon over married men, even going so far as trying to tear the clothing from them. Nothing a movie hero does can affect their love and devotion, as witness Errol Flynn . . . I admire Sam Hoffenstein, the scenario writer, for his excellent poetry. My favorite poem of his, which is not included in any collection of his verse, tells the story of his life. It is: Wherever I go, I go too, and spoil everything.

* * *

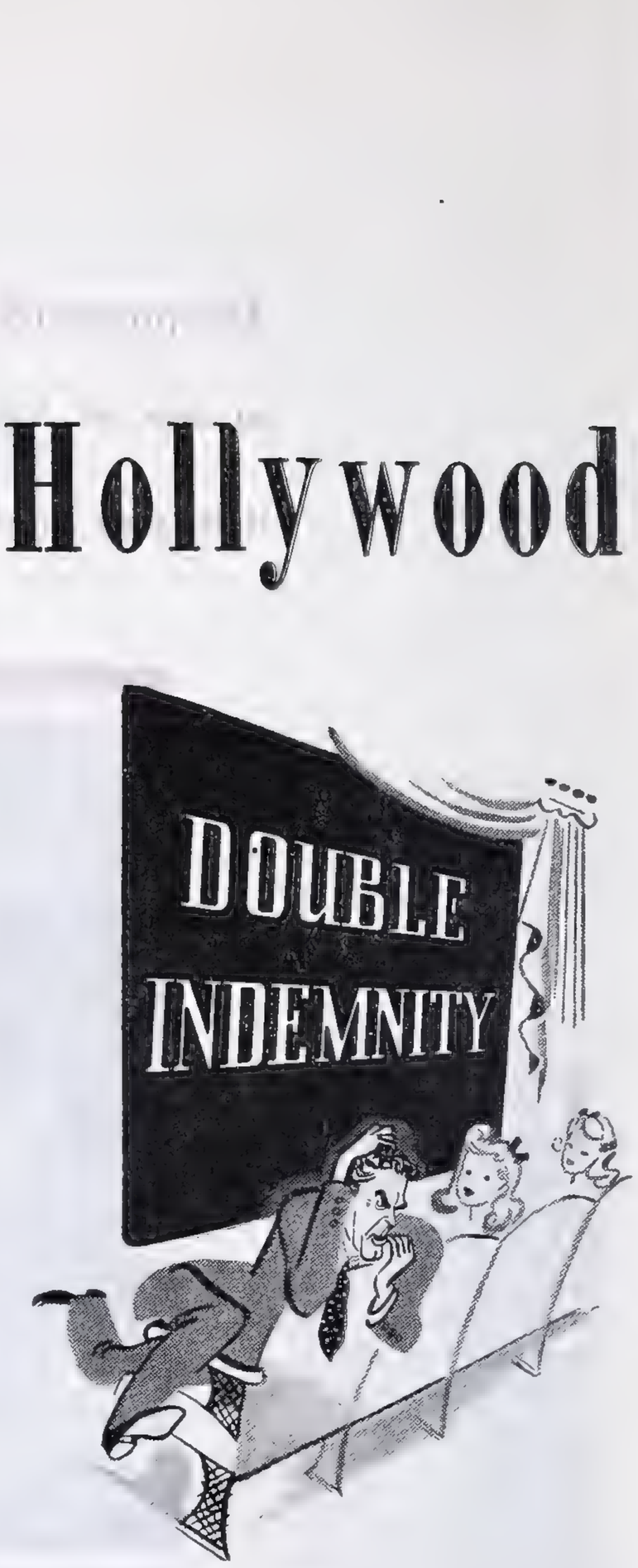
I believe that the most promising of the younger actresses, regardless of what any poll discloses, is Angela Lansbury, and I predict that she will do great things on the screen . . . I can't, however, get excited about Carole Landis, who puts up a good front, but is not in a class with, well, say Angela Lansbury . . . I like to go strolling about the streets of Beverly Hills, for the shopping district there has a mark of distinction and a quality all its own. It is fascinating to watch someone like Ingrid Bergman marketing, and see that she is as concerned about points as you and you. It was Tom Jenk, by the way, who, while discussing these modern times, said, "Money isn't everything. You gotta have points." . . . There's a regular wolf circuit that the pretty young actresses play, and it's a sure bet that every newcomer will have a date with Peter Lawford. I do wish that, although it is strictly a gag, Peter would remove the following sign from his den: "Do Not Disturb—Wolf At Work."

* * *

I have made it a practice—what do I mean practice, it's almost a business—to know how Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth and Ann Sheridan, etc., sleep. I can tell you that Lana wears a nightgown, and that Betty sleeps in pajamas, even to such detail as to whether it's the top or the bottom. In fact, I will tell you that Betty is the tops . . . As proof, and it is the only proof



The Voice has a word for swooners



MacMurray gets scared by MacMurray

permissible, I have been photographed on a couch with Ann Sheridan, with Rita Hayworth in a similar setting, and now, as you can see on the opposite page, I have been photographed with Dorothy Lamour on a bed. You can also see it is perfectly harmless and innocent. Honest . . . Marguerite Chapman, who is a cutie, has told me that she is shopping for a suitable nightgown, something different and very attractive, and that when she finds it, she will let me know. It's all in the line of duty, I repeat, and when Maggie gets that nightgown I'll be there, and I'll let you know about it. Gee, the things I do for my readers!

* * *

I admire Frank Sinatra for his desire and courage to make speeches about juvenile delinquency, and if there is any person that the youngsters will listen to, it is Frankie-boy . . . I know of no actress who resembles a movie actress more than Joan Crawford. Even to the newcomers in the business, Joan Crawford is their idea of what a movie actress should be, and look like . . . I don't know, but every time I see Maria Montez all dressed up, she looks like she got all dressed up, if

for You

Just so you'll know—that man's on the prowl again, ferreting out the foibles of cinematown's local talent

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

SKETCHES BY THE BALDWINS



All in fun—Dottie Lamour lets Skolsky sit on her bed—but just for a minute

you know what I mean . . . I go for Fred MacMurray's candor, for, discussing "Double Indemnity" with me, he said, "I wish I weren't in it, for it's a good picture and I'd love to see it. But every time I do, I'm so nervous watching myself that I can't really see and enjoy the picture."

* * *

I always like to wander into the offices and dressing rooms at the studios and look at the pictures and signs on the walls. A man who is connected with what is called "the art" at Paramount has an unusual photograph in his office. It is a picture of a pretty girl, and next to it are listed the various things the Hays Office won't allow to be shown in a motion picture. They are: Law Defeated. Inside of Thigh. Lace Lingerie. Dead Man. Narcotics. Drinking. Exposed Bosom. Gambling. Pointing Gun. Tommy Gun.

And this photograph shows the girl, Peggy Brooks, in lace lingerie, one leg placed on a chair, and she is pointing a gun at a dead policeman on the floor who has a tommy gun next to him. There is a bottle of whiskey on the table, some narcotics next to it, and a deck of cards is spread out on the floor. This one picture shows everything that the Hays Office won't allow, but since I saw it I'm telling you about it for I want you to know everything about Hollywood that I know.



Developing that Darnell glamour

* * *

I am very fond of Veronica Lake, and although some people insist that she is difficult, I find her very easy to get along with, and an interesting person to be with for dinner and merely gaze across the table and look at . . . I don't know of any two fellows who have taken their success better than Sonny Tufts and Van Johnson. They sincerely act as if they are surprised by it and grateful for it, and I believe they are . . . I know of no actress who is better fun on a set than Binnie Barnes, and I completely detest those performers who believe that they are giving out with art and must be alone. Generally they discover that audiences leave them alone . . . It is amazing, I say, how Linda Darnell has developed into a glamour lady, and I am using the correct word when I say developed . . . I am especially fond of that story about a certain movie producer who, wanting to get away from it all, bought a ranch and hired experts to plant avocado trees. When this producer checked his orchard over, each tree had a little card on it. And on the card was written a fancy botanical term for each type of avocado. Then one night the wind blew all the cards off the trees. The next morning the producer printed his own cards, naming each avocado after a famous sweater girl, and that's Hollywood for you!

THE END

In which a relentless star reporter meets her match—almost—when she tries to get June Allyson to talk about a certain man in her life



June Allyson of "Her Highness And The Bellboy" suppers-

"Ask me no

BEFORE I tell you what June Allyson had to say about Dick Powell, I want to tell you first what *I* think about the way she feels about him. I say that because I have lived longer than June (I ain't saying how much longer!) and I think I can tell when a girl is very much in love.

And *does* June love Dick? Does a spring garden love the sun? It's in everything about her. In her eyes when she softly speaks his name. In the excited little flush that comes to her face when she mentions his new successes on the radio and the screen. And it is there in the quick alertness of her attention when someone else mentions him.

Ah, yes—I'm convinced our little Junie is in love and because, it seems to me, it is the real thing, she can't talk about it—much. As I talked with her and watched her, it was very clear to me that this is the first mature, full-blown emotion of June's life. There have been other beaus, other crushes. There was even the excitement that she was secretly married to her friend, Van Johnson. But that blew up in smoke where it belonged all the time. There wasn't even a spark between June and Van, except, perhaps, the nice steady glow of a real friendship between a boy and a girl.

She had come over to my house one sunny afternoon during the time Dick was away on a camp, hospital and radio tour. She looked like a school girl in a simple little suit with no make-up except lipstick and a once-over-lightly with the powder puff. After we had talked a little while about the zany new hats and other such "women talk," I asked her point-blank:

"June—are you going to marry Dick Powell, and *when?*" She hesitated just a minute and I could sense the inner brace she gave herself. For there is almost a primness about June, rare in a young girl today. She believes in the good old-fashioned conventions of society and practices them.

"I can't say anything about that," she answered. "After all, he's not yet a free man."

"Let me ask you a hypothetical question, then. Assuming you *do* marry, what about your career?"

"*Assuming* I marry," she mocked, "I can tell you quite frankly that my career would be second. I'll do what my husband wants me to do. But of course I can hope that he would be sympathetic to my work and would want me to continue on the screen. If he were an actor it is entirely possible he would understand how I feel, isn't it?"

Suddenly we heard someone approaching. It was Marie McDonald, looking like a million.

"I didn't catch all that conversation," said the stunning blonde gal, "but I heard something about marrying an actor. June, don't ever do it—they don't make good husbands!"

I like Marie—but I could have spanked her for that when June and I had been getting along so well. That's the way I felt at first. But later I was glad Marie had shown up. She and June are graduates of Roosevelt High School in Yonkers and when the girls started arguing I could feel Junie relaxing.

"What's the matter with actors as husbands?" she flared a little. "Those generalities are silly. It's like saying that postmen aren't good husbands, or fliers or sign painters. Some of the happiest marriages in Hollywood have been between actors. Look at Lucile and James Gleason and Mildred and Harold Lloyd and Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers and Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond.

"Actors understand each other. They understand all



for-two at Mocambo with Dick Powell of "Murder, My Sweet"

questions..."

about the long hours and being tired and getting up at ungodly hours in the morning. And," Junie was running out of breath, "all sorts of things!"

"Particularly if the actor's name happens to be Dick Powell," Marie and I both kidded her.

"I miss him, I admit it," June said soberly. "We have such wonderful times together. Not just night-clubbing, because neither of us cares for that sort of thing, but just sitting and talking. It's wonderful to know someone to whom you can really *talk* without self-consciousness or pretense."

It was not a case of love at first sight between June and Dick. She didn't feel her heart go pitapat and apparently he paid little attention to her in the beginning when they were introduced on the set of "Meet The People" at M-G-M.

"During the making of the picture we never played a single scene together," said little June. "I thought Dick was very nice and cordial and easy to know—but he never

by Louella O. Parsons

asked me for a date. In fact, we discussed only the most impersonal things."

I asked, "Then when did you first start going out with him?"

"It was a chance meeting in New York after Dick was separated from his wife," replied June. "I came into Toots Shor's restaurant and Dick was having lunch alone. He invited me to sit down and we had our first long talk. I got to know him better during that luncheon in New York than I had during all the weeks we had worked on the picture. It ended with his saying that he would like to telephone me when I returned home.

"Our first date was at Romanoff's. We just sat and talked. I thoroughly enjoyed my evening. He seemed so sensible and intelligent after some of the young men I had gone around with."

Marie said, "Goodness gracious, I think the girl likes him."

But Junie wasn't to be joshed. "He's a fine person," she said in that level-headed, sensible little way of hers.

If I hadn't known how June and Dick feel about each other, I would never have suspected from their actions that they are deeply, deeply in love. I saw them dancing at Mocambo one evening not very long ago. June looked a possible sixteen in her little tailored suit with her blonde hair smoothly combed back from her forehead. There was none of that cheek-to-cheek business nor silly necking on the floor. They danced exactly as if they might have been brother and sister for all the emotion they showed.

I watched them closely, saw them go back to their table, and thought: Oh, well, now they'll hold hands. But nothing of the sort. There was no flirtatious fluttering of eye lashes on her part, nor surreptitious hand holding under the table. They were engrossed in conversation, and so, so dignified that a stranger at Mocambo would never have suspected their feelings. Only June's eyes which were frankly adoring when she danced with and talked with him showed how she felt.

June belongs to that great army of young American girls who have saved themselves for the man they love. And, in spite of the isolated cases to the contrary that you read about in the newspapers, these girls outnumber the "experimentalists" ten to one.

June has been living in Hollywood nearly two years now but she is certainly not "of" it in the typical sense of the word. She lives quietly in an apartment with an elderly housekeeper, the mother of one of her friends, who babies her, scolds her and (*Continued on page* 92)

The Magic of McGuire

This is "Miss Cupcake" who is as cute as the name
—with the gift to give dullness a dazzling glow

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

SOMETIMES a child is born touched with magic as priceless as that which fairy godmothers were wont to bestow in the old stories. It surrounds her like an aura and when she walks into dull, dark places, they seem to light up suddenly.

Dorothy McGuire must have it. That must have been why, when Violet Heming saw her, at the age of thirteen, playing the slavey in "A Kiss For Cinderella" at the Omaha Community Playhouse with Henry Fonda, she exclaimed, "The child has the spark . . . that thing, whatever it is, that means everything in the theater." . . . And Violet Heming went back to Broadway to talk to veterans of the stage about the wonder child she had seen in the middle west.

That must have been why, when Dorothy walked into John Golden's office, tired and discouraged, her hair tousled, a smudge on her nose, Rose Franken recognized instantly that here was the heroine of her play, "Claudia." It hadn't been a nice day for Miss Franken or Golden, either. They had been interviewing scores of possible *Claudias* without success and they were tired and hot. But there was that glow about Dorothy that decided the issue for them.

David Selznick recognized it later when he saw her in the play and, smart showman that he was, signed her to a long term contract.

Probably no actress since the very young Janet Gaynor has had that exact, strange quality—the power to be luminous in the dusk—and producers have made good use of it in the drab, yet strangely exciting roles they have given Dorothy in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" and "The Enchanted Cottage."



"The Enchanted Cottage" star, Dorothy, when she married John Swope

She doeesn't feel luminous . . . to herself! She doesn't glow especially to a casual stranger, meeting her for the first time, either. She is a tall (five feet seven inches), modest, brown-and-blue person and on the set of "The Enchanted Cottage" everyone called her "Cupcake." They couldn't explain exactly why they called her that. There was just something wholesome and sweet and unpretentious about her which made the name seem to fit. Grips and a few others called her "Miss Cupcake."

There doesn't seem to be the slightest excuse for her special knack for playing drab roles, either. Daughter of a prosperous Omaha, Nebraska, attorney, Thomas McGuire, and his wife, Isabel, Dorothy led an almost pampered life when she was very young. A friend who knew her well in her little theater days says that she was gently reared, sheltered and always so exquisitely dressed as to be the envy of a good many other little girls. She attended the Ladywood School at Indianapolis and went on to Pine Manor at Wellesley, Massachusetts. And when she went to New York to try her luck on the stage she was never in any danger of starving, never had to live in a garret for even a week.

While she was playing in the hugely successful "Claudia" in New York, her friend, Helen Morgan Elliot of Life Magazine, brought two brothers backstage to meet her—Rob and John Swope. Later on, when she came to Hollywood to make the picture version of the play, John called her and invited her to dinner. By that time he had become a member of the lighthearted Jimmy Stewart-Burgess Meredith-Henry Fonda group which spasmodically inhabited a surprising "bachelors' hall" on the outskirts of Culver City. A few months after Dorothy arrived in Hollywood and after one of the quietest courtships on record (*Continued on page* 81)

Study in brilliance—Dorothy McGuire in Twentieth Century-Fox's "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" Powolny

CONFESSIONS OF A LAZY GUY

ginning an eye-opening account of
nan's life — told with humor and
nesty by the man who is living it

BY

Joe Cotten

COLOR CANDIDS BY ST. HILAIRE



A duel with the leaves—Joe Cotten next to be seen in "Duel In The Sun"

LOOKING back is an uncomfortable way to realize that one has often been silly. Yet if it's possible for another person's experience to guide one (personally I doubt it), I'll be glad to be silly again here—though I hear in advance my friends chuckling, "Cotten a good example? That'll have novelty value!"

To get the ball rolling we'll brief the vital statistics. Born, enough years back, in Petersburg, Virginia. Had the same kind of childhood and family life as thousands of other American kids. My earliest memory is Grandmother, rocking on the porch. Three rocks, a pause, then two rocks: 1-2-3— 1-2, 1-2-3— 1-2. I've counted it a thousand times.

Grandmother's image remains vivid because she was my standby in a difficulty that has never diminished—even as a small boy I always needed money. Her memory deserves to endure because she tried to impart a major secret. . . Each time that her clean, gnarled hands slipped me that needed life-saver (at first a nickel or a dime, then a quarter or a half and later, in high school days, a folded dollar bill) she would whisper, "Go spend this—*and watch your time.* You can get more money, but not more time."

How much did I hear of that? Only the magic word, spend. The value of time—the fact that you cannot win any valuable progress you want in life except by working a definite fixed amount of each day's time—would come to me later.

Meanwhile, I was to make the first Cotten discovery. That came about during The Case Of The Sawmill Hand. Two uncles, one of whom was a part-owner in the mill, conspired to "arrange" a summer job. Three summers I worked in that mill, ten hours a day, for $3.50 a week. I can still smell the fresh-scented sawdust—enough sawdust, it seemed, to stuff all the dolls in the world.

Knowing the family finances weren't such that I had to work that hard, I grumbled bitterly but silently—and did what I was told.

The third summer I overheard my uncles talking. The one who was part-owner in the mill said, "I know it's severe, Whitworth, but he'll be in the habit of working hard when he gets to the University." They wanted me to be a lawyer and I saw myself (if this mill training was necessary as a conditioner) lugging giant tomes from University library to dormitory and studying all night.

I had heard in school about William Shakespeare—though I hadn't read his plays, which seemed to me more formidable than even the dreaded law books. If a man could succeed as an actor as Shakespeare did, I reasoned, and yet find time to write that huge, small-type volume, then the acting end must be a cinch. I had the fool's delusion that being an actor consisted of wearing good clothes all day and sort of showing off, behind footlights, every night.

The first Cotten discovery was creeping up on me: *I was lazy.* I still am. I've had to smack down laziness every day of my life. Between pictures I argue to myself, "You really ought to go away and rest, Cotten—you owe it to your work." Bunk!

Laziness is mankind's greatest enemy, and it's universal. I know that many people keep it down; women who are moved by self-sacrifice to superhuman effort; men who support large families through long bouts of adversity; handicapped people who work as if they had no handicaps, because they refuse to be downed. Only great (*Continued on page 94*)

You'll be seeing him in "I'll Be Seeing You"—Joe sits down and thinks about the detours to his dream



Lord of the manor—Joe grins as he stands at the window and looks over the Cotten grounds



IT'S FUN TO BE BRACKEN

You bet it is—just ask Eddie, the "Out Of This World" star

with the dead-pan face and the ad lib tongue, who

takes the bows from fans and family

BY JOHN CHAPMAN



Humor at home—Connie, Judy and Eddie let the maid Bernice dictate the diet

IF the art of acting is pretending you are somebody else—which isn't a bad lowbrow definition—then Eddie Bracken, the village cut-up, is a great actor. If you saw "The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek" you were persuaded at one time without knowing it that Eddie was Betty Hutton, and at one time he was able to make people believe he was the late Franklin D. Roosevelt. Being either one of these characters would be quite a career—but in addition Bracken is Bracken, and this is the most fun of all.

Eddie began as a public performer at the age of four by gagging around, and now, at the age of twenty-four, he has made a fine thing of funny-business. Although he does not yearn to play *Hamlet*—not yet, anyway—he has some serious plans for himself, for he can remember when he was all washed up in the movies at the age of nine.

Bracken's first gag was pulled on a sister at Our Lady of Mt. Carmel School in his native Astoria, New York, which you can get to by subway from New York City if you could ever think up a reason for going to Astoria. The school was putting on a show and needed a singer. When a sister asked for volunteers the small Bracken said he could sing.

"Let's hear you," said the sister.

So Eddie gave out with:

"Mary had a little lamb;
She also had a bear,
I've often seen her little lamb
But have never seen her bare."

A fine thing to pull on a sister in a parochial school—but she liked the performance and put the lad in the show with some more elevating words to sing. Bracken can't remember what they were, but they started him singing all over town. He warbled at the big annual pageant of the Knights of Columbus in the Palm Garden in New York. His ability as a chanter kept him from going beyond the eighth grade, for at this stage he decided that a clamoring public deserved all of his time.

Actually, the public hasn't done a lot of clamoring until recently; but now it wants to see Eddie in anything he does, from personal appearances in which he imitates a ball player to appearing in Preston Sturges movies, in which he impersonates the luckless oaf we are all glad we are not.

Bracken now is such a success in Hollywood that he can afford to live simply in a small house on two acres in Brentwood, which he calls Nicker-Brack—the Nicker derived from his wife's maiden name of Nickerson. There he shares a bedroom with his wife, clowns with his kids, two-year-old Judith Ann and six-months-old Caroline Jeanne, makes phonograph records for fun, toys with a large collection of cameras and works on a modern version of "The Pirates Of Penzance." Four years ago, not being established in filmland, he and his ex-actress spouse felt they should live in a twenty-room house with a pool, badminton court, three servants, thousands of thirsty friends and an overhead running between $1,500 and $2,000 a month. Eddie and Connie did this for a year and don't regret it; but now they are geared to their little place and a half dozen friends, and they take $25 a week spending money.

Many film fans don't know that Eddie Bracken was in the movies years ago—as a member of Hal Roách's famous "Our Gang" cast, which included the immortal *Farina* and the dog with the black eye. He can't remember a thing about his "Our Gang" career, except that he is sure he was never very important in the plots.

"I was just cute," he says. He still is, and is always saying, defensively, "I'm older than I look." This fools nobody, for he really is younger than he thinks he is, thanks to practically inexhaustible good spirits.

When Eddie got too old to look cute to Hal Roach, somewhere around the age of nine, he came back to New York (*Continued on page* 98)

Bracken takes a crack at the art of kitchen mechanics



Judy's pet duck waddled in to make this a threesome





Jim Brown's daughters are wise to Dad's discipline



Gold Medal Award winner Bing Crosby ought to get a medal

Roy Rogers has two miniature admirers—his daughters



LIFE WITH

Some data on famous dads and their unpredictable offspring

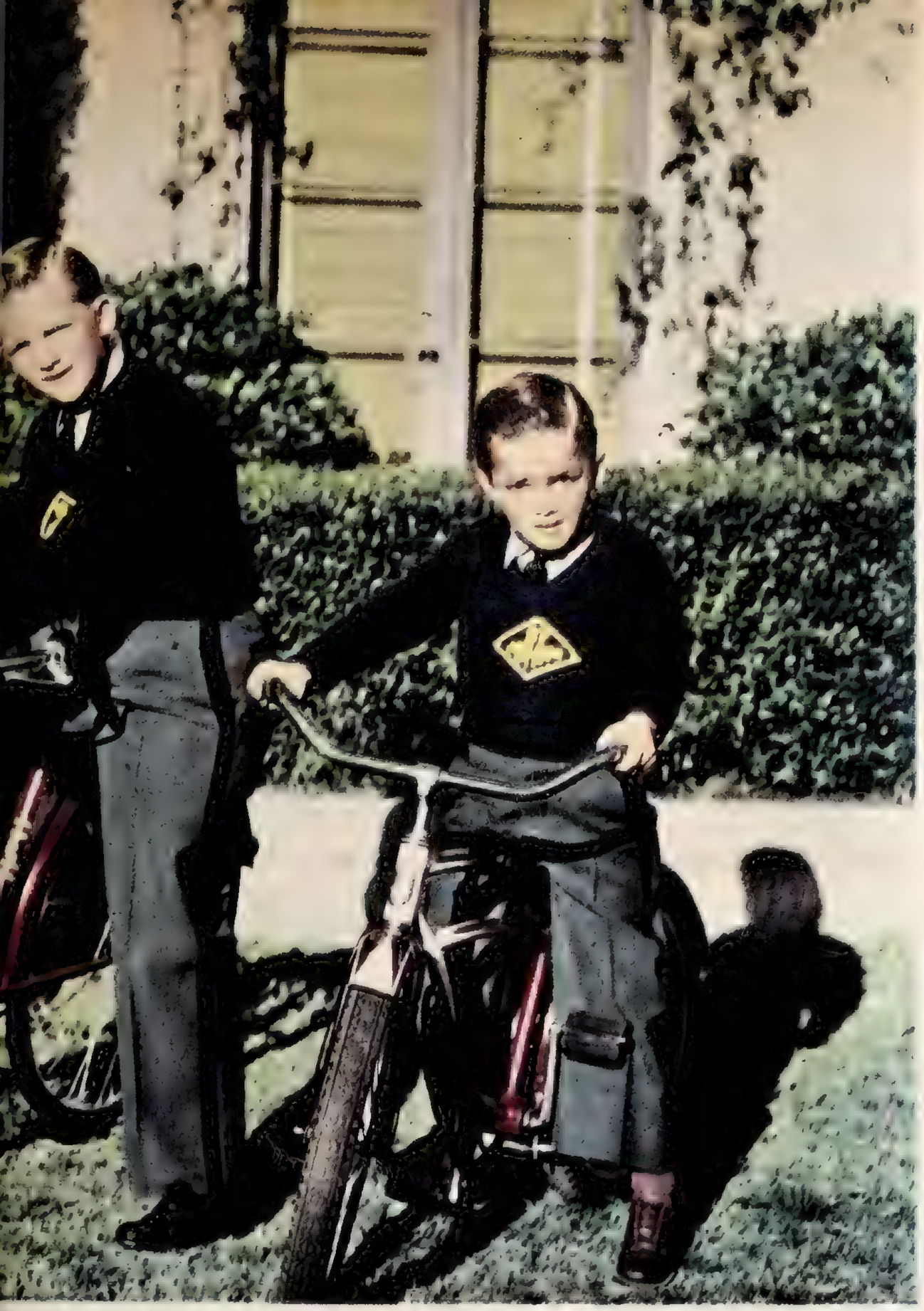
NOBODY will gainsay the fact that Father is a mighty important guy throughout the world. His word is law in the household even though Mother may be the real power behind the throne and what he rates from his children ranges on a sliding scale from awe to affection.

But in Hollywood Dad is virtually terrific. Oh, he may have his individual attitude, that of stern father or indulgent dad, and in this respect he falls into the categories of fathers everywhere. But there his resemblance to the general male parent stops. For right there he begins to take on glitter, become a super-parent, a super-male, famous, rich and awe-inspiring.

Such a dad may not overwhelm his wife, his public or his producer, but to his children he is regarded as a god, but literally.

For example, consider these very true tales of Hollywood's cutest tots.

The most rabid version of the mutual admiration society of daughter and father is Roy Rogers. Roy, who is the greatest single contributor to the success of Republic



Alana Ladd takes up her spanking problems in her prayers

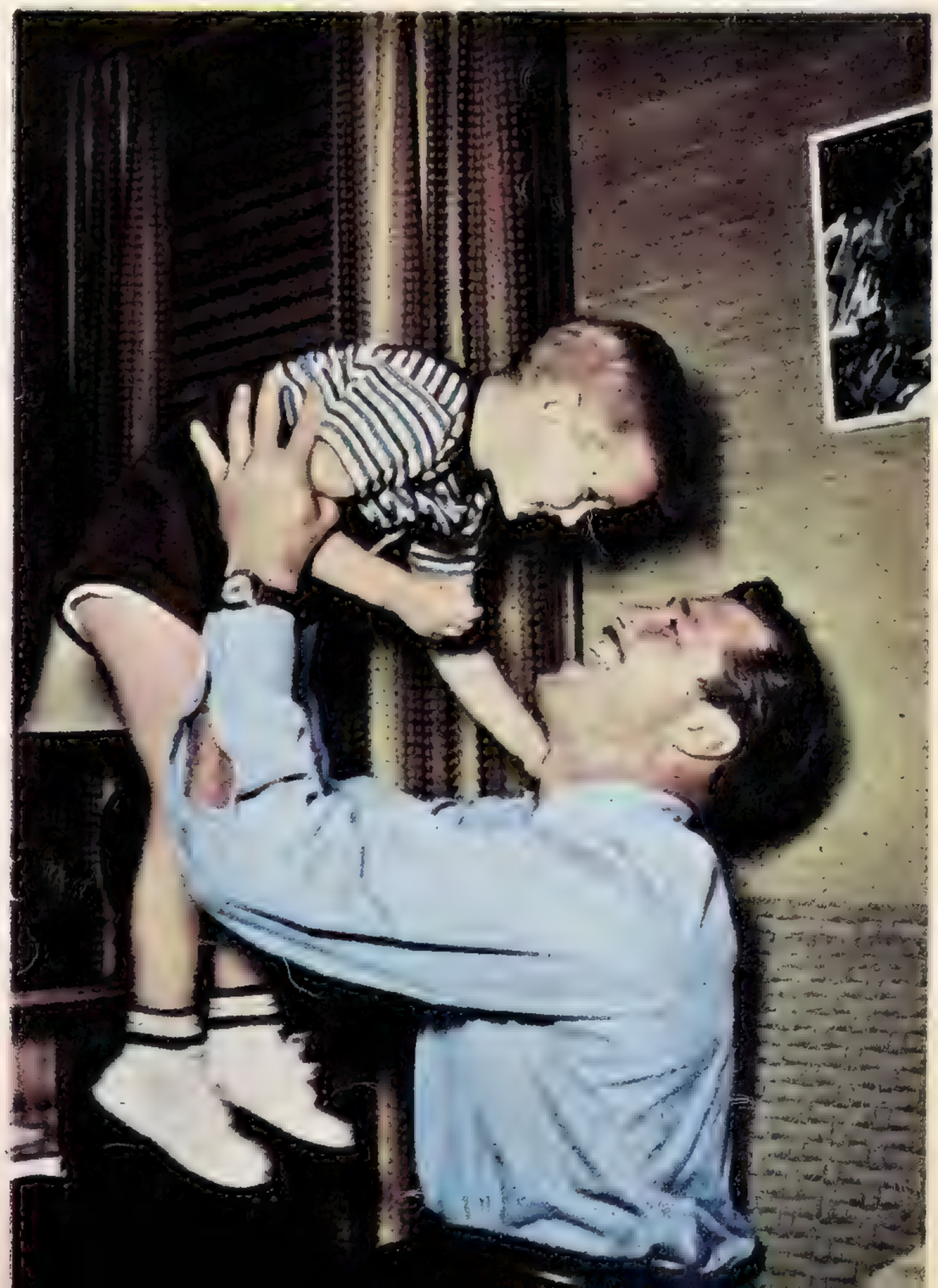
for settling the birthday problems of the four junior crooners

Fathers

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Color Candids by Hymie Fink

James Craig with his son who is nicknamed "The Bub"



Studio's current tenth anniversary, is adored by kids all over the country and his daughter Cheryl is no exception. He and his wife had given up hope of having a youngster of their own and had adopted Cheryl when they found a baby was on the way to them. Cheryl was discovered by Roy while he was on tour when she was less than six months old. She's five and a half now, all of which time they have been separated scarcely a moment. Wherever Roy goes, there goes Cheryl even right up to and in front of the camera. She has her own Shetland pony with markings just like Roy's Trigger and she rides it in an outfit which is a duplicate of Dad's. Baby Linda Lou, three years old, is too young to do more than be held on a horse, but she, too, has her own pony and cowboy outfit. Both youngsters are so devoted to their father that his slightest wish is their most delightful command, so no further ordering is ever necessary.

Danny Milland's father-adoration comes under a different heading. In fact he has his "Fathers" a bit mixed up. He was saying his prayers (*Continued on page* 88)

She had to be *Me*



Down-to-earth magnificence—Rosalind Russell, star of "Some Call It Love"

I'D been at Warner Brothers two weeks, working on the screenplay of my autobiography, "Roughly Speaking," when Henry Blanke, the producer, came into the office with the news that Rosalind Russell was coming over to the lot to have lunch with us.

As this was the first time in the fifty-four years of my life that I'd been within spitting distance of a screen star, I was pretty excited. All I really knew about Rosalind was that she was a top-drawer comedienne, that she hailed from New England, as I did, and that she was mad about big hats.

Feeling that something drastic was called for, I dashed over to the drugstore and bought some wave set, which I applied so lavishly that in no time I looked like a stand-in for a drowned rat. Then I drew black rings on my white slip right under the cigarette holes in the old rayon number I was wearing and they wouldn't have shown at all if there hadn't been a high wind.

At 12:00 the phone rang with the news that Miss Russell was in Mr. Blanke's office. At 12:02 I arrived breathless with the cold sweat running down my hands. As I entered, a tall, slim, handsome girl in a checked suit with a huge Chinese straw hat and bag, rose and came forward.

"You look exactly as I expected you would," she said.

That remark is typical of Rosalind Russell. She is the least self-conscious person of fame I've ever met. She's always more interested in her family, friends, fellow workmen and employers than she is in herself.

By the time lunch was over, Rosalind had allowed as how she wouldn't mind playing me in "Roughly Speaking." And I had decided if she didn't play me, the rest of my life wouldn't be worth living.

"I hate to introduce a sour note into this mutual admiration meeting," said Mr. Blanke, "but you've both overlooked one little trifle—the script isn't written yet."

"But it will be," I said with the sublime confidence of inexperience.

How would you like to watch Rosalind Russell play you? The author of "Roughly Speaking" did just that—and tells you about it in this gay turnabout story

BY LOUISE RANDALL PIERSON



The author and Rosalind talk about the fun and fumblings of Louise

There were some bad hurdles to take, but before a month had passed, Mr. Blanke, with infinite patience, had beaten the facts of screen life into my thick head. Once in a while I would have a relapse and have a character rise from his chair before he'd even sat in it, but my secretary fixed that.

Finally, four months later, the script was actually done and mimeographed. I was so impressed to think I had written it that I couldn't do anything but sit and look at it for two days. I suggested to Mr. Blanke that when my name appeared on the screen as author we add a little note to the public: "Don't be too critical. It's a heck of a lot harder to write a screenplay than you think it is." But for the first time in my long and spectacularly unsuccessful life, luck was with me. Everybody seemed to like it, including Rosalind.

I could hardly wait for the first days of shooting. I visualized the star sweeping up to the studio about 11:00 in a limousine driven by a liveried chauffeur. And I had some vague notion of silver fox coats, orchids and possibly a footman following with a wicker basket of champagne. So I was pretty disillusioned when Rosalind drove her car briskly onto the lot at 7:00 a. m. and jumped out simply clad in a bandana, cotton shirt and slacks.

ROSALIND, I might mention here, is always on time. She gets up at the ungodly hour of 5:30 and is ready for her call, no matter how early. At night, after shooting is over, she stays and looks at the rushes and is home and in bed by 9:30 at the latest. If by any chance she gets home earlier, she plays with the baby or takes him for a quick whirl along the sidewalk in his carriage; still dressed in her studio outfit, I might add. When she's not behind the studio lights, she's just an old-fashioned wife and mother, not an actress.

After working with Rosalind on the set for three months, I learned that she was not only simple and unaffected, but enormously intelligent. She has brains and she uses them every minute. She doesn't just learn her lines in a picture. She studies them. And if she thinks a speech is illogical or out of character, she says so in no uncertain terms. But she's never arbitrary. She expects you to come back at her with your rebuttal hot and heavy. If your reasons are convincing, she says, "You're right. I'm wrong." And there are very few persons, stars or otherwise, who are big enough to do that.

Not only does Rosalind put her mind on the script, but she studies the sets, camera, rushes and cuts. Mr. Michael Curtiz, who directed "Roughly Speaking," said he never had such cooperation and so many helpful, constructive suggestions from a star in all the sixty-three pictures he has directed.

One of Rosalind's pet phobias is that she will be expected to look young and beautiful at the expense of the story. In the last sequence of "Roughly Speaking" she plays me at the age of fifty-two. When she came on the set her hair was so white and she had so many lines in her face I was horror-stricken. But before I could sound off, she looked at me, and then in the mirror. "I look much too young," she said to the make-up man firmly. "Make the chin sag some more. And lots more lines in the forehead." I crept dismally off the set and looked into the mirror. She was right! Fortunately, there was nothing they could really do about her eyes, which are very beautiful, so I was really lucky. But it was days before I recovered.

The fact is that Rosalind, like most New Englanders, is a perfectionist. She is exceedingly critical of everything, including—and this is unusual in stars—herself. As I have a jaundiced eye which I can turn inward, this often led to a very frank but bracing exchange of dialogue between us. I remember one night in the projection room when we were looking at rushes which were not as awe-inspiring as we had expected. When they were over, Mr. Curtiz said gloomily, "Well, what has anyone to say?"

"Maybe we should throw the script in the ash can," I suggested.

"No," said Rosalind quickly. "It was I who gummed it up."

There were murmurs of amazement from the others in the room, who were (*Continued on page* 72)



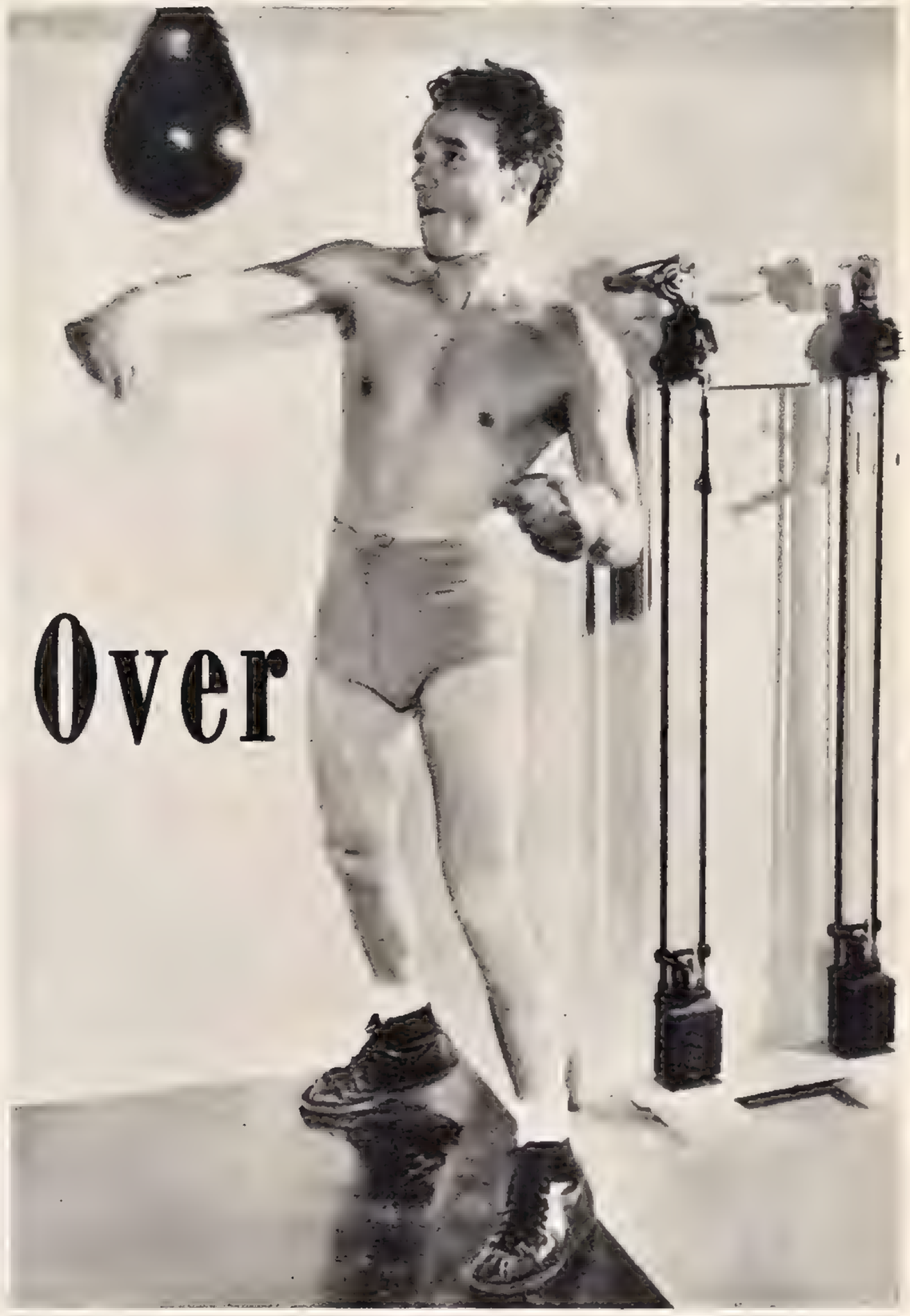
This love of yours—Dane Clark, soon to appear in Warner's "This Love Of Ours"

Waxman



Gags between bets—Dane and Coastguardsman Gig Young

Dane, who used to be a fighter, still has plenty of punch



The Dane Takes Over

You catch your breath and wonder how Dane Clark does it—combines cave-man force and dream-man appeal

BY DOROTHY DEERE

THE place is a neighborhood movie in Los Angeles. The picture is "The Very Thought Of You" with Dennis Morgan and newcomer Dane Clark playing a pair of fighters on furlough. . . .

The scene is that one in which Dane, a kind of jet-propelled romanticist, tells Faye Emerson, the sub-deb he sights and eventually will sink, that they are about to go dancing. To deploy any objections she may be about to make, he picks her up and prepares to carry her out her bungalow door. On the threshold Faye, a victim of arms and the man, asks helplessly, "What would *you* do with a guy like this?"

"Don't answer that, girls—!"

The warning comes in a feminine voice, not from the screen but from the theater, and precipitates a bedlam of shrieks and "Ohhhhs."

This will give you an idea what's happening these days when the public meets the Clark who isn't Gable. Since "Action In The North Atlantic," this young man hasn't had much time for *in*action.

Dane is one of those fellows you feel as if you've met before, but know you haven't. He's definitely not pretty, even his wife Margo will tell you that. He has dimples, but he also has the kind of face that looks as if no great harm had been done by a GI haircut. Outside of that, he is best described as a fellow who must be making Bogart, Cagney, Tracy, et al, look back ten years or more and sigh, "Those were the days!" Force and cockiness, an inescapable quality as an actor, he has them not to get, but now, with the driving power of youth behind them.

Off-screen he is a young man with a grin, and with a personality like the shortest distance between two points. Meet Dane on the screen—and you know you've been in a scene. Meet him off-screen—and you know you've been in a conversation. He talks pungently, positively and perpetually, with a talent for both humor and argument. What, or whom, he likes is "fabulous"—what he doesn't like "stinks." He doesn't want his enthusiasms cheated, or his un-enthusiasms to get anything that isn't coming to them.

As a quick example, there is the view he takes of those actors who treat movie-making as a sideshow to New York.

"What's their great passion for New York?" he asks. "I was born there, I got my start there, but I'm not aching to go back. The town tore my heart to ribbons . . . Most of the people who go around talking about New York now weren't doing anything back there but breaking their necks to get out here—the same way I was. I hate pretense."

The disinclination to mince talk or time was congenital. While there is no available record of the infant Clark's first spoken word, we can imagine when and how it occurred: There he is on the first day of release from his crib, toddling to a window, looking the world square in the eye, and saying, *"Well—?"*

Without waiting for an answer, he dispatched his childhood in a hurry. "Nothing but work," he sums it up with a grin. "I even worked when I played. My dad owned a sporting goods store and I played all the hard games—football, baseball, boxing—the kind you have to knock some guy in the head to win."

At the end of high school he had a professional ball contract with a minor league. Then he became a middleweight fighter for a while (his name was Bernie Zanesville, those days) but with no desire to get punch-drunk, decided to study law. He worked (*Continued on page* 84)



Glitter girl, Marie McDonald, of "Guest In The House" and "It's A Pleasure" Fink

"Every time I leave you—"

She's a Calamity Jane—this Marie McDonald! The body is beautiful and the brain is bright, but every time the lady takes a step she puts her foot into the most embarrassing spot

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



A palmist predicted the wonderful present — Marie and Vic Orsatti

"EVERY time I leave you, something happens," Vic Orsatti tells his beautiful wife Marie McDonald. It is both a boast and a complaint, the way he says it, with an over-all feeling of resignation. He knows Marie will go right on being true to her impulses; that off the screen and on she will play her scenes with a high sense of comedy or drama—and her tongue in her cheek.

Practically up until the day they were married Vic and Marie disliked each other. Vic thought Marie was a silly kid. Marie thought Vic was an egotist. Their conversation was tinged with sulphurous sarcasm. Fortunately, they didn't see each other often. Vic, a top-flight agent, spent most of his time with top-flight stars. Marie, previously a singer with Tommy Dorsey's band and comparatively new to Hollywood, was serving her apprenticeship at Universal Studios. The fact that she was getting nowhere may very well have been due to the fact that her time and energy were largely absorbed socially. The eternal Hollywood man shortage, exaggerated by the war, was something she knew nothing about. Considering the pride men know in being seen with a girl other men turn to look at, it's easy to understand the constant stream of gentlemen who always were trying to date her. Aware of her warm gaiety it's also easy to understand why steady dates, too, jammed her calendar.

At first, Marie admits, her popularity made her deliriously happy.

"Then," she says, "I began to feel the way you do when you've been too long on a merry-go-round—a little ill. Also too dazed to do anything. I wasn't happy, certainly; only restless and dissatisfied."

One of Marie's dates, a blond and titled Englishman, was so determined and persuasive that she really considered marrying him. Until they went to Elmer's, a little after-hour-spot, and she had her fortune told.

"The palmist at Elmer's told me that before the year was up I would break my contract and sign a new one," Marie says. "And that in the early part of the new year I would be married to a man I had known for a long time, a man with dark eyes, dark hair and a dark complexion."

Marie's Englishman laughed at that prophecy. The palmist, however, shook her head and said quietly, "You will see! Everything I told her is in her hand, plain as day!"

"I kept trying to think of someone I had known for a long time who was dark," Marie says. "Vic never occurred to me. Even when I left Elmer's that night and was attracted by a light burning in Vic's office which, curiously enough, was just across the street, I didn't consider him for one minute."

Then, out of a clear sky, Vic telephoned her. Did she have a certain girl's telephone number? She gave it to him and thought no more about it. He called a second time for a second number. He called a third time. "What's the matter with you, Vic Orsatti?" she demanded impatiently. "You know you have any number you want on file in your office."

Vic chuckled. "My office force has left for the day and I don't know where they keep things. Incidentally," he added, "how far in advance do I have to ask for a date with you?"

"No further in advance than your own crowded schedule would require, I (*Continued on page* 114)

My Worst Boner



Irene Dunne

I DIDN'T make one boner, but two full-fledged ones recently. On the set of "Together Again," Charles Boyer introduced me to a pair of gentlemen who were visiting the studio. At the end of the day, Charles asked whether he could drop me home and I accepted, as my car was at the garage being repaired.

Charles's friends drove along with us. On the way down Hollywood Boulevard, one of the gentlemen offered me a cigarette which I declined, saying, "I don't smoke." He looked at me rather strangely. A few minutes later the second man suggested we stop somewhere for cocktails. I thanked him and again declined, stating that I was in a hurry to get home and besides, I added, "I don't drink." He, too, looked at me strangely.

Next morning on the set, Charles burst into laughter when he saw me. "So you don't smoke and you don't drink," he chided. "No," I answered, "I don't and you know it." Charles continued laughing and I demanded to know what was so funny. "Oh, nothing," he said, "only one of the men you met yesterday is president of a cigarette company, and the other is one of the largest distillers in America!"



William Eythe

ONE day a few years ago, before I became an actor, I walked into television station WNPB in New York City. I was on my way to try to sell a radio script I had written when a man came up to me. He explained that they needed an announcer in a hurry and he'd like me to audition for it. I'd never done any television work before, but I saw no reason to refuse. I auditioned by reading want ads for him. That got me the job as master of ceremonies on their Radio City Matinee each day. It was in that job that I pulled my worst boner.

One day I was interviewing a prominent interior decorator for the television audience. I don't know what I could have been thinking of, but I found myself saying: "I would now like to introduce Mr. George McAllister, the famous *inferior* decorator." Television is a wonderful thing, but it certainly boomeranged that day. Because, of course, everyone listening in could see his expression—and believe me, that expression must have scared every housewife on Long Island!



Ruth Hussey

I'VE pulled a lot of boners, but I think the worst one happened when I did a picture on loan-out to Columbia one time.

The lot was strange to me, and when lunch time came the first day I meant to follow my fellow-workers to the commissary, but was delayed. When I finally started out, there was no one to follow, so I asked directions from the gateman. Unless you've been on a studio lot, you probably can't imagine how confusing the directions can be. Turn left—turn right—turn, turn, turn. That's the way his directions sounded to me and I was very relieved when after trying to follow them, I at last found myself in a room which had a long table and saw several men sitting there busy with menus, so I sat down, too, and gave my order.

I was so engrossed that I didn't notice until after I ordered, that absolute silence had fallen on the gathering, and that most of the gentlemen were glaring at me. Mr. Harry Cohn, the boss of the studio, was seated at the head of the table and I smiled at him. I wouldn't describe his answering expression as enthusiastic. I took another look around the room and then the truth dawned on me. I was in Mr. Cohn's private dining room—sitting in on his midday conference!

Some outstanding verbal blunders of six outstanding people.
They, like you, can laugh over them now, but at the time—!



Gregory Peck

ONE of my most embarrassing moments occurred during the World's Fair in New York several years ago. I hadn't gotten a break on the stage yet and I was working as a guide for Rockefeller Center. My job was to take parties through the buildings, including a few minutes' stop in the balcony of the Music Hall, which gave the people a chance to catch a brief glimpse of the show.

One day when I was more bored with my job than usual, I sat down in the balcony with my party and relaxed. I relaxed too completely because, I regret to state, I fell asleep. My party was delighted, of course, because they had a chance to see the show free. Needless to say, no one woke me up.

About an hour later, I came to. By the time I got back to my starting point, several parties were lined up, waiting for their guide. My boss, of course, was purple with rage and I was ready to admit that Peck had really pulled the prize boner of all time.



Ella Raines

I PULLED my worst boner on Christmas of 1943. My husband, now Major Kenneth Trout, had been in the Army only a couple of months and was in town on leave. I decided to give a party for him, inviting as many of my husband's Army acquaintances as my house would hold. Ken's commanding officer, a colonel, happened to be in Hollywood at that time and I invited him, too.

By the time everyone had arrived, there were so many officers present, I was confused. I couldn't remember how many bars was a captain, or what rank was which. The only thing I was sure of was that I mustn't neglect Ken's commanding officer. I was anxious to make a good impression on him and made it a point to introduce him to everyone. The only trouble was that I finally became so thoroughly muddled during the introductions that without realizing what I was saying, I introduced him as "Corporal"!



Paul Henreid

MY pride in my dog Maxie caused my worst boner. I had just arrived in this country from England with my wife Lisl and we were going through the United States Customs. As an alien, in wartime, I had been permitted to take only a small sum of my money out of England and, not being too practical, I had used up most of what we had brought on the boat coming over.

Lisl and I both agreed that we must watch every penny from that moment on. We had barely enough to get by. While we were waiting for our luggage to be inspected, a man admired our little dog.

Maxie being my pride and joy, and the man being friendly, I entered delightedly into a long history of our Scottie's pedigree, making it up as I went along. Because the truth is that while Maxie is a thoroughbred, the blue ribbons I was figuratively pinning on his chest existed only in my imagination. By the time I was through, the man seemed very impressed. I found out why when he said: "It will cost you plenty to bring him into this country." I learned then, to my very great discomfort, that he was the customs inspector for dogs!



Sonny's and Barbara's proudest possession—this house, the first they ever owned



Please note the touch of the talented Mrs. Sonny Tufts in this flower-filled room with the fieldstone fireplace



Ambidextrous Sonny, appearing soon in "Miss Susie Slagle," gives an impassioned rendition of "Egyptian Ella"

you were the house guest of

Sonny Tufts

You'd find this "sophisticated" pair are utterly unsophisticated—and you'd do a double-take over all the gorgeous trimmings

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

IF you were a house guest of Sonny Tufts, you'd learn more things about an original way of life than you'd ever thought of before. You'd also learn that when you saw the giant Tufts couple out of an evening and said, "There's the most sophisticated pair in town!"—how wrong you were! But wait—let's start at the beginning.

You have no idea of staying overnight when you start. You are merely going to drop in of a Sunday afternoon, as all their friends do. You therefore get into your car (there's no way of reaching the faraway Tufts house except by car) and you begin driving out of Beverly Hills up Cold Water Canyon—noticing on your way up the Canyon the homes of George Raft, Paulette Goddard, Olivia de Havilland, Ginger Rogers and Harry James and Betty Grable.

On one of the highest mountain ridges, you come to a sign that says "Hidden Valley," and here you turn down a pot-holed bumpy road into one of the loveliest little valleys in America. Birds sing in its trees, crickets chirp in the grassy hillsides that form the valley and in the midst of its tranquility are only three houses—each entirely hidden from the other. The one looking toward the entire valley is the Sonny Tufts home.

You turn in through stone gateposts to a circular driveway which winds right through the structure of the house, dividing it into two parts—the big main part, and the small wing enclosing the playroom and maid's room. The house is two-story ranch style, maroon-colored (exactly matching in color the one Tufts car, which is a convertible); its irregular shingled roof is weather-beaten brown, and its windows and doors are edged in sparkling white. On a fieldstone veranda stretching almost the length of the main house-front are several old-fashioned rocking chairs, and in one of these is Sonny's wife Barbara, sewing on a loud plaid shirt for her husband.

Barbara is one of the few women in the world who deserve the words "striking" and "stunning." She's a strapping young woman in her middle twenties, with gleaming black hair parted in the center and drawn into a big knot in back. Her eyes are green and she has a warm, generous mouth; and she's dressed in black slacks with a smart red jacket and red sandals to match.

As you park your car near an old wagon wheel propped against one of the thirty Tufts orange trees, Barbara sees you and rushes forward, yelling into the distance for Sonny. At once the whirr of a lawn mower stops and around the corner of the house comes Sonny himself at a lumbering run.

His size always amazes you. He's one of Hollywood's biggest men—he's six feet four, he weighs 210 pounds, and somehow you never get used to the brightness of his



Sonny hits the jackpot on the penny-peanut-slot-machine lamp in the playroom—another of Barbara's brainstorms



Waca, the precocious macaw, certainly has no inhibitions. He strolls up and down Sonny as if his master were a tree



The master's bedroom—man's right to laugh while the Mrs. makes the bed. Her picture and his boots adorn the dresser

yellow hair and the blueness of his eyes. But here he comes now at a gallop, with his famous grin flashing for your benefit. He looks like anything but an ex-night club singer from New York—he looks like California incarnate, in a brown and white checked shirt, brown slacks and Mexican huaraches thrust on his bare feet. He gives a cheerful yell at sight of you, and then you find yourself out of your car, surrounded by the Tuftses and their animals.

And what animals! You fully approve of the two French poodles who are now jumping all over you. Coco's a prize-winning poodle whose color is "apricot with silver" according to dog experts, and Dash is black, and both are clipped in that puffy fashion that makes French poodles look like ridiculous big toys. But what you don't approve of is something that flies up, squawking, "Hello! Hello!" and settles violently on Sonny's shoulder—a huge fire-engine-red macaw the size of a healthy hen. This creature is Waca, who has been part of the family since 1938. He lives in a big aviary in the garden, but more than often he's flying behind Sonny's lawn mower of a Sunday; and nearly every evening he's crawling up and down Sonny as if the big actor were a tree.

But now Sonny, Barbara and Waca are escorting you inside the house. They are both talking at once about the eight-room house—the first they ever owned in the seven years of their marriage, and they adore it. Writer-Director Billy Wilder sold it to them a few months ago, along with its three and one-half acres of up-and-down-hill property, 130 different types of trees—and thirty chickens and six mallard ducks! But as you walk through the Dutch-door from the driveway into the main room downstairs, you forget all of their chatter in the sheer pleasure of looking around you.

YOU'RE in a great big L-shaped room, the floor of which is covered in tan woven carpeting. The walls are irregularly sectioned, with parts papered in pearl gray wallpaper while other parts are wooden paneling, painted in the same pearl gray tint. The leaded windows have dark green drapes on either side of them—but none of this you notice at once, because your eye is so distracted by a dozen fascinating things in the room. You see two stunning porcelain lamps—the bases decorated in little pastel blossoms and butterflies. It isn't until you've studied them closely that you realize both of them are chamber pots, carefully painted by Barbara's hand. "I liked their shapes, so why not use them?" she laughs when she sees your astounded expression.

But that's not all, by any means. Beside the big radio-victrola you see a small screened-in aviary—smaller than Waca's big one outdoors but still an aviary . . . and inside it is a gray parrot-like thing which, Sonny explains, is a cockateel. It chatters incessantly in bird language until Sonny finally yells, "Keep quiet, Stinky!" To your surprise, it falls silent.

Meanwhile, you're staring in delight at the big fieldstone section in which the fireplace is set above a raised fieldstone ledge.

"You two chat, while I get our late Sunday lunch ready," Barbara tells you—for the Tufts house has no servants. She disappears, and Sonny (with Waca lurching from one of his shoulders to the other) proudly shows you the rest of the room, from a sitting position on one of the loveseats in front of the fire. Studying them, you realize that they are a four-section circular couch, which Barbara divided into two matching sections; they face each other over a big square low table—once a library table, but with its legs shortened to coffee-table height. "Barbara," Sonny tells you, "upholstered these loveseats herself."

"Chow!" Barbara calls now, and you and Sonny parade into the dining part of the big room and sit down at the



The cockateel watches while Sonny checks up on the day's schedule scribbled on the family blackboard in the kitchen

dainty mahogany table. Two corners of the room contain plate cabinets lined with truly rare China. But by now you've stopped observing and are diving into your luncheon—which consists largely of a mixed green salad, flavored with a delicious French dressing. A bowl of apples is also on the table, a bowl of walnuts and a plate of cheese. This, with a pot of coffee, is lunch. You devour it, trying not to smack your lips over the completely French feeling of the food; but then you can't help asking if this slight meal is filling enough for giant Sonny.

"Enough?" says he, mildly surprised. "This is all I ever eat—salads. Learned to like this kind of a meal in France, and can't get over it." Thus you find out that the great blond hulk eats like a bird—with desserts and between-meal snacks strictly out. Food has no fascination for him. Swimming has, though; and during lunch he and Barbara enlarge on their dream, which is to build a swimming pool someday complete with a baby seal, to which Sonny could teach tricks. "We like strange animals," he admits, grinning, as your eyes widen over the seal news. "Fact is, ever since reading 'The Yearling' I've been thinking how much I'd like to get hold of a pet deer . . . and I'm not kidding!"

AFTER lunch, the three of you carry the plates back into the kitchen and together wash and dry until the kitchen is immaculately neat again. It's a divine kitchen anyway—a cheerful, sunny big room with white wallpaper dotted with scenes of farms and countrysides, and with the floor done in red linoleum tile. On one wall hangs a blackboard with messages scrawled on it: "Bill Irish called," "Red Cross ball game at 1:30 at Sawtelle—Sonny to throw opening ball," and so forth. Here they jot down all phone or other messages for each other.

The peaceful kitchen fades from your mind as you trail Sonny and Barbara outdoors again to greet a sudden rush of arriving guests—actresses Ella Raines, Leone Sousa, Gail Russell, Barbara Britton; actors Alan Ladd (and Sue), Turhan Bey, Billy de Wolfe and the Bill



Step out the back door with Sonny and see the garden where dwell contentedly the chickens, dogs and ducks

Bendixes. Barbara and Sonny lead them gaily into the playroom.

It has tan carpeting, a brick fireplace, and rough barn-walls painted apple green. There's a long window seat of red and green linen and a red leatherette bar (made from start to finish by Barbara), with four ordinary kitchen stools in front of it painted green; there's a baby-grand piano, with Sonny's drums behind it and two of his many guitars—as well as a huge guitar belonging to Roy Rogers, who forgot it during his last visit. Sonny's mad for drums, especially for the big one given him by Bill Bendix last Christmas; so from now on he divides his time between drumming, singing and playing at the piano and bartending. Meanwhile, most of the group settle down happily to listen to him entertain—they particularly want him to sing "Egyptian Ella" over and over.

You listen, with your foot tapping; and presently your eye lights on another of Barbara's fabulous lamps. This one is a peanut-vending machine full of peanuts and topped by a lampshade. Then there are French wooden shoes that look as if they're walking down the wall, with ivy trailing out of them.

The party goes on until early in the evening, when Barbara rustles up a huge spaghetti dish and another of her luscious salads. Then (*Continued on page* 119)

I'm Like This

She's glamour



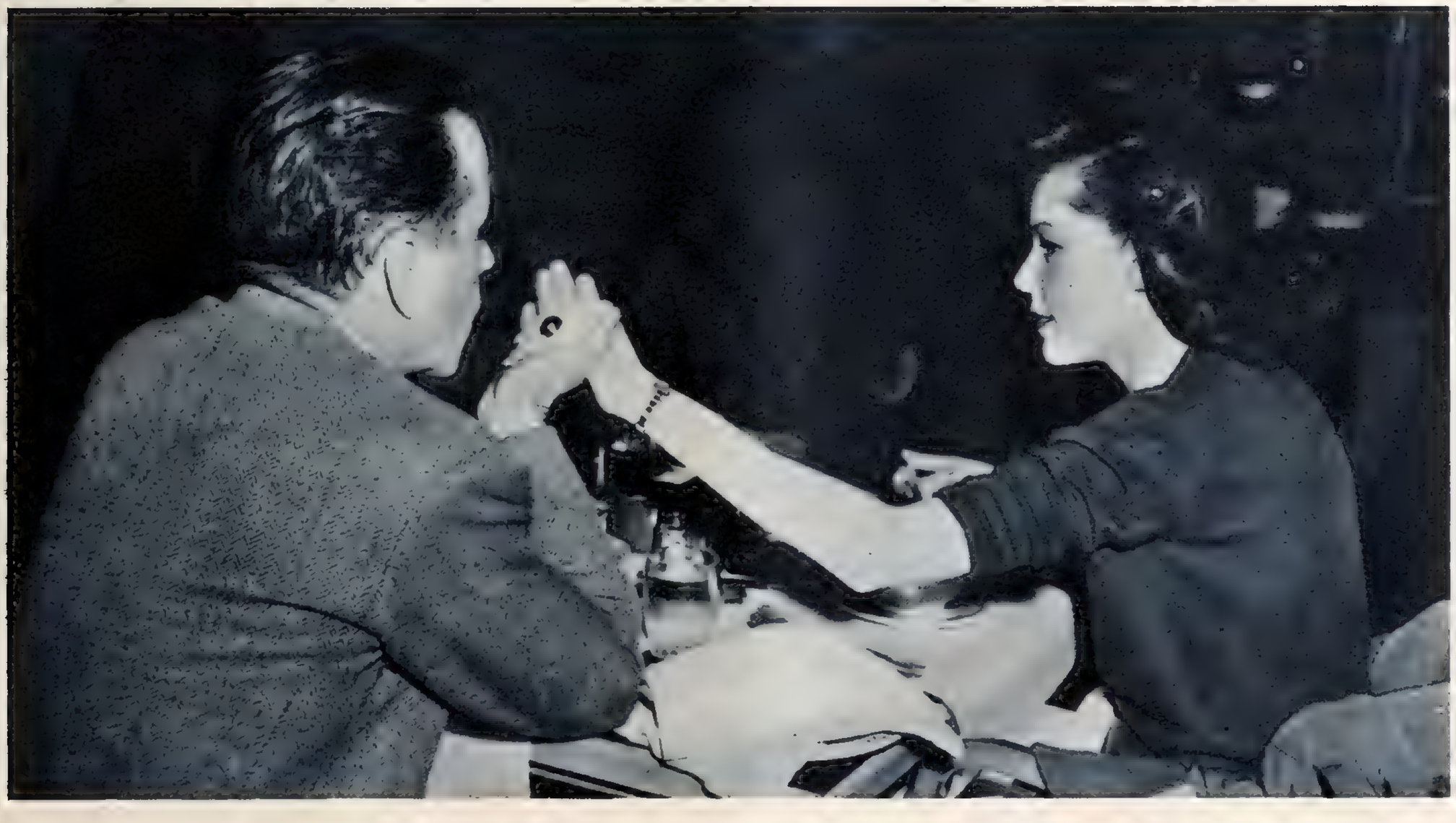
Typically Lauren Bacall—the pose, the clothes, the faraway look in her eyes

in slacks—this completely gay and relaxed Bacall

BY LAUREN BACALL



COVER GIRL



Her favorite guy is Humphrey Bogart with whom she stars in Warner's "The Big Sleep"

I'VE always been exactly like this: Relaxed—and taking myself with a grain of salt! The thing is, ever since I can remember, I've enjoyed the simple things in the world and I still do, and as a result I get a tremendous kick out of living.

But the best way of knowing me (like knowing anyone) is to see for yourself—so let's get started. I'm like this:

I'm not the fussy type in clothes: I just like to be comfortable. Give me suits and slacks and I'm happy—in every color, but particularly in the plain basic colors of beige, black and brown. High-heeled shoes leave me cold except with suits; I go for Grecian-type open sandals, and as a matter of fact I'd prefer never to wear shoes at all. As for hats, I hate them like nothing on earth and I won't wear 'em. I also hate great big fur coats and spangles and sequins—in fact, I just hate fuss in clothes. Or, for that matter, in people!

I'm not fond of night clubs: And therefore I don't go to them. I'm also very unfond of done-up parties. I like to relax, to sit on the floor and talk to people I like to be with. The people I like to be with I could name by the dozen-lot, but my very favorites are June Vincent, Jules Buck's wife Joyce Gates, Louis Bromfield, his secretary George Hawkins, Gloria Stuart and her husband Arthur Sheekman, Thornton Delehanty, Gladys and Mark Hellinger—and a guy named Bogart. One actor, almost alone among a batch of writers.

I'm just normally clean: Everyone else manages to have some freakish trick about cleanliness, like fourteen showers a day. But I'm just the average. I take a bath once a day, brush my teeth twice a day and wash my hands quite often.

I'm not the flowery type—when it comes to perfume. And I don't use any special brand, either, though I love perfume dearly. I just don't want too sweet a smell. I like a rich, good odor, and I like plenty of that!

I'm a sun-worshipper: I love the outdoors, and particularly sunshine. I *truly* love boats, and before I came to California I also used to enjoy riding horseback. Here I haven't had time to indulge. I think my feeling for sports was born when I was a counselor at a girls' summer camp, and I still have it bad!

I'm a bed-reader: I read myself to sleep every night, even if it's only a page. My pet books are "Native Son" by Richard Wright and Maugham's "Of Human Bondage," which I read several times. I also liked "The Robe" very much. It's a funny thing, though—only one man in my life has ever given me a book. The man was Louis Bromfield, and the book, "The World We Live In."

I'm a fan of the funny papers: I like them all immensely and wouldn't think of facing a day without reading them. But my specials are "Tiny Tim," because I'm fascinated by the way he grows big and little; and "Bringing Up Father." Frankly, "Dick Tracy" makes me mad because he always manages to live through everything. Don't you feel that way too?

Rumors to the contrary, I'm educated: I've heard the news that I never got through grammar school, but the awful truth is that I've had eons of schooling. Five years at the Highland Manor School for Girls in Tarrytown outside of New York, graduation from the Julia Richman High School in New York and even one semester at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. So there!

And further rumors to the contrary, I've struggled to be an actress for years: I'm not really a model who was astonished at being plunged into movie acting. Actually, from the time I was fifteen years old I had a "Ten Year Acting Plan"; I thought it would take that long to become an actress of standing. So I went to the Academy, and then I spent three years knocking around on Broadway being in two flop shows. I took up modeling on the side because I needed money . . . and somehow I was lucky (*Continued on page* 132)



Jinx Falkenburg comes of a family born, not with silver spoons, but with rackets in their mouths. So this glamorous dynamo devotes her Sundays to the outdoors and tennis. Here she is learning the technique of re-stringing her own racket



Loretta Young regularly attends the Church of the Good Shepherd out in Beverly Hills. If you attended one Sunday morn, you'd see her—you'd see Irene Dunne and Dr. Griffin, the Jack Haleys and the Don Ameches, as well as many other film folk



Nowhere but in Hollywood would you find a newlywed spending Sunday on fan requests for autographed pictures. And nowhere would you find a more adoring husband than Vivian Blaine's Manny Frank who's helping with the photo-mailing

Diana Lynn is a faithful example of the church-going younger set. She goes to the First Christian Church of suburban Viewpark. It's a simple little country church—and if you stopped by you'd find not only Diana in attendance, but her whole family





This is not a family reunion but Robert Young and his brood in their favorite Sunday pastime—catching up on the comics. The Youngs stretch out on the living-room floor (all except Baby, who stretches out on Pop) and lose themselves in the funnies

Sunday IN HOLLYWOOD

One day a week to call their own. What do they do? Hymie Fink takes his camera and turns reporter with these candid proofs of some expert shooting — and the Sabbath habits of the stars



These days Hollywood is a civilization on wheels, where glamour goes around on bikes. Here are June Haver and her two pretty sisters getting wound up for a spin. June's busy studio schedule leaves only Sunday afternoons to catch up on sister-visiting and biking

Gingham Girl With Sequins

Gail Russell of the dual personality—a sultry beauty who goes barefoot at home

BY HARRIET EATON



Gail's latest picture is "Salty O'Rourke" with Alan Ladd

WHEN you gaze upon Gail Russell, you're gazing at two girls in one. One is the sultry beauty you've seen on the screen in "Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour," "Lady In The Dark," "The Uninvited," "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay," "The Unseen" and "Salty O'Rourke." And the other? Well, she's the girl her friends and family know. She's the girl who opens the door when you punch the bell under the name Russell at a modest apartment house in Beverly Hills—a barefooted tomboy in blue jeans and a plaid shirt, with her dusky curls tied up in a scarf. *That's* the girl you'll hear about here . . . a girl so natural that you'd bet your last nickel she'd never pose on a tiger-skin rug in a black sequin evening gown!

She'd have bet the same last nickel herself, two years ago when she was eighteen and a high-school student. Then, just as now, she was a standout beauty in her looks. Then, just as now, men stopped as if struck by lightning when they saw her coming down the street with her cloud of blue-black curls swinging on her shoulders, her huge black-fringed green eyes, and her slim figure—then, as now, clad in slacks and blouses. She was, in short, the best-looking girl attending Santa Monica High School, near Hollywood. Boys called her "The Hedy Lamarr of Santa Monica," and whistled reverently after her.

But none of this Gail knew or cared about. She was studying art very seriously, and one sunny afternoon she went as usual to her sketching class and sat down before her easel—never dreaming that her history was being shaped a few miles away. While she sketched, two baggy-sweatered boy students of the school were playing hooky, and hitch-hiking while they were at it. They were picked up by a kindly fellow in a big shiny car; and while they rode along they discussed the most important topic at school, which was Gail's beauty. The kindly fellow's ears pricked with interest . . . for he was none other than William Meiklejohn, talent and casting head of Paramount Studios. Once he'd learned that the lovely went under the name of Gail Russell, he could hardly wait to get to his studio office and contact the school. A message was left on Gail's desk asking her to call Paramount Studios which she promptly ignored, figuring it must be a rib from a student. However, the teacher finally convinced her the message was legitimate. She called the studio from her home and they asked her to drop by for an interview if she was interested.

Gail was interested enough to go see—and by sundown she was signed and sealed as a coming star. But so far, none of the subsequent sequin gowns have removed one inch of gingham (*Continued on page* 117)



Shy Girl With Nerve

Eleanor Parker of the new personality—a thoughtful girl who searched far for gaiety

BY LOUISE IRWIN

Eleanor's latest picture is "Pride Of The Marines" with John Garfield

"YOU know how it is, I expect. There's such a difference between what you are and what you are trying to be—nothing seems to happen for years, for eons . . . and then everything happens at once. You're a little bit bewildered but you know it's good."

Eleanor Parker has just made this perennially astounding discovery. "Suddenly everything came into focus!" she says, wondering at the eternal marvel.

People on her home lot have been marveling, too. A year ago the girl who created a stir in "Between Two Worlds" and "The Very Thought Of You" was tagged as "difficult." She was thorny and remote and no one in the big studio family felt that he really knew her. She seemed almost sulky in her ineptitude at human relationships. It was, of course, impossible for anyone on the teeming lot to realize that a girl who had made her way by sheer will power into pictures could still be agonizingly shy and unsure of herself. The will to be an actress and the shrinking violet attitude simply don't go together, said Hollywood. It must be something else.

Then suddenly all kinds of things happened to Eleanor and she seemed to blossom, to come alive, to begin to be a *person.* She had, to everyone's amazement, got the role of *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage." She had been divorced. She had had her appendix out. And each one of these facts, she thinks now, contributed to her sudden breaking out of her sad, tight little cocoon. There was a subtle blending of physical well-being, emotional release and self expression.

But maybe we'd better go back to the beginning. She thinks the whole business dates from the time when she was a kid of about nine in Cleveland, Ohio, and confided to two of her playmates that she intended to be a movie actress when she grew up. They screamed with laughter and told other children about it and presently horrid little boys were chanting after her, "Oh, Ell-ee-nah! Of the cin-ee-mah!" filling her with rage but not altering her intention one whit. She was a naughty child at this period, she recalls, a hoyden and a tomboy, with a temper so violent that it worried her parents and sometimes actually made her physically ill.

She still has it but it no longer gets the better of her unless she has what she honestly considers "good cause." She manages to justify her rages now and she hopes they are constructive!

When she reached the eighth grade she was a little exhibitionist. "I talked too much, giggled too much, asserted myself too much." Then one day—she recalls it as if it were yesterday—she was in the school corridor, making (*Continued on page* 111)



Here Comes The

BY Fearless



The Lee Bowmans loved and parted—but that didn't end the Lohengrin theme

JUNE, as if you didn't know, is the month of brides and, of course, of bridegrooms. Of big square envelopes bearing the glad tidings and white satin and three-tiered wedding cakes and veils and tears and orange blossoms—and the truth about Hollywood weddings! About which you probably don't know—but should. Because it's more amusing and dramatic (and tragic sometimes) than the truth about weddings anywhere else on earth.

Not long ago Veronica Lake, entering into the blessed state with Andre De Toth, was determined to have the ceremony private. This isn't any easy thing to accomplish when you're a star.

Aware of the difficulties which would exist, Veronica engaged two detectives whom she supplied with a short, hand-picked list of those who were to be admitted to the Ed Gardiner grounds and home in Bel Air where the wedding took place.

As the hour of the wedding drew near Veronica was in a state. Neither her bridegroom nor the judge who was to perform the ceremony had arrived. All sorts of dire things occurred to her and her imagination was heightened finally by a great commotion downstairs. A maid came flying up to the room where she waited. The detectives had to know what to do. Two gentlemen, an Andre De Toth and a judge, were demanding admittance. Their names were not on the list. Veronica, shaking her head over her omission and any motion picture star's chances of having a wedding go off quietly and smoothly, ordered that the groom and the man who was going to marry them be admitted at once. And, a few minutes later, the musicians played Lohengrin.

Headlines influence more Hollywood marriages than the public will ever know. Many believe the Anne Shirley-Adrian Scott nuptials were rushed ahead of the original date because Anne's ex, Johnny Payne, married Gloria De Haven. After all, from the day Johnny got back to Hollywood from the Army reconciliation rumors were printed about him and Anne. Even though Anne knew she and Johnny saw each other only because of their common interest in their daughter Julie, she may very well have done the feminine thing in putting her own marriage ahead—just to prove to everyone that she didn't think for a minute that Johnny was the only pebble on the beach.

Those who should know insist the long-time romance between Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton never would have culminated in marriage if no publicity had attended it. Both were deeply in love. No doubt about that. But both also were highly intelligent people who realized how much they would have to overcome to make a go of marriage. It appears

Bride

A two-up-the-aisle account of the mirth and mishaps that have befallen some of Hollywood's altar cases



Veronica nearly locked out groom De Toth



A cop got Georgia Carroll's answer to Kay Kyser's proposal

to have been Barbara's idea—in spite of her devotion to Cary—that it would be better for them not to attempt marriage. Cary, however, who has—if possible—an even more terrific sense of pride than most males, couldn't endure having the world believe he had courted Barbara in vain. Front page stories played Cupid in this marriage, now definitely over.

It is the night club courtships that pull up Hollywood's divorce rate. Marriages born in noisy night clubs rarely survive the silence of the home. Couples who court at ringside tables, surrounded by the false stimulation of public places, seem to be carried away by the "glamour" of their almost nightly surroundings. When they find themselves married and alone, with hours to spend away from admiring eyes, they find little or nothing to say to each other. They discover they're two other people and that the (*Continued on page* 106)

The holiday of the Hallidays clinched it for Dick and his Mary Martin



WHAT SHOULD I DO?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED
BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



Happiness is evasive. It may be evading you because you are troubled. Why not talk over your problem with

Claudette Colbert?

Write her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, Calif., and if your problem is of general interest, it will be considered by her for an answer here. Sign your full name and address. All names will be changed for your protection

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am twenty-one. During my four years of high school I went with a boy who is now in the Naval Air Corps. Before he went away he begged me to marry him, but I felt that we should wait until a little later.

For over two years he was in the South Pacific as radioman and gunner on a Navy dive bomber. During this time I wrote faithfully every three or four days and he was quite as faithful. We made plans for the future: Where we would live, what sort of a house we would have, how many children we wanted and things like that. I considered myself an engaged girl, and so did our families and all our friends. A few weeks ago I received a wire saying that he was on his way home. Well, you can imagine how thrilled I was.

When he arrived he was totally different from what I expected. He would just sit and look at me with an expression of amazement. I asked him if he thought I had changed and he said, "Well, you're prettier than ever." He would want to do some of the things we used to do—go dancing, or swimming, or just talking with some of our friends—but the moment we got settled, he seemed to want to move on. He made the remark once that he should have stayed in the Pacific.

Now he has returned to another base and I haven't heard a word from him. Shall I just try to forget, or shall I try to get in touch with him and try to make him see that I can understand his problem if he will give me half a chance? I don't want to hang on if he no longer cares.

Bettilou M.

Dear Miss M:

First, I think you should analyze your own behavior when your airman came home. Were you as easy and carefree with him as you used to be, or were you on guard, half-expecting a case of war nerves?

There is always a period of adjustment between two persons who have long been separated and who have tried to keep in touch with one another by letter. Satisfactory as the letters may be, there is an inescapable sense of strangeness at first.

In this case I think it will be perfectly proper for you to run after this boy in a nice way. Each war weary man is unique; he has a problem of his own that he must solve, sometimes alone and unaided. The only way in which you can help is by being natural, making no demands, giving him every chance to adjust himself. Don't make an issue of his apparent strangeness; don't hound him with questions. Keep on writing to him, assure him of your unchanging devotion—but be light about this, and don't be hurt if it takes him a long time to respond.

For some men, getting out of combat is exactly as great a strain as being in combat. Only the application of time and patient understanding will accomplish anything.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been married six years and have two children and a fine husband. We seem to be the happiest people on earth, except for the constant trouble brought to us by my two sisters. Both are younger than I, and they simply ignore me and my family unless they want something.

The three of us were orphans for years before any of us married, so I have always been more or less responsible for them. But now that they are married, I feel honestly that they should solve their own financial woes.

When my second youngster was born I had a very bad time and no one came to (*Continued on page* 108)

Melisse says

Hold on to your men, girls... here comes

JOAN FONTAINE

And does that girl have what it takes to snare the boys as she plays Susan—a divine man-trap in her first gay, romantic comedy. "Slick trick" Susan uses a different line for each one—and they all work, but beautifully.



Some men, like Dennis O'Keefe, take women seriously! So Susan puts on glasses and takes up a good book —and she can write her own story from there on!

You'd think she didn't know *anything* when she meets George Brent. So wide-eyed and innocent (you know—the sweet sixteen act that makes men *so* protective)!





Glamour Girls! Take a lesson in dazzle from Susan. When she puts on the "allure" for Don DeFore she leads him on a conga that ends up you know where!



Walter Abel was the hard-to-get kind—until Susan used her "Society Siren" line—and how that lured him —is another lesson in how to get *your* man!

Joan Fontaine
George Brent
in
HAL WALLIS'
PRODUCTION

"The Affairs of Susan"

with
DENNIS O'KEEFE
Don DeFore
Rita Johnson • Walter Abel
Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER
A Paramount Picture



Bob, on Army leave for "You Came Along," with his Mary

Wedding in the Rain

A wedding with wings — with Mary Elliott and Robert Cummings as the bride and groom and you as the guest

BY ALYCE CANFIELD

OUTSIDE the rain made a steady accompaniment to the organ music issuing from the chapel. Within, the candlelight flickered on the walls where hung the wings of America's great fliers—Jimmy Doolittle, Amelia Earhart, Colin Kelly, General Arnold—and came to rest on the wings of another flier as he stood reverently before the altar, holding the hand of the girl beside him. It was the historic St. Francis fliers' chapel in Riverside, California, where Bob Cummings was now about to take Mary Elliott as his wedded wife.

Five months of events had preceded this hour, events at once as casual and as momentous as such things can be. They began one day when Paul Hesse, Photoplay's own cover photographer, drove up to the San Fernando Valley home of Robert Cummings. Bob, who gave up his career as a movie star to offer his services to the Army Air Force, had just returned for the day and was chatting with a few friends when Paul strolled over with a beautiful blonde in tow.

"Miss Elliott, Mr. Cummings," Paul said by way of introduction.

Bob gave the girl a quick double-take, then the talk veered off into general channels. Presently Bob gathered up the girl who had been with him before Paul arrived and the whole party drove into Hollywood for cocktails. But the double-take had not been for naught. Bob made it a point to engage "Miss Elliott" in conversation.

However, Mary Elliott is a little lass who always leaves other girls' beaus alone. So she was cordial but not chummy with Bob, and when he asked for a date, she said, reprovingly, "Why, Mr. Cummings, you're engaged!" This was, of course, news to Bob, who wasn't engaged, or even going steadily with anyone. But other people joined the conversation about that time, and the whole thing was dropped.

"He says he fell in love with me that very first night," laughs Mary, "but of course he didn't, because he didn't see me again for a whole month."

Bob's answer to this is that he was working at Mira Loma Flight Academy, Oxnard, (*Continued on page* 69)



Rev. Cummings, Bob's mother, performed the marriage

BERGMAN

The Incomparable!



WINNER of screendom's most coveted honor, The Academy Award...The First Lady of the Screen... as a woman of science, gambling life and love to unlock the fearful secret in the heart of a man—wanted for murder!

DAVID O. SELZNICK

presents

INGRID BERGMAN
GREGORY PECK

in

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

SPELLBOUND

A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Screen Play by Ben Hecht • Released thru United Artists



"for real COMFORT, try Meds internal protection!"

Now you can enjoy all the freedom and convenience of this modern method PLUS the special Meds features perfected by a woman doctor.

- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super-absorbent for extra comfort.
- Meds alone have the "SAFETY-WELL"—designed for your extra protection.
- Meds' easy-to-use APPLICATORS are dainty, efficient, and disposable.

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FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS



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- Meds' fine soft COTTON insorber adapts comfortably to individual needs.

Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

P
M
M

Walter Pidgeon "on his own" is the request of Ruth King



SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

$10.00 PRIZE
Seeing the Light

THANK you, Hollywood, for producing "I'll Be Seeing You"! At least one person sees the light now since seeing this picture, so consider your efforts worthwhile.

I think none of us can ever fully know exactly how our returned wounded service men think and feel, but by seeing the understanding acting of Ginger Rogers I am able to help a service man in much the same state as Joseph Cotten was in the picture. I have gained new patience, new courage and new hope.

Thanks again, and keep up the good work. Civilian morale needs to be kept up too!

Miss Rosemary Riveros,
Los Angeles, Calif.

$5.00 PRIZE
G. I. Casting Director

I HAVE just read "Forever Amber" and I couldn't help casting it as I read.

Amber . . . Lana Turner—Miss Turner certainly has the necessary physical assets. The right director could inspire her to new dramatic peaks.

Barbara Palmer . . . Susan Hayward—Miss Hayward has proved long ago that as an exquisite menace she excels.

Bruce Carlton . . . Zachary Scott—Besides having that old-world something, he's a superb actor.

Almsbury . . . James Craig—Although the usual friend of the hero is a rather nondescript person, *Almsbury* was capable of doing all right on his own.

Nan . . . Faye Emerson—This unusual maid role is a juicy piece that Emerson can handle with her usual *savoir faire* and she won't have to disguise her good looks.

Charles II . . . Arturo de Cordova—Although this is the role of a king, the dignity is eclipsed by the *Don Juan* air of this particular piece of royalty.

Catherine . . . Jeanne Crain—The role, although minor, has a certain beautiful patience about it that Miss Crain could do wonderfully.

Jemima . . . Another minor role that clings to my memory and one that would give Bonita Granville a chance to do some first-rate acting.

Pfc. Fred A. Graff,
Roswell, New Mexico

$1.00 PRIZE
Lew Ayres

Living a life that is useful,
Earnestly praying for good,
Willing to render his service,

Anxious to be understood.
Yesterday's glory seems trivial,
Righteousness now is his comfort,
Each time he dwells on a role,
Servant of God is his goal.

Bettie A. Greer,
Hollywood, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
Pidgeon vs. Garson

IT is about time that Walter Pidgeon and Greer Garson were "divorced."

Not that they haven't been a splendid team. But there is no getting away from the fact that despite his fine work, Walter plays second fiddle to Greer in every way. I don't know whose fault it is, but he

certainly deserves as much, if not more, credit than she. And I'm not saying anything against her, either. She's lovely!

Why not team him with Janet Gaynor who, I read recently, is planning a comeback? They'd make a charming couple. And perhaps poor Walter could live to the end of the picture for a change.

Ruth King,
Cranford, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE
La Dietrich Plays the Saw!

I HAVE much confidence in the movie stars who do their part in this war, principally those who entertain our troops abroad.

Among those who have already done so much for the common cause for your soldier brother and mine are Hope, Crosby, Langford, Sheridan, Shore, O'Driscoll, Cooper and Dietrich, to name a few.

An excerpt from my brother's letter relates his opinion of just one of those big stars:

"This afternoon I saw the famous Marlene Dietrich in all her glory. She was really grand—just to be able to see her in person lifts the morale to soaring heights. She sang, played the saw, wore a shimmering gold sequin gown and rolled her heavy-lidded eyes around. Just a swell gal with a heart of gold, cheering up hundreds of thousands of GI's all along the front."

It made me feel so glad to think someone from home—Hollywood, U. S. A.—made my soldier-brother forget the war for that short time.

Blanche A. Luber,
Highland, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE
"Swooning" Additions

SINCE swooning is rapidly becoming a national pastime, I am submitting a list of actors for whom I will swoon at a moment's notice.

Paul Henreid—because of that "My, but how I like to look at you" expression in his eyes.

Joseph Cotten—because of his tantalizing air of arrogance and that "I dare you to come nearer" look.

Van Johnson—because he is so real in reel life, because he looks like the kid next door.

Turhan Bey—because he has a storybook hero's dash and verve.

George Sanders—because it's almost impossible for a woman to decide which she'd rather do, slap his face hard or kiss him.

I could go on and on but I must close now as I feel the symptoms of a swoon attack.

Jennie Tierce,
Chowchilla, Calif.

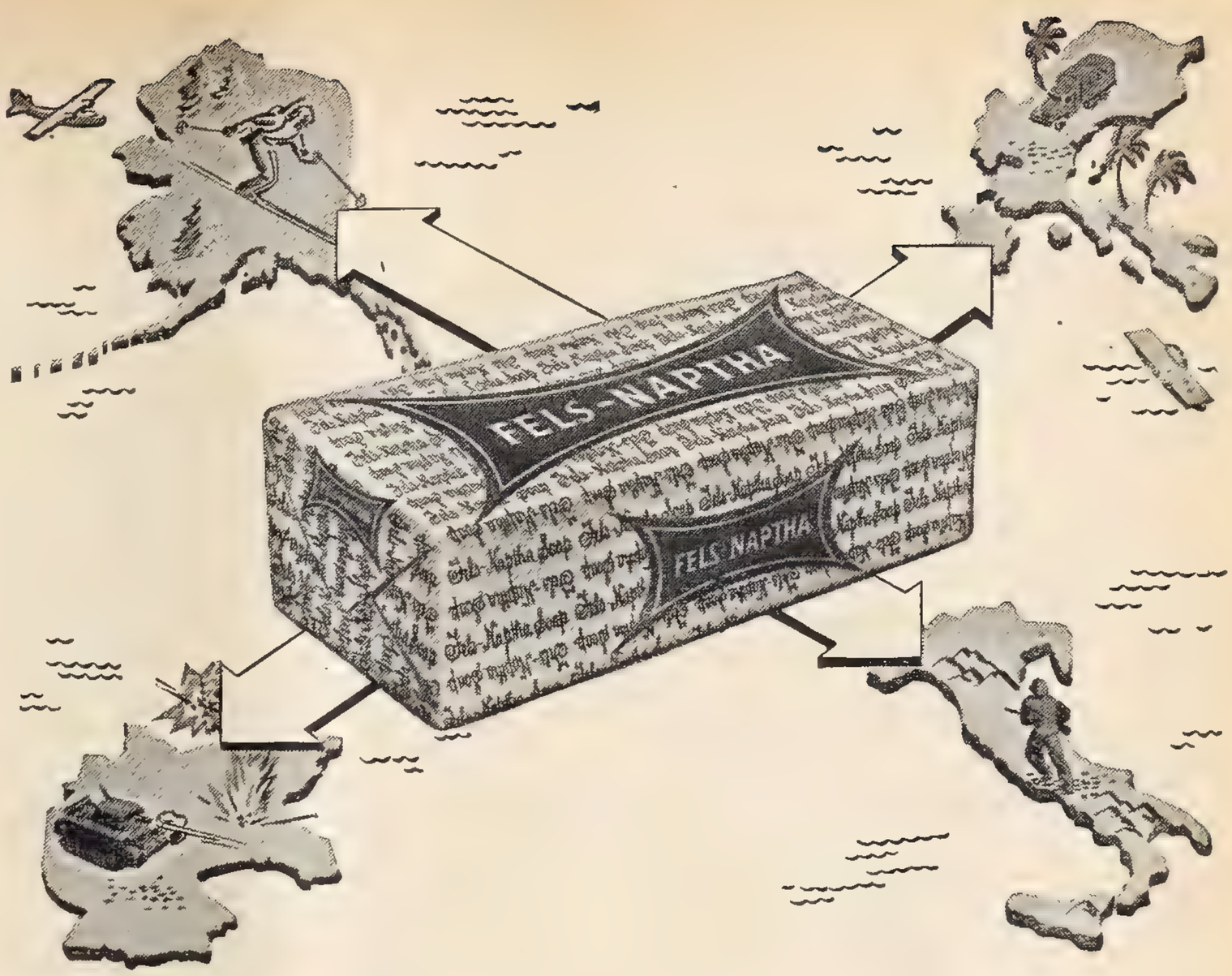
$1.00 PRIZE
"Heck without Peck"

"THE Keys Of The Kingdom" left me inarticulate because it had a significant meaning to me, as I had a boy friend who has entered a seminary.

This picture galvanized every person who saw it and Gregory Peck was just the actor who made it such a great success. His acting is natural and it makes you feel as though he were a personal friend of yours. He's so at ease, so wonderful and so-o-o handsome.

Hollywood has really discovered a fine actor and we are looking forward to seeing him play in many more title roles, for it certainly would be "heck without Peck."

Anne Gudal,
Cleveland, O.



The 'Inside' Story

In wartime, especially, it isn't easy to make the kind of soap people expect to find inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper. It isn't easy to get all the ingredients necessary to make Fels-Naptha pre-eminent among fine laundry soaps.

And that's only half the story. Now, a larger share of our stock of materials and our manufacturing facilities must be used to make good soap for men and women in active service.

Obviously, this will mean some further inconvenience for civilians. In the months ahead, you may have to wait more often for the familiar Fels-Naptha wrapper to appear on your grocer's shelf . . .

but the soap inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper will be Fels-Naptha Soap.

We think the average woman wants to know these plain facts about the supply of Fels-Naptha Soap. We think her loyalty to a good name will survive this time of trial, which is shared—in some way—by all.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

HONORABLE MENTION

REPRESENTATIVES of the staff of our school paper, "The Bumble 'B'," have recently conducted a student poll to determine our favorite actor, actress and picture of the year. It is interesting to compare the opinions of the students of a typical U. S. high school with those registered by your annual nation-wide poll as published in the March issue of Photoplay.

Van Johnson was elected favorite actor, June Allyson, the sweet little silver-blonde, queen of the actresses and our favorite picture was "Two Girls And A Sailor."

Helen Borland,
Boone, Ia.

ADD another star to Jack Benny's crown! Not because he praises my town with "They love me in St. Joe," nor because he is tops as a comedian, but because he knows the true meaning of *give!*

Not because St. Joe loves him, but because he loves everyone in St. Joe and everywhere. He went to hospitals, luncheons—then broadcasted, donated blood and went into little byways where the most ordinary of people could receive his "Hello, there" or "Hi!" and neighborly smiles. No relaxation for Jack. Just the big opportunity to give, which he did wholeheartedly.

Sybil Bruce Leach,
St. Joseph, Mo.

I READ in a magazine the other day that Ida Lupino was going to quit deep mood drama and start making people laugh. Please, Miss Lupino, change your mind and change it quick! We need people like you in movieland.

Madeline Davis,
Dublin, Ga.

I FELT sorry for the father in "Meet Me In St. Louis" when the family ganged up on him and staged a prolonged pout because he had decided to move to New York. Cooperation!

Mrs. O. J. Swanson,
Los Angeles, Calif.

MOST of the class "A" movies seem to have the same fault these days. They are too long. Reminds one of the imperturbable guest who has overstayed his welcome. Comes the point when you get desperate. The guest is never going to go. The picture is never going to end.

I do believe most movie-goers would prefer to sit through a little class "Z" epic that ends at the logical point rather than suffer through the superfluous scenes tacked onto an extravaganza that should properly have ended twenty minutes ago.

Mrs. R. A. Goundry,
Regina, Canada

SO many condemn the picture "A Song To Remember" because it is obviously not the truth about the man. However, the Chopin that he himself drew for us is in his music and no one can deny that Mr. Iturbi did a job at the piano of which Frederic himself would probably have been proud.

M. Marshall,
Atlanta, Ga.

I WISH to say that we Spanish-speaking people are very sorry to know that nearly all the films coming from Hollywood are going to be given in Latin America with the actors speaking Spanish instead of the usual English. By this method, Charles Boyer's fascinating voice will not be heard and instead we'll have to hear a Spanish voice without expression and not only Mr. Boyer but Mr. Peck, Mr. Flynn, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Crosby, Miss De Haven, Miss Allyson—the whole film colony will lose their fans down here. Sirs, please let Hollywood speak English.

Rosa Perez,
Santiago, Chile

I NEVER cried before in all my life at a movie—until last night.

Know who made me cry? A little kid, a kid that lived her part, a kid that will never leave my heart.

Her name is Peggy Ann Garner—the picture, "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn."

As her brother said in the picture, "You'll pass." Yea, Peggy, you'll pass but good!

I'm leaving soon for who knows where, but I'm taking a crowd of my shipmates to see you and live with you all over again, Peggy.

Anthony George Crechales, S 2/c,
c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Our ballot box is **p o p p i n g** with your votes for

Dane Clark!

So he's the winner this month of Photoplay's Portrait Poll.

Turn to page 44 and you'll find his picture.

Whose picture would you like to see in Photoplay?

Send in the ballot below to the Color Portrait Editor,

Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

I'd like to see a color portrait of.....in Photoplay

"Let Up WHEN NATURE LETS ME DOWN? Not Me!"



YOU watch the calendar, of course, but nature doesn't. Plans are often upset by menstrual pain and discomfort. So look ahead now and get Midol before your next period. *Have relief handy!*

Take one of these triple-acting tablets at the first sign of suffering. See how speedily Midol eases your functional distress. One ingredient relaxes muscles and nerves to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. And a third stimulates mildly, brightening you when you're "blue".

Millions of girls and women rely on Midol every month because they find it so effective and know it is not narcotic. Get Midol at your nearest drugstore, today.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

A Product of General Drug Company

Wedding in the Rain

(*Continued from page* 64) California, as flight instructor then and only got into town on Sundays. He had dates ahead for two weeks, but on the third week end, he got in touch with Paul Hesse. "I'd certainly like to see Mary Elliott," said Bob. "Do you think it can be arranged?"

Paul was giving a party that night for Joan Fontaine, so he invited Bob and then called Mary. "But I have a date!" she protested. "Maybe I could drop by afterwards." Bob waited patiently until eleven o'clock for Mary to show up, and when she did, she was still with her date!

Bob got in only a few words. He made them count. He said: "May I call you?"

Mary was no sooner home and in bed than the phone rang. It was Bob. He invited her to his house the next afternoon to go swimming. "I love to swim, so I accepted," Mary teases, "even though I had to break a previous date to do it."

"Darned good thing I had a swimming pool," counters Bob.

It was a wonderful afternoon. The sun was golden, and so was their mood. Bob was feeling relaxed, happy and hungry. At this delicate moment, Mary stretched deliciously, then remarked, "Well, I must be going now."

"What do you mean?" Bob demanded. "Aren't you having dinner with me?"

They had just met, but then and there they almost had a fight. It developed that Bob hadn't made his point clear. He had invited her to go swimming. Mary had broken one date for the afternoon, but she couldn't break another for that evening. She didn't go to dinner with Bob.

IT looked like a bad beginning, but it was the last time they were apart. "After that," says Mary, "I broke all my dates."

They really fell in love one night while they were having dinner at the Villa Nova. As Mary listened to Bob speak of things that were dear to him—ideals, principles, a way of life—she realized that he was a very fine man. Their eyes met. There was a moment suspended in midair. A split second later and they were in love.

Bob is a cautious man. In love, he still didn't just jump in and think afterwards. Marriage is a serious business. Now and then he would dream up a fake argument to see if he could get Mary mad. He wanted to see how she would act under any and all circumstances.

"Her disposition isn't just good," Bob says. "It's sensational. I couldn't get her mad. She's a wonderfully calm person. If something would come up and I would pretend to go into a rage, she'd just kiss me and say, 'Now don't you worry about it, dear. You have too much on your mind as it is. I'll take care of it.'

"She has given up her career. I wouldn't take one away from a woman who wanted it. That wouldn't be fair. But I've always hoped to find someone who would rather be my wife than a movie star. I did. It seems to me it's bad to have two careers in one family. You can't both be tired, with your nerves frayed. One should be serene and rested, able to cope with and smooth out irritations. Well, Mary doesn't want a career. She wants three children, and me. I'm a lucky guy, and I know it. As if all that weren't enough, she's so beautiful!"

Mary is a stage and screen actress who was signed by M-G-M after playing the leading role in the Detroit Company of "My Sister Eileen." She has appeared in such pictures as "Thousands Cheer," "Lost Angel," "Girl Crazy," "Here Come The Waves" and was starred in the Academy winning short, "Heavenly Music." The reason you haven't been reading reams of publicity about her is because she let her

More Exciting Kisses...



Q. I wish—I wish . . .

A. For skin that's satin-smooth for kisses?

Q. Yes—and my skin is so dry.

A. Try this new One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream—works wonders smoothing dry skin.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Serves every beauty-need of your skin so fully—it's like a daily "treatment". Jergens Face Cream—faithfully used—actually helps prevent dry skin troubles. Use this one new cream . . .

1. for Cleansing **2. for Softening**
3. for a Foundation **4. as a Night Cream**

You have a skin scientists' cream in Jergens Face Cream—by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. Already helping so many girls to their hearts' desire—smooth skin. Use this exciting Jergens Face Cream yourself, now. 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax. It's the only cream you need.



JERGENS FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

☆ BRING HIM HOME SOONER...BUY MORE BONDS IN SEVENTH WAR LOAN ☆

NOW! *The proved, wonder-working* DEODORANT *in* MODESS



YES! It's a proved marvel of effectiveness—this wonderful new deodorant that's sealed in every luxurious Modess napkin!

Scientifically certified by a famous independent laboratory:

The superior effectiveness of Modess with Deodorant demonstrated itself in every one of 26 different experiments, conducted under the most exacting laboratory conditions.



"The deodorant works miracles!" Miss K.R.

So fast acting—so efficient—that thousands and thousands of women hail this new Modess with great enthusiasm.

No fuss. No bother with separate powder. No sprinkling over everything.

You don't pay a penny more for this marvelous new Modess, but think how much more you get! Added *daintiness!*

"Saves me the bother of using a deodorant powder. I think it's swell!" Miss O.B.J.



Greater softness! 3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer to touch, in nation-wide poll.

Greater safety! 209 nurses, in hospital tests, found Modess safer, less likely to strike through than nationally known layer-type napkins!

Ask today for wonderful new Modess, the napkin with the proved, tested deodorant!

Your store has two kinds of Modess. If you'd rather have softer, safer Modess without deodorant, just ask for "Standard Modess."



career go hang while she went on two Hollywood Victory Committee tours. She spent eighteen weeks overseas.

Sometimes she entertained four thousand men, at other times, only four. She discovered few entertainers went to the Arctic, so she cancelled a planned Sicilian trip, spent three months in the Arctic Circle. "Sicily was more glamorous because it was a war front," she explained. "I knew the Victory Committee could get a lot of entertainers to go there. But I wasn't so sure about this faraway part of the world. I wanted to reach as many of the boys in the Arctic as I could. So I stayed, and made my South Pacific tour later."

That one statement, given humbly, tells you what kind of a girl Bob Cummings married. Knowing these things about her, Bob knew he had found the right girl. When a man feels that way and the lady agrees, there is sure to be a wedding.

Bob, on leave of absence from the Army Air Force to make the Hal Wallis picture, "You Came Along," knew every day was precious. The ceremony would have to be on a week end. But Bob is a man of action and the details were arranged.

The small wedding party met at Paul Hesse's studio for the drive to Riverside. Bob had been saving his gasoline coupons for months to make the trip because he had always wanted to be married at the St. Francis fliers' chapel at the Mission Inn in Riverside. St. Francis, you recall, is the patron saint of the birds.

Bob's brother, Oscar Cummings, was best man, and the matron of honor was lovely Patricia Hale of New York. She and Mary lived together when they were Conover models in New York. Paul Hesse gave the bride away. Mary's mother was not well enough to make the trip from South Carolina. But the truly tender part of the ceremony was that it was performed by Bob's mother, Reverend Ruth Kraft Cummings, who is an ordained minister.

Bob teased her afterwards, because—inadvertently—she had said, "Do you, John," instead of "Robert." "Just who got married?" Bob wanted to know, "John or I?" But when you are marrying your own son, you are entitled to blow a line or two.

Before the ceremony, Mary carefully checked herself over. "Let's see, now," she said, "something old . . . here it is—this tiger's eye locket I pinned to my slip; something new, my outfit! Something borrowed . . . Pat's diamond cross. Something blue—my outfit's blue. Well, I guess this marriage will keep, and I guess I'll have the best husband in the whole world!"

All at once, there was music—a moment of panic. "Are my flowers right?" Then Patricia came down the aisle, followed by Mary on the arm of Paul Hesse.

Everyone congratulated them. Bob signed the bronze wings that will hang on the wall with other famous flyers. People had gathered outside, the news having spread that a movie star was being married.

There was a wedding supper and Bob and Mary left for the briefest of honeymoons at Bob's house—where they had met. Bob carried her over the threshold. The next morning she made him a breakfast of nut waffles and maple syrup, and the next afternoon there was a big reception for them at Paul Hesse's studio.

This was the surprise marriage of the year. Mary had been away for eighteen weeks overseas so Hollywood didn't know too much about her. Looking at her beauty, appraising her charm, everyone went around asking: "Who is she? What's she like?" You've probably asked too.

The answer is simple—she's happily and proudly just Mrs. Robert Cummings!

THE END

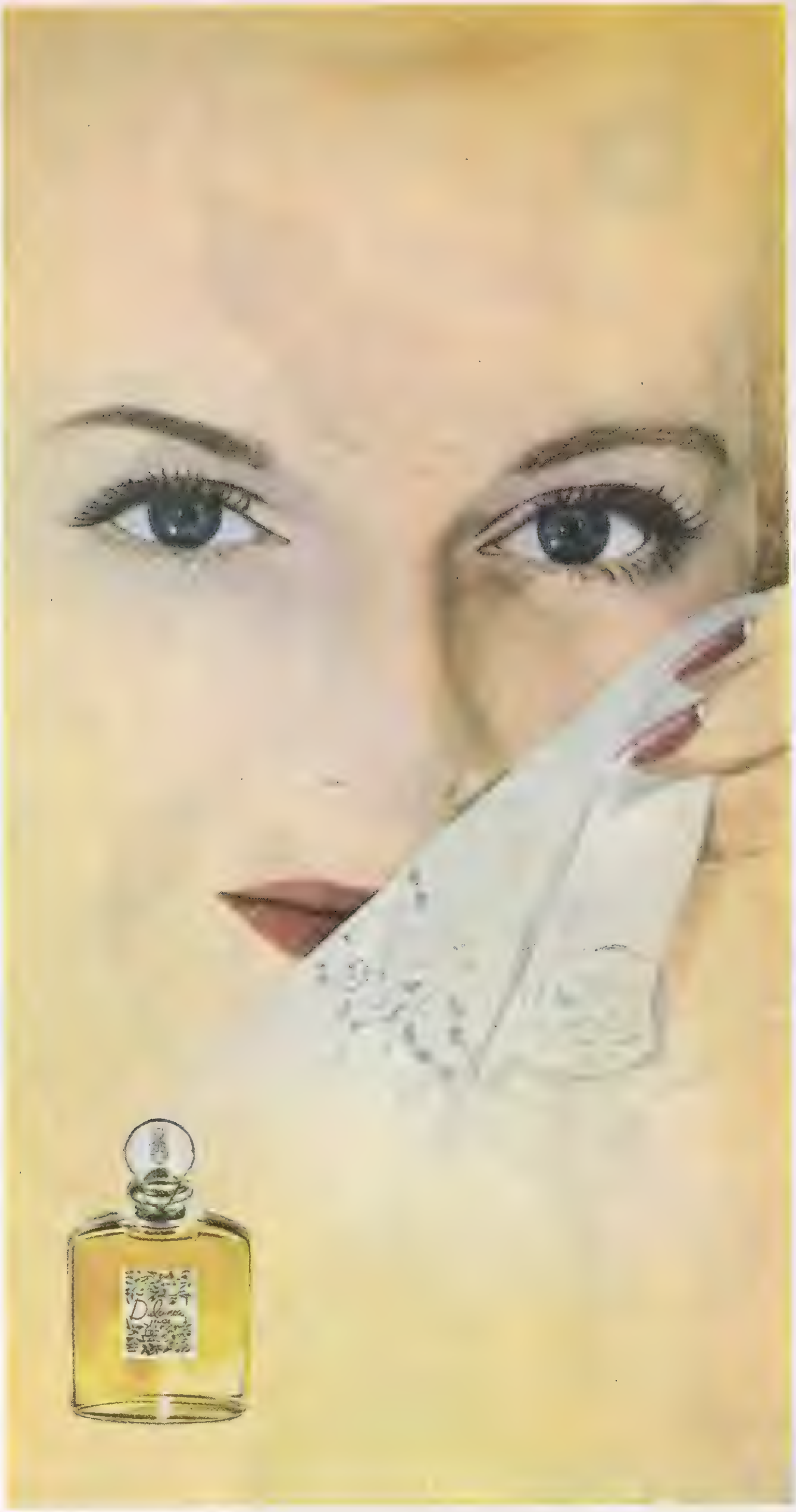
short cuts to big moments!

come on, get down to bare essentials...
the wonderful bare essentials of the
new Jantzens...like lines that take
the words right out of a man's mouth,
slimming fabrics, singing colors, in-and-
out-of-water glamour...the things that
make Jantzen completely marvelous...
left: Celanese* rayon 7.95...right: wool 8.95
(not enough of them, we're sorry to say) *Reg. U S. Pat. Off.



Jantzen swim suits

tan with JAN...Jantzen's new sun-cream
lotion for a smooth soft skin.



FINE AMERICAN PERFUME

At An American Price...Three fifty the Ounce†

Dulcinea*

FOR TRUE LOVE'S SAKE

LEIGH

A DIVISION OF SHULTON, INC
NEW YORK AND TORONTO

†PLUS TAX
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

She Had to Be Me

(*Continued from page* 43) less used to frankness than they were to alibis.

Besides simplicity and honesty, Rosalind's most outstanding characteristic is her sense of humor. It never flags and it lightens many a weary grind on the set. If there was a piano, she was never too tired to brighten the corner with her torchy rendition of "Old Man River," or while away the time while the set was being lighted with a little close harmony with the grips. "Democratic person if there ever was one," was the crew's decision.

Her greatest fault is that she never rests . . . she burns up her energy every minute of every hour. If there were visitors on the set—particularly service men—she'd snatch time between takes to order root beer and have chairs brought for them. She was so interested in them that no matter how shy or awe-struck they were, in no time she'd have them telling her the story of their lives. At noon, after a quick lunch that wouldn't keep a bird alive, you could hear her in her dressing room typing out letters to her brothers who are fighting, and of whom she is very proud. Then while the hairdresser would be putting the finishing touches to her hair, she'd telephone the order to the grocery man just like any housewife.

In her dressing room, incidentally, beside the pictures of her husband, Major Fred Brisson, and her son, Lance, there is always a gorgeous vase of roses. And there are always roses in her bedroom at home. They are her favorite flowers and I imagine that is why the sequence in "Roughly Speaking," where she and Jack Carson "break" the market with too many roses and lose the greenhouses on which they have staked their all, touched her deeply. I saw her just after she played the scene and she could hardly talk. Her voice was hoarse and her eyes were red.

"Where did you get that horrible cold?" I said, shocked.

"It's not that," she half-sobbed. "But losing all those lovely roses . . . I can't help bawling."

Which all goes to show that Rosalind Russell is essentially a human, down-to-earth person. And I think that if the film proves to be a success, it will be because of this—as well as the magnificent performance she gives.

After all, she had to be me. And I was no angel. I was a woman who went barging through life trying to get the best for myself and my kids—making mistakes—usually winding up behind the eightball.

To play a part like that, you have to know people and like them; understand and sympathize with their hopes and struggles. And that's Rosalind. Not only is she tops as an actress, but more important—as a human being she's colossal.

THE END

Fresh

As a daisy

ANNE BAXTER

Cover Girl
for July Photoplay
on sale June 15th or
as soon thereafter as
wartime transportation allows

JOAN FONTAINE

—capricious star
of "The Affairs Of Susan," has the grace
of a goddess in this classic evening dress.
Statuesque, magnificently sculptured . . .
a cool column of white with a
glint of gilt beads and paillettes,
a flow of fabric swirled over the
head, sari-wise. A Bruno design
in white Moonstone rayon crepe

PHOTOPLAY'S FIRST-RUN FASHIONS

OUTDOOR ADORABLE . . .

For her outside interests, Miss Fontaine likes this gay little dress to sun in, have fun in. Deliciously daring . . . in a bold bright plaid cut to show a pair of pretty shoulders. And for added coquetry, a full, flared skirt and flirtatious bows. A Tina Leser design in black and yellow plaid Starspun, a Dan River woven cotton gingham



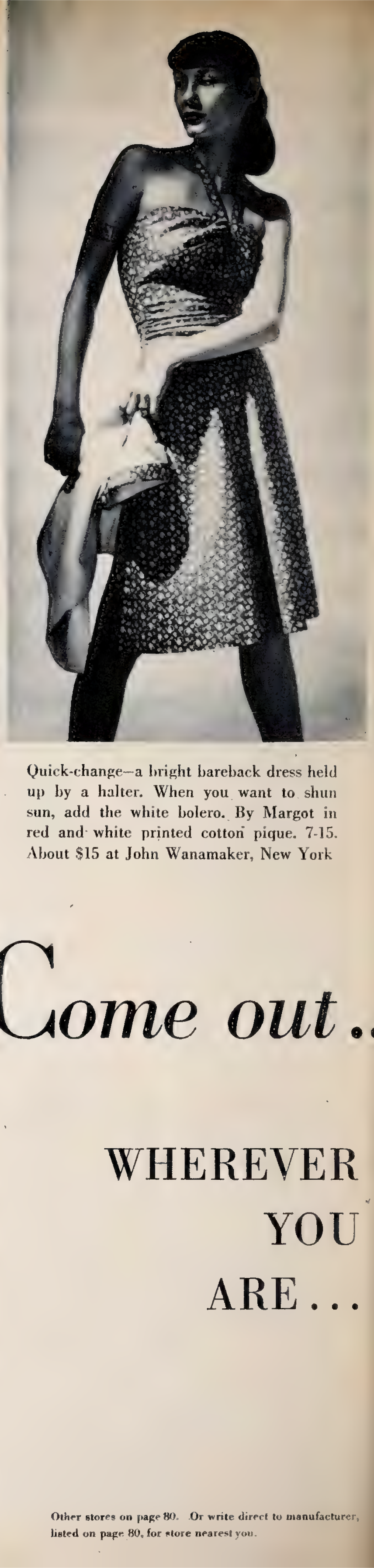


At your favorite store, or write Suret Frocks, 1400 Broadway, New York City

eg art is a fine art in this cleverly cut uchess Royal playsuit with a waist-whit ing sash. A real investment, too—just slip the skirt and you have a street dress! olor-crossbarred white cotton and Aralac. 0-20. $14.95 at The May Co., Los Angeles



Stripes are so gay, so slim-making. So smart with dropped shoulders and giant V pocket. A Babs Junior in Everfast cotton and spun rayon. 7-15. $12.95 at Jays, Boston



Quick-change—a bright bareback dress held up by a halter. When you want to shun sun, add the white bolero. By Margot in red and white printed cotton pique. 7-15. About $15 at John Wanamaker, New York

Come out . . .

WHEREVER YOU ARE . . .

Other stores on page 80. Or write direct to manufacturer, listed on page 80, for store nearest you.



Nude but nice—a draped midriff top, sailor-boy shorts, and *you* in-between. Contrasts in spun rayon; blue with gold or fuchsia, rose with aqua, shrimp with Kelly. By Cobert. 12-18. $5.95 at G. Fox, Hartford



Hiking, biking, loafing, you'll love the cool comfort of smart cotton slacks and a tummy-tanning striped midriff. Both Blackfriars in chambray. 10-20. Blue or tan slacks, $4. Blue or tan and white midriff, about $3.50. At Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago

Sea-ductive stuff, this Jantzen swim s
with a sarong skirt, a bra bow-tied fore a
aft. Velva-lure rayon and cotton in clo
green, sun gold, Bahama blue, turquo
camellia red, sky blue. 32-38 and 11-
$6.95 at Franklin Simon, New York. Cl
by Mackey.

.. ..Come out..

Come out and play . . . come out from under those cover-up clothes you wore all winter. Get into something that's next-to-nothing. Brown your arms, bare your middle, stretch your legs. Photoplay's fashion experts show you how to have fun and look pretty having it . . . in clothes good for your health, happiness and the state of your purse

The Younger Set Agree!



BEAUKOOL* a Labtex Fabric

Yes! Teen-agers say this skirt is their choice for carefree days ahead! A slim long-torso and full-flair make it a perfect partner for every occasion! Fashioned in BEAUKOOL, a crease-resistant rayon fabric that keeps smooth and sparkling! In lush pastels. Moderately priced, in sizes 12-18. Also other styles.

Lucille Sportswear

For the store nearest your city, write Dept. P,
KEARNY SPORTSWEAR COMPANY
1372 BROADWAY, N. Y. C.

needle's eye-view of Hollywood

The Suit on the Cover: Leah Rhodes, designer at Warner Brothers Studios, created the suit Lauren Bacall wears on the cover to suggest youth and springtime. . . .

Lauren prefers tailored things always—for street, sport, afternoon and evening. Her slim height allows her designer great latitude, of course—witness the short loose box jacket and the drop-shoulder line of this ensemble plus the two-tone color combination with the resultant break in line that so many figures could not carry. The jacket is leaf green with a faint fleck of brown to complement the slim silhouette of the cocoa brown skirt.

"Clothes this spring are easier and more casual than ever," Leah Rhodes says, "because women, busy with many important things these days, select those clothes in which they will be both comfortably and smartly dressed for a variety of occasions.

"Take the easy box jacket of Lauren Bacall's suit, for an example . . . with a matching skirt it would provide another costume entirely. It also could be used over spring prints and even dinner dresses."



Sent Photos for Photoplay Cover

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For custom-type fit with ready-made convenience..."Bias-Cup", the precision fashioned bra. Four cup depths...one for every figure type. At better stores. Send for your Beauty Hint Booklet.

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The Magic of McGuire

(*Continued from page* 34) the pair were married in a simple garden ceremony at the home of the Leland Haywards.

John is an aviation enthusiast and an expert photographer. He published a pretty good book, called "Camera Over Hollywood," just before he went to take charge of Thunderbird Field near Phoenix, Arizona.

JUST here this story begins to sound a little bit unreal. Here was Dorothy, who had signed a fabulous motion-picture contract and had been hailed by critics as one of the coming screen actresses. She was newly married to an interesting and certainly an ubiquitous young man. And where was she? She was in a funny little house, two miles outside Phoenix, doing most of her own housework, that's where she was. Cleaning women were as scarce there as they are anywhere else and for the first time in her life, Dorothy found herself coping with dish mops, brooms and dusters. She was there for some months so she had time to learn a good deal.

When she came back to Hollywood to play in "A Tree," she found that Elia Kazan, the director, believes that dialogue is more effective if the characters are engaged in natural activity while speaking . . . and the suitable activity for the characters in that picture was nearly all domestic routine. So, for the camera this time, Miss McGuire found herself once more dealing with dish mops, dusters, scrub brushes and washtubs and feeling pretty expert about it.

"Nobody ever *told* me an actress's life would be anything like *this!*" she sighed, leaning on her broom. But something very like it happened to her again when she went into "The Enchanted Cottage."

Actually, she thinks, she isn't at all a domestic person. When she was living in New York she acquired a modest flat and furnished it with antiques which she picked up here and there in a distinctly haphazard fashion. The first thing she bought—before she even had any chairs—was an elderly melodian (for thirty-five dollars) and she went instantly to work, learning to play it. One by one she acquired a table, a settee and a few chairs but when she gave her first party most of her guests elected to sit on the floor "because everything looked so extremely fragile. . . ."

Despite her recently acquired domestic accomplishments, Dorothy's consideration for the purely utilitarian in life is likely to remain elemental.

Her first home in Hollywood, however, was purely utilitarian . . . and that was *all* it was. The housing shortage being what it was, she snatched eagerly at the opportunity to rent a furnished apartment somewhere in the vicinity of her studio . . . and she rented it without ever seeing the inside of it, which was, one gathers, a touch depressing. But it was a roof. She says that was "heaven enough, just then."

However, once installed in the stereotyped little home, with the maid, Bertha, who had been with her family for years, Dorothy set about earnestly and fearfully trying to *be* a motion-picture actress. Hollywood ballyhoo frightened her. The hazard of making the transition from stage to screen had seemed a big one to her, in the first place. "Then," she says, "I was appalled to find that when one has come from the theater, she is supposed to know all about 'acting.' In the theater—actually—it is supposed to take you years and years to learn the rudiments. You don't expect, in your most optimistic moments, to be recognized as a 'star' until you have served a long, gruelling, earnest



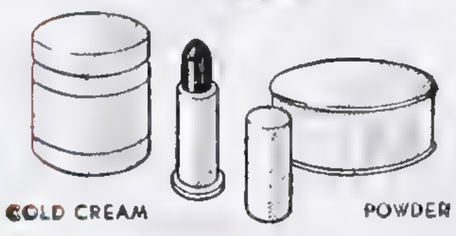
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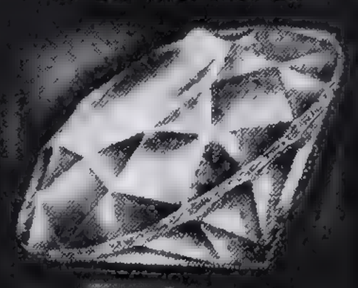
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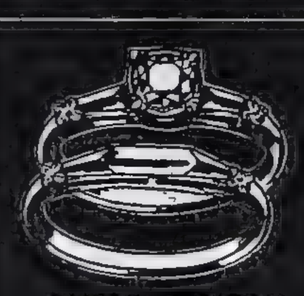
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apprenticeship. Here I found that you were a 'star' because someone said you were. . . . It was terrifying."

Another thing that appalled her when she was first here was that she was always being compared to someone. When it became apparent that she was a direct person who said what she meant, with no frills on it, she was dubbed "another Hepburn." When she was seen walking alone in the hills or on the beach it was, of course, "another Garbo." Her first stills brought the tag, "another Gaynor." She was indignant. "I can't be 'another' everything," she protested. "I feel like a mince pie . . . composed of goodness knows what!"

She has interesting theories about clothes—colors, fabrics, lines—and the moods they produce. She likes to talk about her theories but rarely troubles to practice them. Odd combinations of clothes captivate her—sweaters with evening skirts, halters with dinner trousers, novel combinations of colors and fabrics. But when novelties become fads, she loses interest in them. She enjoys lovely brocades, woolens, homespuns, delicate laces . . . but she enjoys them quite as much on someone else as she does on herself. Her personal taste, especially in daytime clothes, is casual—a suit with a spanking fresh blouse or a skirt with a bright sweater.

She admits that clothes affect her . . . thinks they affect any normal woman . . . and she found the drab costumes in "The Tree" and "The Cottage" a touch depressing after weeks and weeks and weeks. One of her most wistful desires just now is for a role in which she may wear pretty clothes "all the way through the picture!"

For she is really a gay creature. She says that what she loves most in the world is "comfort." This seems to mean warmth and light, the company of the people of whom she is fond and the opportunity to discover new ones. It includes lots of outdoors—space and light and exercise—good conversation and good food, prepared by someone else, from ingredients of which she doesn't even know the names.

RECENTLY she was in New York with John. They were stopping at the Plaza and Dorothy was dreamy-voiced with pleasure over her vacation. They had spent some time in the country where she had met her husband's family for the first time and they were going back for week ends.

"In the country," she said, "we take long walks in the snow, skate on the lake, work in the dark room developing photographs, talk—and talk—read, listen to the radio, sit by log fires."

New York was wonderful. The big city excites and stimulates her, and she says she feels "more alive there than anywhere else." She and John saw a lot of plays, got very excited about "The Hasty Heart" and the musical ballet, "On The Town." They browsed around the Battery, Chinatown, the Bowery, East Side, Times Square. They rode on buses and visited art galleries. She had bought a gray wool skirt. You gathered that, despite the fact that she had lived in New York for several years, it was an entirely new and fresh experience to be there with John. She might never have seen the place before and they might have been discovering everything together for the first time.

She has never been able to make herself like large parties. "That," she observes, "is merely my ego. I'm not good at a large gathering. I like to 'discover' new people, I get mental stimulation from the impact of new personalities and minds. But you can't do that in a crowd. Everything is too fleeting, moves too fast. I enjoy small groups of people who like to

just sit down and talk. . . ."

Her hobbies, she says, are all expensive ones.

"We—John and I—are both interested in paintings and old silver and china. Just now we are in the 'finding out' stage. We're trying to take an intelligent interest in the things that fascinate us, so that we'll *know* what's really good—and so that we shan't make silly purchases. It takes quite a long time and quite a lot of study really to know."

She is not good at figures and she is filled with worshipful admiration when John copes easily and accurately with something like a bank statement or an income tax blank. But she has what she calls a "horrendous memory" for what she, herself, has bought and what she has paid for it.

"Sometimes these details stay in my mind for years," she muses. "Sometimes they haunt me and often they even make me slightly dyspeptic . . . but I always remember. . . ."

She likes hats but she rarely gets round to buying them, somehow.

She loves to drench herself in spring-flower-scented colognes—"the kind of scents that don't smother me."

She is sentimental about holidays—can't imagine Christmas without a tree or Thanksgiving without a turkey—and she would be wistful, indeed, if she didn't receive a red satin box of chocolates on Valentine's Day.

HER plans for her immediate and more remote future are flexible and necessarily nebulous. As this is written, she is planning to go overseas in a USO Camp Shows unit of "Dear Ruth," the Broadway hit play.

"It is a difficult time to make any plans at all," she reflected, "let alone work out any sort of pattern of living. There are so many things we hope to do together—John and I. Some of them are too serious, too much loved, too close to our hearts to even talk about now."

They like to travel and they hope someday to be able to do a great deal of it together.

"I like to go with John when he takes pictures. He has a quality which I can only describe as 'comfortable' which makes people like him and consent to co-operate with him almost at once. So—we should like very much to travel and make pictures."

Despite the fact that she has sold one or two articles to national magazines, she says she has no burning desire to write. "I really haven't," she says, thoughtfully, "the equipment!"

They are both passionately addicted to flying. Dorothy has already had some experience at the controls of a plane and she is anxious to become at least a "dependable flyer" so that when they go places together in a plane she can relieve John at the controls. It is the most fascinating way to go places, see people, see the country—and these things are important.

"As for the actual handling of a plane, I can't tell you how exciting it is!" she breathes.

"In the first place, you are aware that you are doing something which is an expression of our era, our generation. It's—well—it's something to be a part of the generation which has conquered the air! Then, when you are up there, you are released from everything mundane. You are captain of your soul, mistress of your destiny. The petty things all fall away and you see . . . clearly . . . ! For that moment you'll be afraid of nothing."

That is Dorothy. May she never singe her shining wings.

THE END



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The Dane Takes Over

(*Continued from page* 45) his way through the necessary courses at Cornell and St. Johns and finished with the start of the depression. It didn't seem like a propitious time to hang up a shingle, so he marked up the law courses to experience.

"I never look back . . ." which, come to think of it, is as smart a way of assuring forward motion as any we know.

A LITTLE uncertain as to what next, he investigated the prospects and pursuits of a so-called Bohemian group of self-rated artists, writers and actors—the kind neatly catalogued by Charles Coburn as "amateurs teaching amateurs to be amateurs." Only Dane hadn't met prexy Coburn at the time. He soon discovered their contempt for really successful artists, writers and actors and decided he wanted "cabbage—not hunger."

His first objective was radio, which he took the way MacArthur took Manila, with well-placed artillery.

"The answer, when I tried getting an acting job was, 'Sorry, we don't happen to have a script we can use you in now.' So I went home and wrote 'em three radio scripts and took them down to the program department. They wanted to buy all three. So I picked the scripts up off the desk and said, 'Sorry, but I go with the scripts.'"

"Show me on this page where it says you can act," said an exec.

"I could show him because I'd only written in parts I could act. I got an audition, and after that they put me to work.

When he felt an urge for a visible audience, Dane joined both the Theater Union and the Mercury Theater, playing in the companies of such stars as Tallulah Bankhead and Orson Welles. From there he went on to Broadway, to follow Burgess Meredith as *George* in "Of Mice And Men," to play *Baby-Face Martin* in "Dead End," the communist playwright in "Stage Door," and other roles in "Golden Boy," "Sailor, Beware," and MacLeish's "Panic."

It was during this time he picked up his slight tinge of Odets, of whom he says, "Odets didn't create anything new. He took something that was there all the time. He knew that men are not all Greek gods, golden-haired and seven-feet tall, with nothing but classic emotions. He found that sometimes they're short and sweaty, with hunger and ugliness mixed in with the good in their souls. Odets took the music of people as they are—and gave it back to the people."

In spite of what some young men would have considered a thriving career, the "haphazard economics" of the legitimate stage eventually convinced Dane there must be something better—and it could be Hollywood. His trip across country and into the western scenery was something he doesn't want to forget. Although he drove it with his "fingers crossed," he also drove it with golf clubs and swim trunks in the car and stopped off frequently to use them.

It took almost a year in Hollywood for the Clark personality to really get going. Following the usual procedure, he got himself an agent, a good enough one—and a succession of insignificant parts: "Everything I did before 'Action In The North Atlantic' was a walk-on."

It is interesting, and typical, the way this first good part was snagged:

"I was getting tired of going into casting offices to have some character make a private evaluation of me, then put me off with that ever-lovin' 'We'll call you—.'

"I was in Warner's casting office one day when Producer Jerry Wald walked in. I heard him say he still hadn't found the

right fellow for a part in 'Action In The North Atlantic' so I walked over and recommended myself to him. He's a very courteous guy—he listened, then said he'd call me.

"The fatal words got me. 'Why call me when I'm already here?' I asked him bluntly. 'You'll do twenty-five tests before you're through—what's the matter with doing twenty-six? So I may stink, but what right have you to decide I will without giving me the chance to *prove* I stink?'"

PRODUCER WALD knows his man when he finds him. The missing character for "Atlantic" had a scene involving the same basic principle Dane had just demonstrated, the right of every American to speaks his mind.

The screen test emitted no odor except that of success, and when Dane spoke from the screen as a member of the Merchant Marine who refused to take his ship out to sea, his words carried enough conviction to be reprinted in maritime journals all over the country.

His next appearance was in "Destination Tokyo." Most of his roles have been in uniform of some sort.

"All the make-up department has to do with me is give me one stripe more or less. . . .

"They put me into 'The Very Thought Of You' just for laughs. I was grateful for the fan mail on that one—looks like maybe I'll spell off as the underfed Jack Carson. Then came 'Hollywood Canteen' and 'God Is My Co-Pilot.'"

Not yet released is the serious drama, "This Love Of Ours," the story of blinded war hero Al Schmidt, with John Garfield playing the Marine, and Dane as his buddy. Garfield is Dane's idea of a completely honest thespian.

If he could pick his own leading woman tomorrow, it would be Olivia de Havilland. Which brings up the subject of the kind of women he likes best—"female women." Dane says he learned about women from one of the species who kept him very unhappy "expecting her to make sense."

"I know now that to enjoy 'em, you mustn't expect too much of 'em," he grins. It's possible he's merely ribbing on that one, however, for the next minute he's bestowing all the complimentary adjectives in the book on Margo, his wife of four years, which is plenty long enough for a husband to know whereof he speaks.

"She's keen, live, intelligent, alert—and



Theater noticeables: George Kitchel is the lucky lad dating June Haver





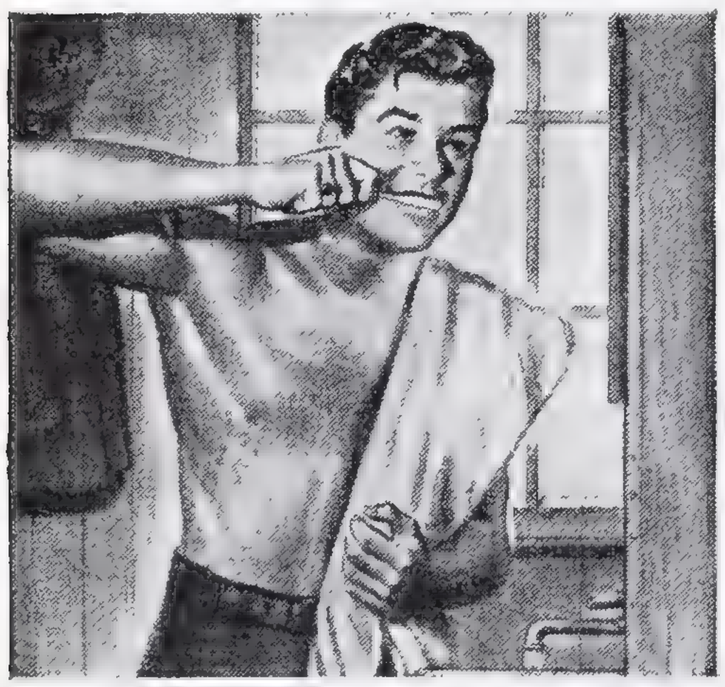
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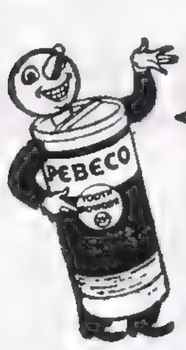


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wonderful," he adds to clinch it. "Flaming red hair and temper to match, and very blue eyes. A top designer and a fine pianist, studied in Paris. I've kept her pretty busy the last couple of years just cheering me on in my career but I suppose some day she may want to get going on something of her own again and if she does, well that'll be me applauding, same as she's done for me."

They met in New York and it took Dane a year and a half to think up something fancy in proposals. He doesn't remember now just what he said, but he does remember why he said it. Margo went home to visit for a while—and that did it. "It may not have been original," he says, "but it was concrete—I found I just couldn't do without her."

He still feels the same way about it. During the Christmas holidays when his wife took a trip East, he was "the lonesomest guy in town. I spent Christmas and New Year's at the Canteen. The only way I could feel any better was in trying to do something for a bunch of fellows as low as I was."

IN this era of housing shortage, the Clarks live in a house in Coldwater Canyon. "Someone dug it out of the moss when things got bad. It's Cape Cod outside, and hasn't got a creature comfort inside—including plumbing." They rent it but Dane is already longing for something with roots. "Guess because I'm a city fellow I'd like to know what it is to have a little piece of land to call my own."

Margo puts up with his hobby, which is saving old coats and jackets he is always "going to have fixed up and wear sometime," patiently moving the bulky collection wherever they go. She also knows when he is immersed in a book he is apt to bring it to the table and read all through the meal, and beats him to it by grabbing off the latest best-seller, herself.

"I subscribe to just about everything I can," he explains. "I try to keep my reading comprehensive, the new things and a good selection of the old ones. You get rather personalized in your reading when you're acting, always feel you're on the verge of finding the perfect story and trying to see yourself in everything—"

The most treasured possession in the Clark household is a small and bedraggled red rubber kewpie doll, ten-cent-store variety, which Margo bought for him as an "opening night gift" several years ago. The play was a hit and although the kewp has long since lost its squeak they've kept their luck, and now wouldn't think of going any place without it.

Good music and well-blended colors give him "a mental yip." Music, to thrill him, must be "good of its kind," and the kind can be either classical or popular. He has a collection of Flamenco gypsy records, and was a Calypso enthusiast "way back when they were Cuban street-singers, Homeric rather than Andrews Sisters in type."

His best trait, he thinks, is a passion for paying bills—he can't bear to owe anything. His best and most enjoyable fault is an aversion to wearing anything for lounging purposes "except just enough to be decent.

"I'd like to learn more about the effete way of living—take up tennis and some of the gentler games, where you don't have to loosen anybody's teeth. I might even write a little poetry—oh, you think I haven't got any poetry in my soul? Well, I have—it doesn't have to be about violets and triolets, does it?"

In the meantime, he'll keep on taking his hurdles wisely, honestly. And some day as a matter of course the columnists will be calling him "Warners' Great Dane."

THE END



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PRODUCTS OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE

Life with Fathers

(*Continued from page* 41) reverently over his lovely mother's knees. "Our Father who art in Heaven," he said. He stopped quickly, looked up at Mel, put his head down again. "Our Father who art in New York," he amended.

Mother Mel had a time explaining.

Alana Ladd sees her parent in her prayers, too, but differently. Alana easily shrugs off the orders of nurses and her mother, Susie, but has learned through smarting experience just above the back of her knees that when Pop issues orders, she'd better heed them. But imagine how Alan felt when he heard her saying in her prayers when she'd found it more comfortable to stand than to sit, "God bless Mama and Daddy, what Daddy wants Lonny do, Lonny do, poor Lonny. Amen."

THEN there is Norman Barnes Powell's belief that Dick Powell did perform a miracle. It was back in those happier days when Dick and Joan Blondell were so contentedly married and had just ushered tiny Ellen Powell into the world. Dick undertook to tell Norman about it.

Norman rushed to the phone and called Joan in the hospital.

"Mother, you'd better come home right away," Norman gasped. "Father has just given birth to a baby girl."

Dana Andrews, a minister's son, is a stern father, very proud, very devoted, but a sharp disciplinarian, nonetheless. He has three children, David, eleven (by Dana's first wife, who died), Kathy, two and a half and Stephen, four months.

Dana, himself, is one of nine boys. He was brought up with a maximum of discipline and spankings. In fact, he was spanked every Wednesday almost from the day he could walk. The reason for the Wednesday swacks was his running away from prayer meeting to go to the movies. It is because he recalls these spankings that he doesn't spank his own kids. He believes, judging by experience, that spanking does no good. He disciplines his own children by taking away privileges, when they are naughty, or by giving privileges when they are good. These methods, so successful with David, have a different effect on Kathy.

She succeeded in getting even with her dad by embarrassing him in public. It all came about through "Little Black Sambo."

This is Kathy's favorite book and almost every night her father reads to her from it. No matter how late Dana gets home from the studio, Kathy seems to sense it, opens a hitherto sleep-weighted eye and says, "Daddy read," and inevitably, no matter how weary, Daddy does.

Recently the Andrews family was in Los Angeles' big, crowded Union Station and there, for the first time in her brief life, Kathy saw a little Negro boy.

"Sambo," she whooped and took after him.

The little Negro boy had apparently led a sheltered life, and had not been pursued by girls, and not knowing what might be in store for him, took to his heels, too. Around and around the children went, dodging under elbows and between knees, falling over suitcases, bowling over porters. Dana couldn't possibly get through the crowd that fast. Neither could the little Negro boy's alarmed, portly mother.

They finally all caught up with one another and apologies were offered, but Kathy doesn't understand yet why Daddy was both sore and laughing fit to kill.

It was like what happened to Susie MacMurray, one of those moments that bewilder the young.

Susie is a dreamy child, who adores her daddy Fred, who dotes upon her in re-

turn. She is automatically obedient as Fred forgot, to his embarrassment, one day when he and Lilly were entertaining.

Their guests had never met Susie and Fred wanted to show her off, so he called upstairs, "Susie, come here right away, will you, dear?"

"Yes, Daddy," said Susie, and come she did, right away and just as she was, which was as naked as a very little jay bird.

AT Brian Donlevy's house Mama metes out the punishment while Daddy can't resist the tiniest baby appeal. Little Judy knows perfectly that Daddy is a sucker for her, racing home from the studio to read her bedtime stories, and almost always bringing her a present. She doesn't know that on all sets where extras are used, there are always old women knitting things, preparatory to selling them overpriced to soft-hearted stars, but Brian knows it, and the old ladies know all about Brian. They pray to be assigned to Donlevy pictures and knit like crazy, when they are, knowing Brian is good for a ten-spot for any tiny, hand-knit sweater, or woolly knitted dog. Brian, baffled that Judy seems to make way with so many sweaters and dogs, brings same proudly home all the time.

Did he but know it, the cause of the high mortality on these gifts is his charming wife. She knows Judy can't wear a third of the sweaters and could be spoiled playing with so many toy dogs. So she distributes them to other less fortunate children. She doesn't tell Brian to stop bringing more home, however. She knows that would do no good.

Nancy Sinatra is one child who is quite blasé concerning her father and fame.

The Voice was very much asleep in the security of his own bed one Sunday morning when a series of girlish giggles woke him. He opened one cautious eye and saw, there at his bedside, not bobby-soxers but an even younger generation, his daughter's generation, to be exact about it. The children were standing open-mouthed, looking down upon Frankie—that is, all save Nancy. She was announcing, in the most sated voice, "Yep, that's him."

Monica Elizabeth Henried gets away with murder with her doting father. If you don't believe it, think of her turning the



Monica Elizabeth Henried has her own technique with suave Papa Paul

Mary went Dancing on Saturday Night...



—and HOLD-BOB pins held her Ringlets in Tight!

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Famous beauty pack helps *deflake* faded, coarse, aging 'TOP-SKIN'



This Remarkable Development In Skin Culture Also Marvelous To 'Perk-Up' Weary Complexions On Short Notice!

Your skin (even when you're young) must constantly 'flake off' or 'shed' dried-up, faded, aging top-skin cells. If not — this is often the reason your complexion appears muddy, drab, coarse-textured — so dull and lifeless.

One of the most effective and quickest ways to hasten this deflaking process along is famous Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack — a perfect *honey* of a 'pepper-upper' for tired, bored complexions.

Marvelous 'Blushing' Action

All you do is spread Hopper's White Clay Pack over your face and neck. Lie down and *relax*. You can actually feel its tightening, stimulating effect on tired tissues and muscles. Wash off after 8 minutes.

It's almost unbelievable—but your mirror will *confirm* the lovely results. Notice how that tired, faded look seems to disappear. Your skin appears so *alive*-looking with such a thrilling glow and charm. This is due to the mild *rubefacient* or 'blushing' action of Hopper's.

Let Hopper's White Clay Pack show *you* the secret of looking your dazzling best on short notice when that 'important man' unexpectedly comes to town. Also to help maintain enchanting natural 'top-skin' loveliness thruout the years. At any cosmetic counter.



GIRLS IN YOUR 'TEENS'!

Don't forget Hopper's White Clay Pack is also marvelous for enlarged pore openings and to loosen blackheads. Notice how much fresher, clearer your skin appears.

Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S** WHITE CLAY PACK

suave Paul—whom she calls Papa Pauli—into a trained seal, but honestly! Think of this ex-Viennese great lover liking to be turned into a trained seal.

Monica Elizabeth was adopted by Paul and his pretty wife Lisl from an American family but she is being brought up with love and kisses in the warmest Viennese-American-Californian blend by Lucy, the same nurse Lisl had as a child.

One afternoon the Henrieds went to the beach. There was the wonder seal! All the way home Monica Elizabeth could talk of nothing else. After that, all that had to be done to make her behave was to say she could go to see the seal.

Then winter came. The seal went away. Monica Elizabeth was inconsolable until Lisl, who used to be a very fine costume designer, thought to design a home-made seal for the baby. That was terrific except that the seal was inanimate and right there Papa Pauli got pressed into service. He had to get in back of the seal and make it go through its paces. He still has to do it, almost every night, and he adores it.

When it comes to absolute pushover fathers, Jim Brown wins the sweepstakes. There are two small daughters in the Brown home—Beverly Jean, the eldest who is just past two, and Carol Ann who is ten months. No discipline sticks around Jim. Mrs. Brown can order one thing and try to enforce it, but let Jim come home and it is all a laugh to the little girls.

Jim chose the names for both of them, though Beverly Jean is called Wendy by the Browns. In case you don't follow that it's because she was called Windy by her parents during her first year. Jim says she has now outgrown that phase of her career, but the nickname stuck so he dignified it by calling her Wendy.

JAMES CRAIG and his firstborn, generally called The Bub, are as close to one another as an echo to a convention hall. Jimmy's favorite story about The Bub concerns the day that they brought the new baby home. Jimmy told The Bub about the great event and The Bub was exceedingly excited when the private ambulance stopped before their house.

He ran over and kissed his mother, then dashed to his father who was carrying a small satchel that contained no more important items than three-cornered pants.

"Is the new baby in there?"

"Oh, sure," said Jim.

"Can I see it?"

Jimmy had to stall. He said, "I can't open the bag here, Bub. You see, the baby's very new. It's wild like a puppy."

The Bub ran quickly into the house where he located his dog, took off the dog's collar and fastened it to the leash.

"Here, Dad," said The Bub, "put this on the baby. After all the trouble Mother's been through, we don't want the darn thing to get away."

But finally, last and lustiest of all Hollywood's progeny, come the Crosby boys. Just as there is no one quite like Der Bingle, so in the child-laden houses of Hollywood there are no kids that can surpass the Crosby kids. They are fast becoming as much a legend as the Groaner.

Only Bing, being the character he is, would have thought of The Birthday. With the coming of the war, Bing decided it was both patriotic plus a saving of family nerves for the lads to not have three birthday celebration a year (the twins, Dennis and Phillip being condemned to one birthday between them, anyhow). Thus Bingo, who swings from being stern to indulgent and back again, gave out with instructions that there was to be one birthday a year, and every fourth year, twins included, each boy had The Birthday as his very own. On *his* birthday that boy could not only invite whom he liked, but

he could pick the date, the menu to be served and the games to be played.

The system actually works. Last summer, for example, The Birthday belonged to Lindsay, the youngest. He chose the day after school closed as the date, announced that he was having fifty-five all-male schoolmates, plus the family. He demanded that each boy attending should be given a gift, not merely get one taken from him, and he insisted that the Crosby terrors be allowed to pick out these gifts themselves. Bing okayed the whole deal.

The result was a barrage of such man-killing, noise-making implements as have never before (or since) rent the rarefied air of Beverly Hills. At the height of the din, when Dixie Crosby was beginning to go mad, when the neighbors on all sides were telephoning the police, when the maids were threatening to quit, El Bingo walked composedly in. He proposed to the fifty-nine limbs of Satan that they learn the words of "Swinging On A Star." He said, in fact, that if they'd learn the words, he'd sing a duet with the lot of them—not only that, but he'd give each boy a platter of said duet as a memento of the day.

They fell for it. They listened. They learned. And finally, with the most popular voice in the world leading them, they lifted their voices in song like cherubs.

The mere thought of having their own personal Crosby recording, with themselves as supporting artists, made Bing, as Father, a really terrific guy. He became a super-parent, super-male, handsome, rich and awe-inspiring. He became, you see, exactly what we told you Hollywood fathers were in the first place.

THE END

MEMORIZE THIS!



It's your ex-service man's badge of service—the Honorable Service button issued to veterans, indicating they have fulfilled their duty to their country.

Too many incidents have been reported of ex-service men being subjected to humiliation because of failure on the part of the public to recognize this lapel button. Not all of them have wounds that show. Let's not inflict greater wounds by denying these men their right to rejoin the civilian ranks.

The button is small but
it has a big meaning.
It means—

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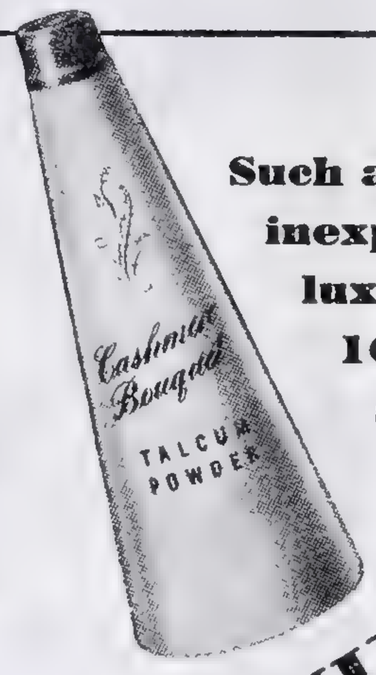
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Of Course you do! You know tell-tale gray hair kills romance, that it can cause a hundred little heartbreaks, and yet for years you have hesitated to do anything about it! Has fear held you back—fear of dangerous dyes, fear that it is too difficult, that people will know your hair has been dyed?

These fears are so needless! Today you can buy at your drug or department store a hair coloring preparation called Mary T. Goldman's. Pronounced positively harmless by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed), and sold on a money-back guarantee, Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation will color your gray, bleached or faded hair to the desired shade so beautifully and so gradually your closest friends won't guess. It's inexpensive and easy to use—if you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions have used it with beautiful results for the last fifty years, *proving* its merit and safety.

So help yourself to happiness — *today!* Get a bottle of your shade of Mary T. Goldman's—*insist on the original.* Beware of substitutes—others have tried to imitate our product for years. For free sample, clip and mail coupon.

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"Ask Me No Questions . . ."

(*Continued from page* 33) sees that she takes her vitamins. She needs somebody to look after her. She loses weight at an alarming rate unless she has someone to look after her.

She buys her clothes in the better department stores in place of modeling the high styles created by the swankier movie designers. For June has come up the hard way and has learned that it is smart to save her money and to be prepared for the bitter as well as the sweet of movie fame.

When she was eight years old a tree fell on her and for five years she was a cripple and wore a brace.

"I didn't want to mix with other children," she told me. "I felt terribly self-conscious. For a time I thought there wasn't much left for me in life. And then a very wise doctor had me swim and learn to dance. That's how I became a dancer. I really felt I wanted to be a doctor, I was so grateful to this man who put me back on the road to recovery."

HER story of how she went to New York, got a job in the chorus of "Panama Hattie" and "Best Foot Forward" and eventually came to Hollywood is well known.

"But I almost didn't get the job," said June, "even after I came 3000 miles for it. I made up for the test, put on false eyelashes, frizzed my hair and painted on the biggest mouth you ever saw. When they saw me they said, "No, no, no!"

"It was Joe Pasternak, the producer, who told me to go back to my dressing room and take off the 'goo' and start all over again. I'm not a very pretty girl, you know," she said with amazing candor. "I'm at my best only when I am completely natural."

And that June is all the time. It was completely natural that as the afternoon wore on she should begin to take a couple of nervous little looks at her wrist watch. That is, it was natural for a girl who is in love and who might be expecting a most interesting long distance telephone call.

"When does Dick get home?" I asked to help her along.

"Saturday," she answered promptly.

"What time?" I pressed on.

"Nine o'clock," was her reply as quick as a flash.

So, again, you see, when a girl knows all the answers like June—it isn't by accident or just a casual friendship. If you ask me—it's L-O-V-E with all the letters in "caps."

THE END

The Heat's on Hutton — —

judging from the way the votes are piling in for Bob Hutton. So next month you'll find in Photoplay not only the best color portrait of him, but an up-to-the-minute story, too

Martha O'Driscoll

in "HERE COME THE CO-EDS"

A Universal Picture

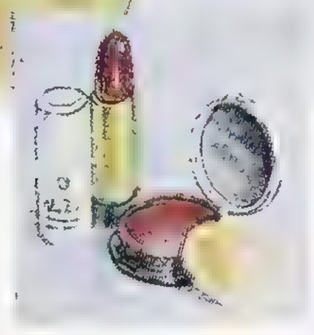


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SHARE this make-up secret of the Hollywood stars...individualize your beauty with your Color Harmony Shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder. There's a shade for your type, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead ...so try this famous face powder today...$1.00





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CREAM DEODORANT

The very act of dressing stimulates perspiration. Even your daintiest frock becomes a menace to your natural Sweet Self ... by imprisoning under-arm perspiration odor. Stop this threat *before you dress* with fast-acting ODORONO...the new cream deodorant that goes to work to protect you *faster than you can slip on your slip.*

New ODORONO Cream Deodorant contains science's most effective perspiration stopper...protects up to three days. Will not irritate your skin. Prevents perspiration stains, will not harm fine fabrics. No waiting to dry. Does not turn gritty in the jar.

Change to snowy-white ODORONO Cream Deodorant for instant, full, long-lasting protection.



39¢; also 59¢ & 10¢ (plus Federal Tax)

Confessions of a Lazy Guy

(*Continued from page* 37) stimuli—although the *habit* of work will help—can overcome natural human laziness. If you cherish what you think is an ambition, face this now: You're lazy; you'll fool yourself repeatedly that you're doing all you can; you'll have to make yourself work—more. Or, if you won't face that, face this: What you have isn't an ambition; it's just a wish.

Did those valuable facts seethe in young Cotten's mind when he asked his mill-owning Uncle Samuel to stake him to a year in Washington, D. C., so he could study dramatic art? No. I was still in my dream that acting was "Hey! Hey!" Uncle Sam, a real sport, gave up his dream about me—sawmill and law; and I went at least far enough in appreciation, when I arrived in Washington with his money in my wallet, to pay in advance a full year's tuition.

Then, already a successful actor in my own mind, I proceeded to live like one—accepting treats, treating back, promenading in glad raiment the tailor called suitings. And—I escorted my girl friends nonchalantly to $4.40 down-town orchestra seats.

In six weeks I had scatter-blown my year's board, textbook and incidental spending money. Then began a series of after-school jobs that gained me an unearned reputation for deserving industry. Among the grubbier tasks was playing substitute center on an early-vintage professional football team which, thanks to my face in Saturday mud, netted me $25 per quarter.

HERE we'd better brief some chronology: Going home broke, feeling foolish . . . making a clean breast to my uncle . . . working as lifeguard and night watchman at The Lake, Petersburg's summer playplace, to pay him back what he'd advanced on my "career" . . . getting fired when The Lake's proprietor, after a Saturday night dance, found his new watchman asleep! . . . going to New York to wear out shoe leather and return in day-coach style.

Then the Miami, Florida, boom called. Down South I began a round of salesman jobs. They taught me drab but vital facts: If I made fourteen calls a day, I sold more brushes, advertising, paint, real estate or potato salad than if I made eleven or nine calls. Also, I didn't earn even a passable living unless I worked a full eight hours a day. I've never known anybody, in any professional or creative line, who did!

Varied events propelled me north. The Miami boom crashed, leaving a rising young potato magnate mashed. A charming, good-looking blonde, Lenore Kipp, whom I had met when she visited a Miami Civic Theater rehearsal (oh, yes, I was still butting at the theater!), returned north about that time. Lenore had voiced a smart thought or two in Miami. "Left-handed theater isn't good enough. *Nothing* left-handed is good enough," she had said. Now I told myself, "I'm going back to New York. I'll stick at the theater till I click."

A friend in Washington gave me a letter to a New York dramatic critic. The latter, eager no doubt to get me out of his office, inquired inclusively, "Whom would you like to see about a job?"

I, still so willing to start at the top, answered, "David Belasco."

I found Mr. Belasco watching a rehearsal in a darkened auditorium. I slipped him the letter which he was unable to read because of the gloom. A courteous gentleman, he addressed a few remarks to me, even asked my opinion about the happenings on the stage. When the lights went up he had forgotten I was there—yet re-

called instantly the critic's name I had whispered.

"Oh, yes," he smiled, "a letter from Burns Mantle. What can I do for you?"

"I want a job in the theater," I blurted.

"Very well," he replied instantly. "Report Monday morning."

Belasco's man! An assured success in the theater! Oh, lovely thought!

Before glimpsing Cotten-with-Belasco, note here that I, by sheer dumb luck, had stumbled onto a useful procedure. It's useful to anyone wanting to learn any line of work. To all who ask the "How-do-I-get-started?" question I sum up my excellent hindsight:

Expose yourself to the kind of work you want to do—to people who are doing it day by day, practically and with success.

Hollywood abounds in top-rankers who followed the exposure procedure, and who adopted it—on purpose.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK, now the world's master of suspense, was a fruit-grocer's small son when he began to admire American movies, and later, at nineteen, he "haunted" the first American producer who came to England to make a picture. The producer finally let him start (this was silent-picture days) by drawing "art titles." If the hero or heroine was to be depicted as a bit of a wastrel, Hitch, at the foot of the title preceding the scene would draw—original fellow!—a candle burning at both ends. Eventually they let him write titles, and he climbed through much apprentice work to his exciting pre-eminence of today.

There was a girl, too, who became Hitchcock's secretary. Poorly equipped for that job—she had to work fast to get started at what she wanted before Hitch would fire her. She *did* work fast, made sensible story suggestions and advanced them very casually when the boss's mood seemed right. That girl grew to be the producer of "Phantom Lady" and "Uncle Harry"—lovely Joan Harrison.

Leo McCarey, producer-director-writer of "Going My Way," worked nearly five years as round-the-set handyman for Tod Browning, a top director of twenty years ago, who had once performed the same chores for the Old Master, D. W. Griffith, director of "The Birth Of A Nation."

You've read, doubtless, that the actors and actresses who seem to last all seem to have had that good fortune of "exposing" themselves to people and surroundings that could teach them. The modern way to start that process is little theater and semi-professional theater work, and chores at your own local radio station. And best of all, the exposure system applies not only to movies but to any field of work.

A young girl just out of high school went to a writer friend of mine and asked his advice on becoming a writer. She could afford no more schooling. He advised that she go to a newspaper or press association and apply for a job as a "copy boy"—available in these times to girls. He told her to say nothing about writing. "Your job will be taking copy from reporter to city desk, desk to composing room chute or to a wire man. It'll be low in pay. After you've been there awhile do one paragraph items and turn them in. *Be alert.* Then ask if you can try your hand at obituaries. Common sense will tell you other chances to ask for."

The girl followed his advice. Result: Today she is a cub reporter—on her way toward what she wants.

Returning to Cotten (we almost got rid of that fellow, didn't we?), it was probably fortunate, though I didn't know it, that humility or plain scaredness prevented me from saying to David Belasco, "I want to be an actor," and impelled me

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2 Extra "pie-appeal" with Pyrex ware—even for first pies! A Pyrex pie plate, or any other Pyrex dish, is just as much at home on the table as in the oven or in the refrigerator. Each dish is really three in one—for baking, storing, and serving!



3 Two hearts that beat as one . . . even over the dishpan! Pyrex ware is so easy to wash. Food and strong flavors never stick to its slick smooth surface. It washes sparkling clean in a jiffy with less soap and hot water!

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to blurt, "I want a job in the theater."

After a week end of rosy dreams (I think I proposed marriage, but don't quote me on it) I reported bright on Monday for what turned out to be three jobs. First, I distributed sheets of paper on which were typed the various actors' parts, and prompted stumblers during rehearsals. In Hollywood we call that script girl! Second, as sound effects chief (and staff) I jingled telephone bells, produced *clop-clop* for imaginary horses and rubbed sandpaper together to simulate rain. If a Belasco play had trolley cars, Cotten went Clang! Clang! Clang!

In the third phase of my job (call boy) I ran up and down outside the actors' dressing rooms, knocking on doors and yelling, "Five minutes to curtain!"

I believe Broadway's dean liked the fact that I didn't whine. Anyway, perhaps to give me the inner comfort I needed, he let me understudy the juvenile leads in "Dancing Partners" and "Tonight Or Never." Alas! During my lowly apprenticeship—two plays, two years—neither of those blankety-blank juveniles (and they wore suitings, too!) developed so much as a head cold!

Toward the end of that stretch, Mr. Belasco confided quietly, "Joe, I'm going to use you as the juvenile lead in my next play,"—and again, for weeks, I walked on air. (I'm pretty sure I proposed then.)

Then occurred an event which the theatrical world acutely remembers: Mr. Belasco died.

That time is a blur to me. I was bewildered, literally in a daze, from much more than the whirling uncertainty of my future; I was mourning the loss of a true friend.

Before I had time to begin to think collectively again, I learned that a major Hollywood studio would audition in New York, seeking an "unknown" juvenile for an important feature picture. More than a hundred reported. Through three days we narrowed down—ten, five, three, two, one. I was that one—and did I feel good?

"Only one thing more," said the Hollywood director who had planed East for the try-outs. "A camera test to be sure you're photogenic."

"Great!" was the report on that test. The next day I was to bring pajamas, lounging robe and slippers to act out a bedroom

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scene, also for the camera.

"Don't worry," said the director. "You're practically on your way to Hollywood."

Next day I lugged a suitcase across Manhattan.

The studio gateman said: "Sorry, your name's not on the pass list."

"But," said I, "I'm to be the lead in the new picture. I'm to do a scene today."

He did some phoning, the result of which was, "Sorry."

I suppose I really appeared more tragic than funny, for he phoned again and the casting director, whom I had barely met, came out, looking kindly and embarrassed, and I caught snatches of: "Long distance . . . called back . . . studio . . . new series . . . plane this morning."

When the words stopped blurring in my ears, and made a pattern, I asked, "Has his plane left yet?"

The kind man from Casting reached the director for me at the latter's hotel.

"Yes, it's true, Joe," the phone said. "I'm off the picture. Flying back this morning to start a new series. And the new director of this one has a choice of his own for that lead. He's announcing him in Hollywood today."

Eager for a crumb of comfort, I finally blurted, "How did I really look in that test?"

"Well," the director laughed in Jovian good humor, "you did look a little funny, Joe. Your head photographs a trifle egg-shaped."

EGG-HEAD Joe dragged himself to Lenore's apartment to break the dirge-like news—and found kindness and faith, as he would on other occasions.

I haven't rattled off all this to ask you to weep over Cotten. Far from it! Looking back over it now, I think I see a socko lesson for anybody: *Don't believe in luck.*

We can wonder what would have happened if Mr. Belasco's generous offer of a juvenile lead had materialized. Would I have made good, or was Cotten too green to pick?

We don't have to wonder what would have happened if I had landed that early movie lead; we can be sure. Remember, I had had no professional acting experience whatsoever, and here's what I would have come to Hollywood without: A year of stock in Boston, which almost immediately followed; the five Cotten Depression years, with the iron self-discipline they made necessary (put in eight hours a day when you're looking for a job; it'll pay off in five years and work's a good habit—I wish I could get over it); several hundred radio performances—mostly at twenty dollars a throw—which I hated and despised, but which later proved invaluable experience; splendid training with Orson Welles in the Mercury Theater and touring the country with Kate Hepburn in the stage version of "The Philadelphia Story"; and a parcel of flop plays that neither you nor many other people ever heard of—thank heaven!

Had I won that early movie lead I'd have fizzled, either in that picture or soon thereafter.

So, I ask you, how can we count on luck as a factor in our lives when we can't even tell good luck from bad?

Trouble is, if you believe in good luck you'll believe in bad, and if you count on the one or use the other as an alibi, better start hunting for a diving suit, because you're sunk.

Did he say sunk? That's what he said and he knew what he was talking about, for it almost happened to him. In fact, before he finally got where he is today he hit storms, swift currents and riptides. But let Joe Cotten tell you about it himself. You'll find the conclusion of this pungent story in July.



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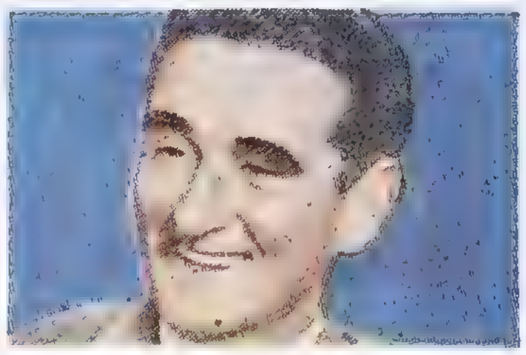
Here's a beauty tip from some of the world's most gorgeous girls — those 'million dollar' Powers Models—many of whom are still 'teen-age' lassies themselves.

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RUTH STUART, another enchantress, says "Kreml Shampoo gives my hair a natural sheen that lasts for days. It certainly makes my hair look and feel like a million."

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It's Fun to Be Bracken

(*Continued from page* 39) to make twenty-six pictures with the Kiddie Troupers. After the fourth picture the Kiddie Troupers went broke and this drove Bracken to the stage, where he seemed to specialize in playing child parts in flops.

BRACKEN, who can't remember or won't reveal how many engagement rings he has bought for how many girls, is now devoted to only five people. Number one is his wife, Connie Nickerson, whom he married when both were touring in a George Abbott hit. Numbers two and three are his daughters Judith Ann and Caroline Jeanne. Numbers four and five are Preston Sturges, Hollywood's favorite genius, and George Abbott, the Broadway comedy producer.

Although Eddie may not be exactly devoted to his employers, Paramount, he is at least docile now after a run-in in which he tried desperately and youthfully to wash himself out of movies. He caused the run-in and now sunnily admits he was wrong. When Buddy De Sylva was production head of the studio, Buddy and business boss Y. Frank Freeman ticketed Bracken for a picture in which he was to play a Frank Sinatra character—a crooner who had given 125 per cent of himself to various agents and managers. They told Eddie that another voice would be dubbed in for his.

Eddie yelped. Hadn't he sung in some of the best saloons on Queens Boulevard, Queens? Hadn't he been in the musical, "Too Many Girls"? If he was to sing he'd do his own singing—and, anyhow, he didn't like the whole idea.

Paramount said he'd have to do the picture anyway because it was already in the works and a lot had been spent on it. Bracken said he'd quit movies first—give Paramount everything he had in payment for a busted contract and go back to Broadway. He did, too. He collected every asset he owned—War Bonds, house deed, bank book, jewelry, the works—and dumped them on Freeman's desk.

De Sylva soothed the seething comedian with a concession: "You can make the picture any way you want, but we must make it. You can do the singing, even. Think it over."

On the way home to think it over he got an idea. Suppose he did play this Sinatra character—and suppose he got Bing Crosby to dub in the voice? This was a fine, funny notion, and Der Bingle fell for it. The resultant picture is called "Out Of This World" and Bracken is very fond of it.

Speaking of assets, Eddie's most useful intangible one is his versatility as a mimic—although he has never done any mimicking for the screen. He likes to take off radio commentators, being very good on H. V. Kaltenborn; his Roosevelt delivery is astonishing and his doing a Betty Hutton was a *tour de force*.

You remember "The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek." Well, in this Miss H. weeps more than *Camille* and *Mimi* put together. One day during the filming a sobbing sound track was to be dubbed but Betty wasn't around. Eddie was, though, and he said, "I'll do it." He emitted about seventy-five feet of Hutton-like sobs and they fitted the rest of the sound track perfectly.

Perhaps by way of getting even with Y. Frank Freeman for the Sinatra sweat, Bracken once put Y. Frank in an agony of embarrassment in the presence of no less than Attorney General Biddle. It was this way:

Freeman likes to escort distinguished visitors through the sound stages, and he loves to put actors (*Continued on page* 101)



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(*Continued from page* 98) on a spot. Particularly, he likes to top comedians. Taking Mr. Biddle over the lot one day, he introduced Bracken and said, "Eddie, what was it you were saying about the Attorney General just the other day?"

Bracken protested that he hadn't said anything. "Oh, yes you did," said Freeman. "Last week you said something about him."

Eddie, whose mind is lightning swift, figured oh, all right, if he wants to play we'll play. Assuming the manner and voice of President Roosevelt, he said, "Oh, you mean about Mr. Biddle in the White House." And in the F. D. R. tones he related a preposterous and hilarious libel about the Attorney General. Everybody howled, including Mr. Biddle—except Y. Frank Freeman. He had met his match.

Another time, when the President was scheduled to make a radio address, Eddie made a nonsensical speech in the President's voice on his recording machine. Since the talk was an important one and Hollywood likes to keep its brain fixed on things of consequence, De Sylva invited a lot of Paramount talent to his office to listen—Crosby, Hope, Lamour, even Bracken.

The address began all right—and then Bracken's record was cut in. Eddie still chortles when he thinks of the puzzled looks as they heard the President dribble off into nonsense and even use a shady phrase or two. It took them a long time to catch on.

BRACKEN is grateful to George Abbott for more than his first breaks on the stage. George taught him to read.

The stage break came when one of Eddie's many flops turned out to be an important flop—Norman Bel Geddes's drama about structural steel workers, "Iron Man." Bracken—listed in the program as Edward V. (for Vincent) Bracken—played a thirty-five-year-old plumber.

Abbott thought this plumber character would be just the man for the role of the school commandant in a road company of "Brother Rat," so he sent for Eddie. His astonishment was great when a baby-faced boy of sixteen toddled into his office. Abbott forgot about the commandant and signed Bracken for the youngest role in the play, *Mistole Bottom*. Later Eddie succeeded Frankie Albertson in the main role.

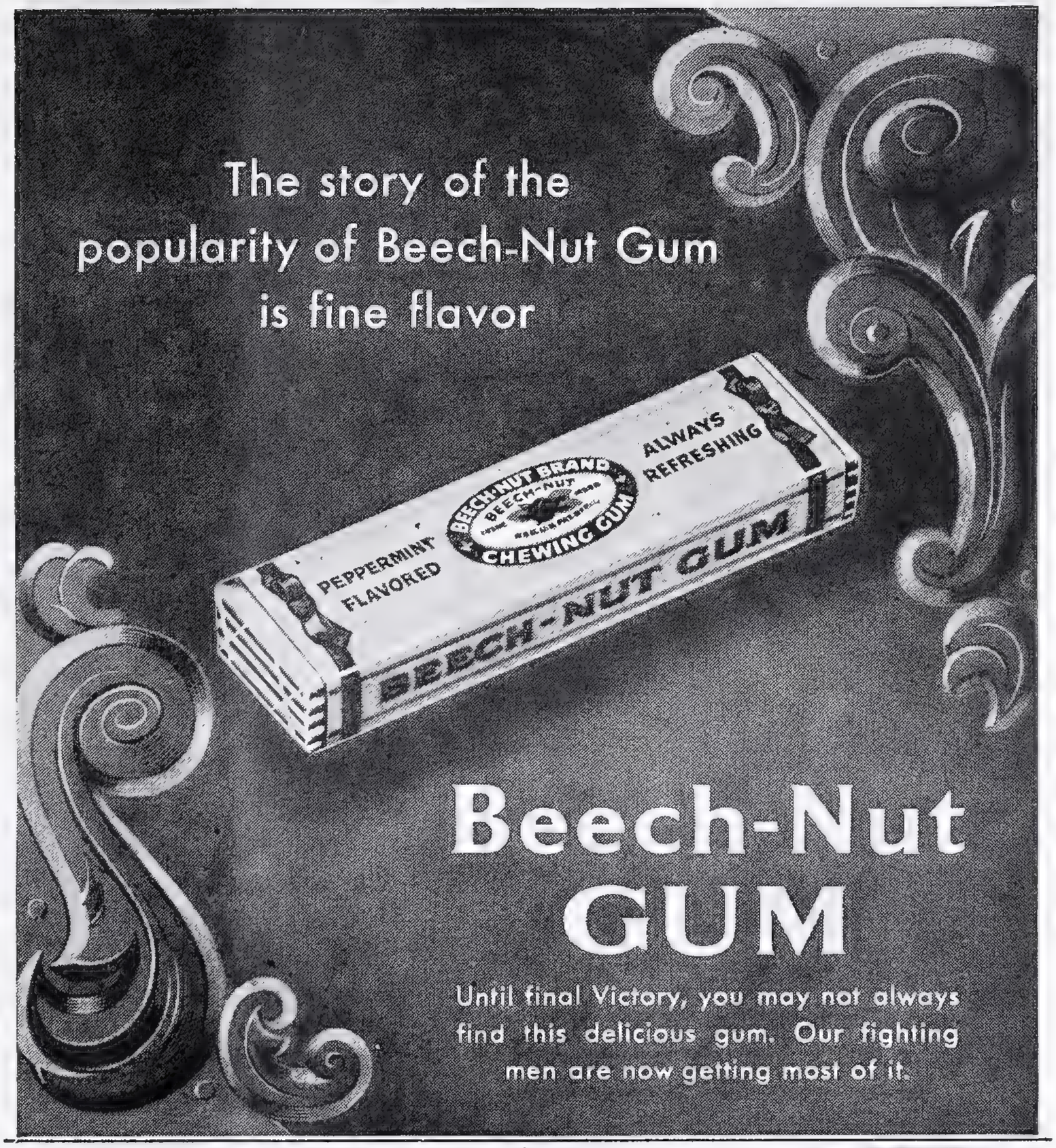
From there on he was an Abbott character. George's daughter, Judith Ann (for whom the first Bracken babe was named), recalls that the young comedian had 3,000 pictures of himself printed, with his name at the bottom, and would hand them to anybody anywhere like a sandwich man advertising pants to match your coat.

Abbott was interested in his young find but thought his Astorian dialect and limited vocabulary could be improved. He suggested that Eddie read, and broke him in on the Reader's Digest. Right now Bracken is partial to Joseph Conrad—unabridged.

Judy Abbott, recalling the Bracken of the touring days, says, "Eddie was always getting engaged to somebody. He bought more rings!" One of the girls he bought a ring for was Connie Nickerson, his wife. Connie has given up acting and even turned down an offer from Preston Sturges to play with her husband in "Hail The Conquering Hero" because she thinks one movie star is enough per family.

Bracken, the tireless kidder, can think straight about himself. When Hollywood tapped him he said he didn't want too much money—and he wasn't crazy.

"I wanted to grow up in the movies," he says. "Look at Ezra Stone" (whom Eddie succeeded as *Henry Aldrich* on the stage). "Ezra went to Hollywood at a terrific salary—and when his option came around they couldn't afford to take it up. I wanted to start modestly and work up."





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Now he wants to be a writer, director and producer, like Sturges. He will do anything for his mentor, because Sturges put him in the groove of being funny and pathetic at the same time, and Sturges is bringing him up. He explains to Eddie exactly why he does everything he does when he writes and shoots a picture. Lessons like that can't be bought.

Bracken was born in Astoria and is all Irish. His father worked for the East River Gas Company and used to deliver kerosene in a horse and wagon. The Brackens weren't exactly poor but they weren't far from it, and none of the kids got any pampering. Later the father became a gas company executive, but has retired now—but Mrs. Bracken, the mother, won't quit. She also worked for the gas company and still does, although her son has bought his parents a home and given them all the money they need. Mom won't stop work because it's too much fun and gives her a chance to talk about her children.

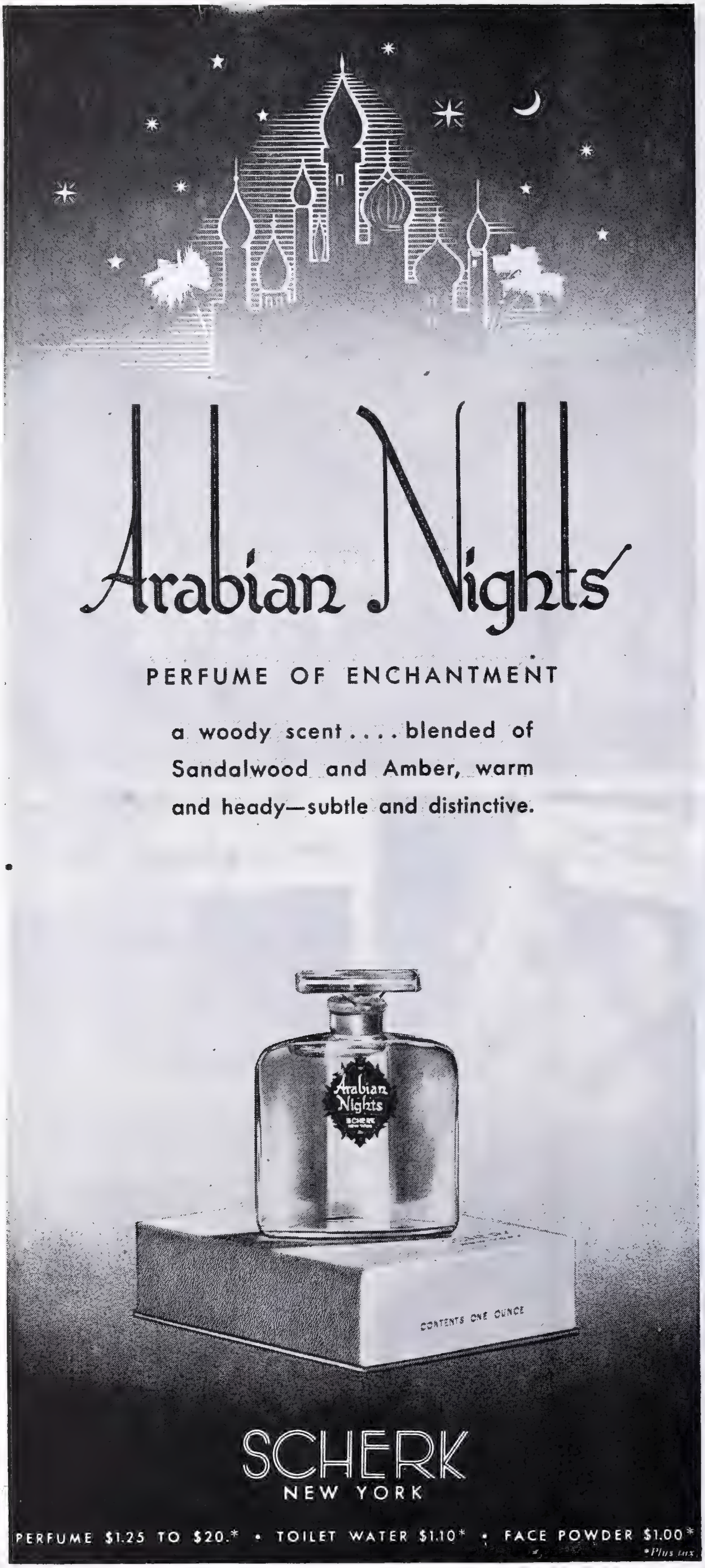
There are two other sons—John Robert, a Marine, and Joseph L. Jr., an Army sergeant in London.

Along with his dynamite screen companion, Betty Hutton, Eddie is one of the most indefatigable kidders and dashers-around in Hollywood. Between shots on a set he'll do anything from talking a blue streak to playing tag or wrestling. His humor tends to jokes—good gags or anecdotes rather than practical jokes. He and Sturges, who together know about all the stories there are, endlessly torture William Demarest by killing the point of anything Bill tries to tell.

Bracken doesn't drink, doesn't smoke, hasn't even smoked for a picture, is quietly religious and is not the slightest bit profane. A friend once summed Eddie up this way: "He would rather want what he has than have what he wants."

And that's Bracken in a nutshell.

THE END



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Letter from Lew Ayres

(*Continued from page* 29) and women who worked and played with him remember him. For you see he never seemed much different from anyone else to those who knew him casually—just an unusually good-looking lad, gay but rather quiet, going about his business in a perfectly normal way, a great favorite at his studio.

"And an artist to his fingertips," says Lionel Barrymore. "Never forget that."

But all the time, underneath, this great change was taking place.

Lew used to walk along the beach at Malibu in the old days—I think he was married to the beautiful Lola Lane at that time—and sometimes he'd stop and come into the patio and talk for a while. He always seemed to me rather shy, but pleasant, and unusually well-mannered in a town where I admit good manners are not the rule. Reasonably intelligent. More modest than most actors. Crazy about music. His whole face would light up when he talked about music and sometimes I thought that he had a little inner regret that he had given up his musical career to act—but I may be wrong.

DURING one of those talks on a hot summer morning, I got my first glimpse of the startling effect playing the German boy soldier in "All Quiet On The Western Front" had had upon his life and soul. He said things that showed me the picture hadn't been just a picture to him—but a real and personal experience.

"Maybe that's because I wasn't an actor at all," he said. "I was a banjo player. But they wanted an unknown for the part and I was certainly that. Well, when I read the book and then the script, I knew darn well I couldn't *act* it. I didn't have the ability or the training. So the only answer was to *be* that boy. While we were making the picture I came to know how horrible war was, how useless, how degrading for everybody. I came to believe that nothing justified killing your fellow man. That part did things to me."

It did, indeed. Having *been* what he thought was that poor German soldier boy, Lew absorbed a dream of the real brotherhood of man, the Christian ideal of peace to men of good will, and that dream kept working in him always.

Harold Bucquet, the fine director who made nine of the "Kildare" series, tells me it was about that time that the young actor began a serious study of astronomy. Bought himself a giant telescope and spent his evenings, and sometimes whole nights, on the roof gazing at the stars.

Nobody noticed it much, but he began to be something of a recluse. Until after his divorce from Lola Lane when he fell madly in love with Ginger Rogers.

In his wife, Lew found a girl whose own creed was one of the practical everyday use of the promises of Jesus. Without talking much about it, they read together the teachings of the Bible and the philosophies of other mystics.

But—while Ginger kept her touch with the world, Lew withdrew more and more. The vision of devoting himself to religious life, to actual service as a Christian minister, dazzled him. Little by little, he gave up the ordinary pleasures and the trifles that so often go to make up everyday living. For instance, it was about this time that he foreswore meat and became a vegetarian. He couldn't, he said, eat anything that had once had life.

So he and Ginger separated and Lew swept back to the heights and became a national institution as young *Dr. Kildare*. The emblem of all that a doctor means to us in pain and fear.



Be lovely to love

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use FRESH, the cream deodorant that stops perspiration worries completely. It's gentle, stays creamy and smooth...never greasy, never gritty. Doesn't dry out...usable right to the bottom of the jar. 50¢...25¢...10¢.



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"The boy played the part with such sincerity," Lionel Barrymore says, "that I think he himself forgot to make that separation. He tried to live the part off the set as well as on and it was rather a fine thing to watch."

Meantime, it now seems, Lew was setting things up so that there would be no ties. He bought a beautiful motor court for his father and mother, so that they would always be taken care of; he set his younger brother up in business. Material success and possessions meant nothing to him. All that life did mean to him, as he showed plainly, was in his religion, in the growing conviction that he wanted to devote his life to it.

The war clouds were looming. Lew startled the entire M-G-M lot by making a really enormous contribution to the Red Cross. As somebody told it to me, "We were giving our little hundreds from a sense of duty and probably squawking about it at that, when suddenly Lew just gave in the thousands and went around with his face all lit up over being able to give that much. He said it was the best he could do for God's work at the moment."

His feeling about medicine intensified as he identified himself with the "Kildare" role. When the war in Europe began, to everybody's amazement Lew Ayres was so proficient in first aid that he was made an instructor at once, and there are thousands in Hollywood who went through his hands. For months, we learned then, he had been taking every available course in first aid work so that he would be prepared to serve when the need came.

Pearl Harbor struck him as it struck all of us—but Lew Ayres was on a spot then which makes me ache inside when I think of it.

"He stuck by what he believed," Lionel Barrymore says, "and, right or wrong, that's all a man can do. I don't say he was right. I simply say it took a high brand of moral courage to live up to the principles he had worked out for himself. At that time I asked a lot of service men how they felt about him and most of them said, well, the guy's doing what he believes. You can't blame him for that."

JUST the same, it was a shock. The very respect and affection we'd given him made it a terrible wallop when the story broke that Lew Ayres wouldn't fight. *Dr. Kildare*—a conshie. It hurt.

If it hurt us, imagine what Lew Ayres was going through, the man who was ready to give up everything for his ideals.

"It was a sort of obsession with him," a close friend of his told me, "that one subject of not killing for any reason whatsoever. I asked him once if the Japs landed on the Pacific Coast and attacked his father and mother in their peaceful little motor court would he shoot. He looked at me in anguish, and then he shook his head. 'I would give my life to save theirs,' he told me, 'but I could not shoot any living thing. I could not kill.'"

On March 31, 1942, Lew Ayres, alone and upon his honor, went to a camp for conscientious objectors at Cascade Locks, Oregon. A labor camp. Looked like an ignominious end of Lew Ayres and I don't mind telling you that Hollywood felt a little sick. There were many who didn't hesitate to use the words coward and yellow streak. Since then some of those selfsame people have decided he was just the victim of bad handling at the time his draft number came up, but their afterthought was no help to the pain and loneliness of the solitary figure on the platform waiting for the train that morning.

Ten days later, Lew Ayres had begged the Army for any kind of non-combatant service overseas at the front, had offered his extensive medical training for work in ambulance or hospital units anywhere. In May the Army granted his request and August saw him in Abilene, Texas, for his basic training. That November he went overseas and into a combat area where he has been ever since. He went as a medical orderly with the rating of a sergeant, but it wasn't long before he came in contact with a chaplain on the battlefield and voluntarily surrendered his sergeant's stripes to become the chaplain's assistant as a private. Soon, however, he was again a sergeant.

I think it is plain how he earned a place for himself in this work.

Only the other day I saw a letter from a young Marine—a "walkie talkie" scout. He died, that boy, at Leyte. But the last letter he wrote home said, "I'm not afraid to go. I wish I could tell you the care Sergeant Ayres has taken of me. When he speaks to me of God and of Our Father's loving care, I know that it is true. Most of us have been afraid over here some time or another. But he never is. I would like to tell you if I had the right words what he means to us and what I have seen him do, only they are like miracles and I guess if you didn't see them you would not believe them."

The children of those desperate islands in the Pacific who have known war and nothing but war have experienced the most they have ever known of kindliness and care in the quiet-voiced chaplain's assistant with his tender, shining eyes.

From stretchers and from hospital beds and from those terrible yet wonderful places called front dressing stations, men of the United States Armed Forces have heard broken voices whisper for "Dr. Kildare." It is heart shaking to think that

a character fashioned by Hollywood has actually fought death and pain out there in the person of this conscientious objector who has never hesitated in the grimmest moments to carry the cup of cold water forward. No service has been too small, none too great.

But it is his latest letter, the one of which I spoke at the beginning of this story, which I want to share with you. Remember as you read by whom it was written.

"I'm only too happy, Adela, to comply in any measure I'm able with what you said in your letter about words from the war zone—about some new truth or rather proof of an old one. I think you mentioned how much people needed *proof* that there is a very present help in trouble.

"It's difficult and I do not know that what I say will be what you want. Certainly I have no *new* truths—nor do I find them necessary since in my opinion Christ, long ago, brought us the Truth in its entirety. The full light needed to dispel forever humanity's spiritual darkness.

"Why should we be given new truths when we have never, most of us, tried the old ones?

"The best we can do, I or anyone, is to add our small personal testimony of all it can mean when we turn to it and try it, our own encouragement in the illustration we have seen and known, but that we are commanded to do.

"As for me and what I believe is proof, the stark logic and overpowering wisdom of Christ's every utterance are proof incarnate if once we begin in the littlest way to obey them as a way of life. If more is required, each of us will find the proof and the joy only as we 'seek, knock and ask.' The Gospel message is just that—it is 'a way.' A path we can enter when we will and each must tread it for himself. If the beauty and grandeur and infinite promise of those immortal loving words falls with conviction and is accepted by any hungry, yearning soul—the proofs will pile up and increase. I have seen it over and over and over out here.

"Let us then seek the emotional inspiration of His presence by offering Him just one thing—an open heart. Accept life as it is. Ponder it and try to see God's great purpose back of all before it is distorted by the selfishness of man.

"We are always trying to pass the buck to God. We are always blaming Him for what happens when we have forgotten to obey, forgotten to pray, forgotten to turn to Him. The commands and promises are so simple. They go hand in hand. 'Trust in the Lord and do good; so shall He bring it to pass. Commit thy ways unto Him and He shall direct thy path.'

"Many of us out here have attempted in our travail and danger to obey and He has directed our paths.

"We know now that those who follow His magnificent and simple teachings have and do find the answer to all the human heart has ever sought. I have heard many a man testify to that. We have found Him the one eternal oasis amid a worldly desert of suffering, loneliness and despair.

"But we must seek that oasis—and so often we pass it by. It is an oasis built on the logic of science—the intelligence of its ethics—and the consuming power of an all-embracing Love. The Love is always there. It is we who walk by choice of our own outside of its healing and inspiring glory.

"One thing more. As to the social implications of Christian ethics. Can anyone doubt that the admonitions given so long ago regarding 'love one another' and the true brotherhood of man must be present in our hearts to bring about the miracle of permanent world peace? What ways shall be used to achieve it I do not know. This I do—the pattern must be within our own souls, the pattern of brotherly love, before we can erect the stately and blessed edifice of peace.

"We've preached long enough. The world could use a good, positive affirmative demonstration. Who can tell? The men here have learned to pray actively as part of their very existence. If enough of us, who feel strongly on the subject and know that there is a Divine Power, make a concerted, unified effort for Peace—well, not that I say a truly brotherly world is immediately probable, not at least from where I'm sitting now—but I have confidence in God's abiding wisdom and power if we will place ourselves in tune with it and with Him. Ultimately His Creation will not fail. But each of us must look into his own heart and be worthy.

"Listen. We cannot hear Him if we do not listen. I can tell you that even when the roar of guns is loudest, the scream of shells straight out of hell, the thunder of bombs shaking the earth—I can tell you that when we here have listened we have heard above it all the still small voice."

There is the testimony. As best he knows how by deed and now by word, Lew Ayres bears witness to that faith which is within him.

He has said when he comes home he will enter the Presbyterian Theological School to train for the ministry. Somehow, I wish that he would come back into pictures and carry on his ministry there. He belongs to us there, it seems to me. Perhaps *Dr. Kildare* could come back from the war as a Christian minister—on the screen as well as off. Otherwise how can enough of us catch the truly great message he has to give?

THE END

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BETTER GET NEET TODAY

Here Comes the Bride

(*Continued from page* 61) days are as long as the nights.

Take Judy Garland and Dave Rose, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, Victor Mature and Martha Kemp, Lana Turner and Steve Crane—to name a few who courted in night clubs and divorced before their wedding rings had lost that shiny look.

More often than not the incidents which arise from Hollywood weddings are amusing. Like that story about the wedding of a young contract player and a national figure. The bride rented the luxurious mink coat she wore to the wedding, according to the local furrier who is now trying to sell the coat—for its romantic fame as well as its natural beauty.

CERTAINLY Hollywood is the number one city in elopements—and in utter strangers marrying because they get that certain feeling. Some of the strangers make brilliantly happy couples. Others make blood-thirsty adversaries. Take the fascinating case of Mary Martin. Mary and her husband, Dick Halliday, had met often at large dinner parties, each always accompanied by another; and each speaking only two words to each other, which were "Hello" and "Good-by." One night, however, after six months of a bowing acquaintance, Dick asked Mary out to dinner alone. By the salad course he had presented her with a friendship ring (two clasped hands in silver). By dessert, he'd proposed—and she'd accepted! They eloped that night right after their coffee, and the marriage is one of the happiest in America.

Not that it didn't have its Hollywood problems, solved by Mary in a typically Hollywood manner. The main problem was that three months after they'd married, they knew each other almost as little as they had when she received the friendship ring. She worked all day from dawn. He worked in his agency all day until late at night; and by the time he got home she was asleep for the next day's cameras. Naturally, they became more than strangers; when their paths occasionally crossed at home they snapped at each other instead of smiling. Mary, desperately unhappy over the situation, finally asked the nearest wise man she knew—Jack Benny, with whom she was acting in a boat scene for one of their pictures.

Jack gave her the right answer to her problem, after looking thoughtfully at the boat in which they were both sitting: "Take him away where no one can bother you, and get to know each other. Take him on a chartered boat!"

The minute the picture was ended, Mary and Dick anchored off Catalina Island for two weeks and discovered they liked as well as loved each other. Their marriage has stood sound and solid ever since.

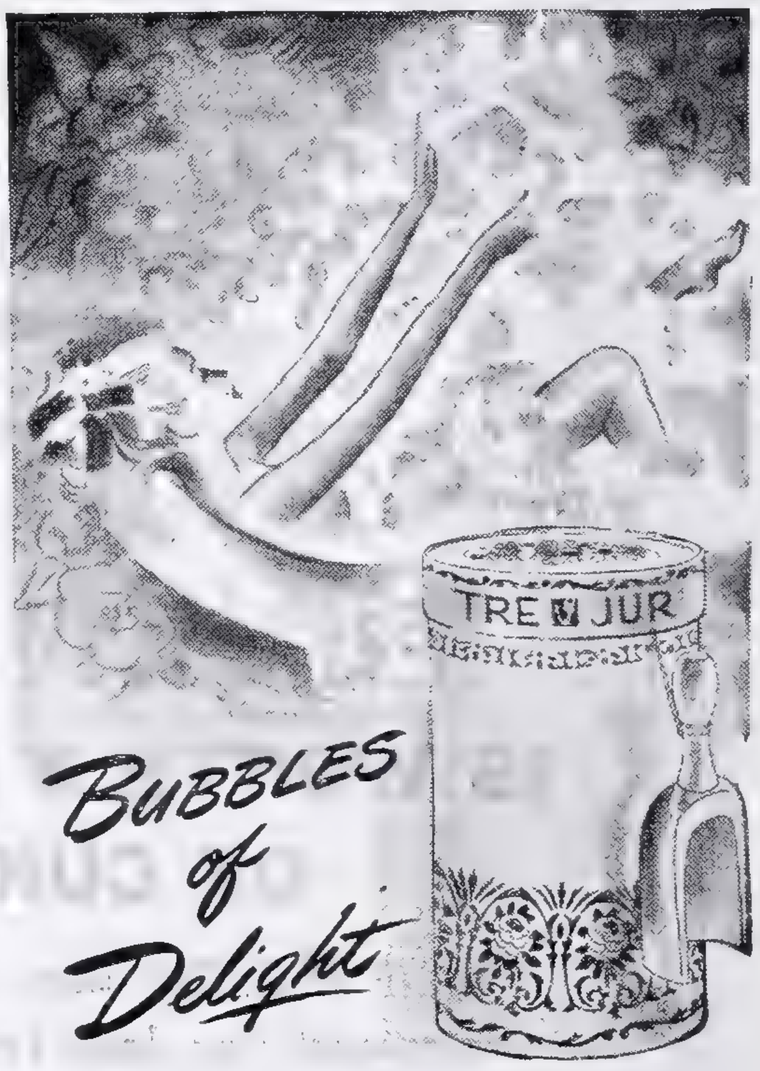
Another hasty marriage which has managed to hold together is that of one of our most famous foreign romancers and his beautiful wife. He married her originally to spite the girl who had jilted him to marry an American cowboy actor. This Romeo and his wife have been anything but ecstatically happy and for a long time each has gone his own way. Never any battles though, and they'll probably go on as Mr. and Mrs. until the end of time. It's easy to be polite when nobody cares.

One of the most delightful Hollywood elopement stories is that of Kay Kyser and Georgia Carroll. Kay had been suggesting marriage for some months in a round-about way; but each time Georgia put him off in an equally round-about manner. Finally Kay decided to take vigorous action—which he certainly did.

He and Georgia were up in Santa Barbara for a show. After the show they



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got back into his car for the drive back to Hollywood—and then it was that something like this dialogue took place!

Kay: "Georgia—let's get married. Right now!"

Georgia: "But Kay . . . we'd be overnight and I haven't got a toothbrush."

Kay: "I got you one—right here in the back of the car!" (Proving it with three new toothbrushes.)

Georgia: "But, Kay . . . I haven't got a nightdress."

Kay: "I have one for you—right here in the back of the car!" (Proving it—with a lacy blue number.)

Georgia: "Oh. Well, but Kay . . . I haven't any make-up. . . ."

Kay: "I have it for you—right here!" (Proving it—with a make-up kit that would warm any girl's heart.)

Georgia: "Yes, but Kay . . . you know how hard hotel rooms are to get these days. Where would we stay?"

Kay: "I have that too—a bridal suite."

With that Georgia said nothing more. She just looked diffidently out of the car. Deciding not to press her any more Kay stepped on the gas and headed silently for the nearest Justice of the Peace. They were bowling along, far too fast in Kay's excitement, when a motorcop appeared out of hiding and tore after them with his siren going full blast. He roared Kay's car over to the side of the road and advanced belligerently on them. "Just where," he snarled, "do you two think you're going so fast?"

Now it was Kay's turn to stammer. "Well . . ." he said uneasily. Then he stopped and looked plaintively at Georgia.

And Georgia turned to look squarely at the cop. When she spoke her voice had a new decisiveness. "We are going to get married!" Which was the first admission she had made to Kay that she had accepted.

So he planted an ecstatic kiss on her, the cop melted and gave them an uproarious escort all the way to the Justice's house . . . and here is one marriage that has all the earmarks of a happy one—typically Hollywood or not!

SOMETIMES Hollywood elopements which seem to be unforgivably impulsive are nothing of the kind—only a sudden climax to an old romance.

There's Lee Bowman and Helene Rosson, who had been openly in love for two years; but whenever the subject of marriage arose they quarreled. Lee preferred living in an apartment—Helene insisted on a house. There was also the question of his career. He felt he'd have a far better chance to make the grade if he remained a romantic bachelor. On these rocks the romance finally smashed up, apparently for keeps.

For six months they saw other people but never each other. Then one night Constance Moore and Johnny Maschio gave a party and asked both Lee and Helene separately. Nobody at that party has ever forgotten what happened. Lee saw Helene across the room, and both of them stared at each other as if they were alone on a desert. Then, as if drawn by a magnet, they moved to each other and disappeared through the library door. Lee and Helene talked seriously, intensely, steadily—and that night they eloped (P.S. Not only has this been a sensationally happy marriage blessed with a recent baby, but since Lee became a husband and a father he also has become a big star; after ten years of trying. And he not only likes their house—he loves it!)

The wedding march is Hollywood's favorite tune. Not only in June but in every month in the year starry voices rejoice to sing, "Here comes the bride. . . ."

THE END

Theodora Roosevelt

Like her famous grandfather, Theodore Roosevelt, charming young Theodora Roosevelt loves action . . . travel . . . and hard work. An accomplished ballet dancer, she has a slight, exquisite figure . . . hair and eyes of wonderful rich amber. "I'm *always* in a rush," Theodora says. "So the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream is an ideal complexion pick-up for me. It does such a marvelously quick job of smoothing and freshening up my skin!"



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"Re-style" your face to smoother, fresher beauty

Spread a cool, refreshing coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream all over your face. Use generous white fingerfuls, covering your chin, cheeks, forehead, nose—everything except your eyes.

Leave this Mask on for one *full* minute. "Keratolytic" action of the cream works quickly! Loosens tiny particles of dead skin and stubbornly imbedded specks of dirt. *Dissolves* them. Now tissue them off with the cream!

Your re-styled complexion looks shades lighter and brighter! And it's so much *smoother* —ready for softer, longer-lasting make-up.



Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

For quick make-up base—smooth on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—and leave it on. An ideal foundation—non-greasy . . . lasting!



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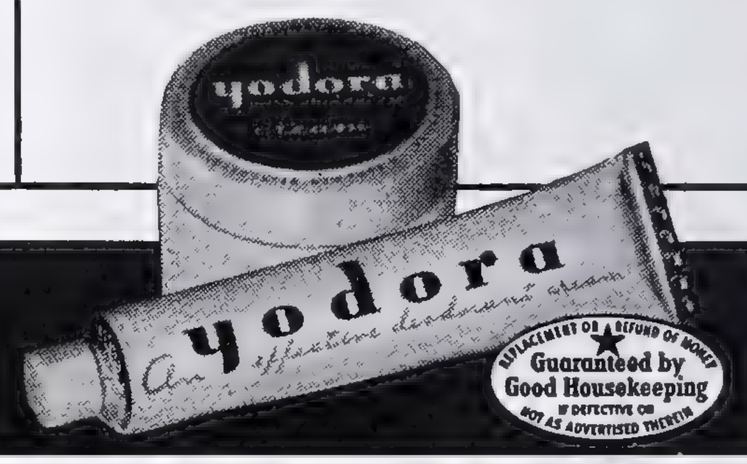
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Such creams are outmoded forever by Yodora. Soft, delicate, exquisite—Yodora feels like whipped cream. Amazing—that such a fragrant, lovely cream can give such effective powerful protection.

Frankly, we believe you won't even finish your present supply of deodorant once you try *different* Yodora. So much lovelier! Yet you get *powerful protection.* Yodora never fades or rots clothes—has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. In tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

YODORA *deodorant cream*



What Should I Do?

(*Continued from page* 62) see me. Help was hard to get, so my husband stayed away from work to care for me and for our two children. Now, when my sister's baby is sick, she expects to move in on us so that I can take care of him, and she expects my husband to buy the medicine.

I am fond of my sisters and I don't want to hurt or anger them. How can I make them realize that I have my own family to care for, so can't be always at their service?

Martha S.

Dear Mrs. S:

Week in and week out I receive letters from conscientious older members of a family, explaining a quandary similar to yours. It would seem that once an older brother or sister assumes the responsibility for the welfare of the family, that responsibility exists indefinitely.

You should have a frank talk with your sisters. Be as sweet as you can and choose your words carefully so as not to hurt their feelings, but be firm, too. Point out that your first obligation is to your family—that you want to help whenever it is possible, but emphasize the fact that you will offer that help at the time and in the degree you can arrange.

Don't let the family meeting degenerate into one of those bitter talks in which each of you brings up long dead moments of antagonism; don't enumerate the kindnesses you have done each other in the past. Quietly make the statement that what has happened is a closed chapter, and a new story is beginning. In this volume you are to run your own life, and your sisters are to run theirs. No one is to expect anything of the other, but each is to do what she can, when she can.

Having delivered your ultimatum, whatever you do, make it stick. Don't relent even slightly, or you'll be back in the same old state of martyrdom.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My appearance is forbiddingly intellectual and, despite the fact that I have a perfectly human sense of humor and love for dancing and fun, this reputation for bookish stuffiness has cost me desired popularity. While I have a certain number of friends, I can't get across to the masses of people that I am a "reg'lar fellow." I win contests and nominations, but never a popular election.

Since I plan to attend college in this same town, my bookworm title goes with me. I am not the sort who is shocked at couples on park benches! I, rather wistfully, wish I were there myself.

How does an intellectual disguise her intellectuality? Or should she?

Hertha N.

Dear Miss N:

Sometimes I wonder if the popularity ideas of the average high-school girl aren't gathered from scenes in motion pictures. One scene that appears to be repeated regularly shows a girl descending the main building steps and bursting into song. The entire school surrounds her, joining in on the chorus. To the best of my knowledge, this tableau has never taken place in real life.

Popularity is always comparative. Each of us appeals to certain persons, while holding no attraction for others. Among your acquaintances, there must be many who admire your intellectuality and enjoy being with you because of it.

However, if you still wish to adopt a personality not entirely natural to you, why not become, consciously, an actress? Nearly everyone adapts himself more or less to the company in which he finds himself. If you are in a jive group, you are surely clever enough to know as many or more hep phrases than they do, and to use them to advantage.

However, I'm willing to make a small bet that, after experimenting, you will return to your original "intellectuality." Only by embracing your own individuality will you make truly comfortable friends, or will your abilities flow into deeply successful channels.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I was roller-skating one night and I happened to meet a girl who was with a sailor friend of mine, but being she was so cute, I made a date to take her skating the next night. Then we had a date every night for three weeks. I met her father and mother who seemed to be very nice folks. They were swell to me, asked me to stay to dinner several times. You can imagine how surprised I was when, the night before I was inducted, I began to talk seriously and this girl told me she was already married to a soldier.

I went off to boot camp, feeling pretty sick about it. She didn't write, but I had a letter from my brother who had met this girl on the street. She told my brother that her husband was on embarkation leave and had treated her like a queen, so she was more in love with him than ever.

When I got my boot leave I went home,

and by chance ran into her in a drug-store. She came over and invited me to her parent's house for Christmas dinner, so, being as I loved her so much, I accepted the invitation. Later that evening I took her to a cafe and asked her if she had told her husband about us and she said no. But she said she thought a lot of me and wanted to be with me as much as possible while I was home.

I had been back at my station only a short time when she wrote to say she was going to have a baby. I wrote and asked her if she was going to divorce her husband, so I could marry her, but she answered that she had told her husband the baby was his.

I don't want to cause her any trouble but I want the baby for my own. She says she doesn't know whether she loves her husband or me. Well, however that is, I want that baby, as I know it is mine. A baby has a right to have its own father.

David R.

Dear Mr. R:

Will you forgive me if I tell you frankly that I think you should forget this girl? If I may judge from your letter, you are too fine a person to be distressed by this situation. It would be entirely different if you could be positive in your heart that this child is yours, and that this girl had been true to you.

Remember, you met her—when she was married—in company of another sailor. You and her husband may not be the only men in her life, and if she is capable of deceiving you repeatedly, as indicated by her letters and the conflicting stories she has told others, she is probably misleading you, too.

I cannot, of course, give you legal advice, but my understanding is that the law looks upon a child born in wedlock as the offspring of the husband.

The world is filled with sweet and honorable girls. You deserve one of the best, and if you will eliminate this girl from your list of correspondents and from your life, you will meet someone who can give you the clean happiness you deserve.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

On my sixteenth birthday Mother and Dad gave me a car but the rule was that I wasn't to take it out of town. While the folks were back east visiting my brother, I saw a way to go to football game that our school was playing. We stayed out of school for the day.

The boy I was with was home on leave from the Navy. Once before I had asked my folks to let me marry him, but they said no—I was too young. Anyhow, this boy and I slipped over the state line and got married. We haven't told Mother and Dad for fear they will have it annulled.

As a result of this fling I lost the use of my car. The school wasn't long in informing the folks that I had played hooky. Dad says that when I learn a little sense he will let me have it back. I try to talk him out of it, but I get nowhere.

I am sorry for everything but my marriage and nobody knows about that yet. If they had been reasonable they could have seen me married. But, gee, I want my car back so that's why I'm writing to you. Can you give me any suggestion as to how to go about making my Dad see that I won't make the same mistake again?

Toni J.

Dear Miss J:

I'm quite sure that, when your father deems the proper time has come, you will get your car back.

The car situation seems to me to be a very minor problem. What appalls me is the fact that you apparently intend to keep the fact of your marriage secret.

If you really want my advice it is this: Tell your father and mother at once that you are married. Honesty at this time will save you heartache later because a secret of this kind has a way of making itself known. I don't want to seem stuffy to you, but the momentous truth is that marriage is not a funny school-girl prank; it's a solemn social institution, involving serious responsibility.

Your parents have a right to know that you have taken this step.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a kid of 18 in the Navy overseas. I am madly in love with a girl back home, but I am not sure she loves me. She says she does, but I have had letters from friends that lead me to believe otherwise.

The other day I wrote her a letter and asked her to marry me after the war. The answer was that she loved me and wanted to make me happy, but she said she couldn't trust herself, since she had such a changeable mind. But if I would be willing to take the chance on marrying her after what I know about her, then she would be willing to take the chance, too.

She writes me constantly about the dances and parties that she is invited to, and about dancing with service men. Still, she only loves me, she says.

Would it be better to forget about her? Or would it be all right to go ahead and plan what I have been looking forward to?

Sam de L.

Dear Mr. de L:

I think you are too young to be so serious, particularly since you are so far away. By all means continue to make





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plans—If they do work out, you will have perfected them in advance. If they don't work out, you will have had the fun of dreaming.

It's only natural for a girl (who is probably acting as junior hostess in some canteen) to dance with service men. If you were here and she were serving overseas, I imagine that you'd do the same thing, yet it would be possible for you to dance with hundreds of girls and still be in love with your sweetheart.

My philosophy for such a situation is a large application of patience. When it is physically impossible for you to change a situation (you can't resume normal life until the war is over) the only thing to do is to be philosophical. Keep an open mind. Don't fret. Take this experience in stride. A little love-sickness is supposed to improve one's character.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am eighteen and considered attractive. Last year I started to date for the first time and I began to associate with the wrong bunch, who were older and had cars.

I was terribly thrilled when a certain boy started dating me although I should have known better because he had a reputation for being "very tough." When I discovered that I was pregnant I was only a junior in high school. I wanted very much to finish that year, and our school principal said he would do all he could to keep me in school the rest of that term. I had been much respected and my misfortunte surprised and shocked everyone.

However, I had one faithful friend who helped me through that term. Last summer my baby was born but lived only two days. That fall the principal sent word that if I had enough courage to face my problem I could come back to school and graduate. Everyone has been tactful and has treated me as if nothing had happened.

I have a sweetheart whom I knew for a year before all this trouble arose. He is now in England in the Army. I have never told him anything about what happened. He says repeatedly in his letters that he loves me.

Should I write and tell him everything, or should I wait until he comes home? My best friend advises me to wait until he comes home and find out if he intends to marry me. In that case, she thinks I should tell, but not otherwise.

Albertine O.

Dear Miss O:

First, I want to say that I admire, deeply and sincerely, the wisdom of your school teachers. In the many months that I have been reading distressed letters from girls who have faced a problem like yours, I believe yours is the only case history indicating that real intelligence has been brought, by older persons, to the problem. You have been extremely fortunate to be surrounded by school authorities of such wisdom, and to have a girl friend like the one you mention.

I agree with her. There is no reason to reveal the story of your life to this boy until he returns and indicates that he wants to marry you. In the past of nearly everyone there is some secret—minor or great—that is guarded from the cold eyes of the casual acquaintance. There is no point in revealing that secret to anyone but the person with whom you intend to spend the rest of your life.

In closing, I want you to know that I think you have shown great courage in facing your problem. I hope that, in the future, you will attain great happiness, and that—when mature—you will make it a rule of your life to help other unfortunate girls.

Claudette Colbert

Shy Girl with Nerve

(*Continued from page* 59) quips "showing off," she admits now, ruefully. An older boy who was the unwitting object of her youthful affections at the time, said quite loudly, "I detest silly girls!"

Eleanor wilted. She almost reeled. "He meant me," she told herself. It did something to her. All through high school she hid herself inside a rigid little shell of reserve. She was miserable, unsure of herself, afraid of being hurt like that again. She was never gay, never indulged in any of the forms of self-expression which were giving her classmates fun and joy and growth. And her passion to be an actress grew and grew, although no one knew it for a long time except her wise and understanding mother.

"If you *want* it enough and work hard enough for it, it will come," her mother used to tell her. And she arranged for Eleanor to have dancing lessons and voice lessons and all the other opportunities she might need for her heart's desire. Later on, her father was equally sympathetic. He was head of the mathematics department of Cleveland's Glenville High School and, although it must have put a strain on his budget, he was determined that his son and his two daughters should have whatever training and preparation they needed for the careers they planned, themselves.

So, when Eleanor was graduated from high school, she went on to study at Martha's Vineyard. She earned part of her way there, working as a waitress. "All I can remember about being there was work . . . work . . . work." But her father paid her expenses when she came on to study at the famous Pasadena Community Theatre. She planned to pay her father back with interest, someday. Then he could retire.

WHEN she was nineteen (a little over three years ago) a talent scout tapped her in a performance at Pasadena. She was under contract to a major studio! Her dreams were beginning to come true. But there was still that strange, persistent fear and distrust of people . . . any people . . . no matter how much they tried to help her. "She won't *help* us to help her!" her companions at the studio complained.

She bought a little house in the Valley and continued her lonely, withdrawn existence, working at her career, until one day, while she was playing in "Mission To Moscow," someone brought an Army medical officer to visit the set. His name was Lieutenant Fred Losee and he was an aural surgeon, stationed at San Diego. They had lunch together and she concluded, "He's the most conceited man I've ever met!" A little later they had dinner together and she gasped to herself, "I'm going to marry him! I know I am!"

And she did. They had two months together—as together as two people can be when one is in the Army and the other is a rising and busy Hollywood actress. Then he went overseas.

Warners wanted to remake "Of Human Bondage" and had discussed it with Edmund Goulding. Goulding was depressed. "Why even talk about it?" he demanded. "There's only one actress in a generation who can do it . . . and it hasn't been a generation since Bette Davis did it." He decided he'd go back to New York and relax until the whole thing blew over. If the truth must be known, he wasn't even enthusiastic about testing Eleanor. They sort of did it behind his back and then showed the test to him. He was electrified. "The girl has the greatest pure native talent since the young Garbo," he pronounced.

Eleanor found herself playing *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage."



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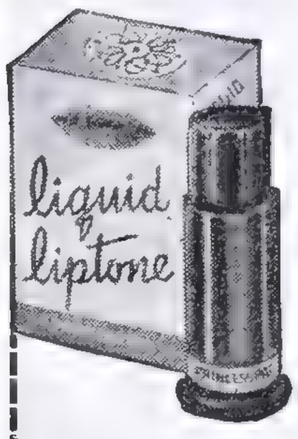
Here is the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A "lipstick," at last, that isn't greasy—that actually can't smear—that really won't rub off—and that will keep your lips deliciously soft, smooth and lovely. It isn't a "lipstick" at all. It's a liquid, in the most exciting tones of red ever created. It's so permanent. Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. Regular size bottle that lasts a long, long time is only $1 at all stores. Or,

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liquid liptone

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"I was never frightened or nervous about it for one moment," she says now. "I knew it was right. I knew this was what I had been working for. Besides, Mr. Goulding knew it even *harder* than I did. He never said, 'Do this . . . or that.' He said, 'We'll do it together . . . like this . . . perhaps . . .' This was the thing I had been waiting for since I was nine and the kids teased me. I felt nothing but serenity and satisfaction and . . . at long last . . . *sureness.*"

She continued to feel these nice things, even when her appendix began to misbehave while she was working in the picture. It began to be a touch-and-go matter, whether she could finish or not before they had to operate. Her husband came home on leave just then, too, and they decided, without dramatics, that their marriage had been an impulsive mistake and that they had best terminate it.

At the picture's end she went to the hospital for her operation and she says now that she had time, while she was recuperating, to think things over, sort them out and clarify in her own mind "simply everything."

Suddenly she was free . . . free of the pain that had plagued her, free of constricting and puzzling emotional entanglements, free of the fear of failure and the fear of people. For the first time in her life she was completely sure of herself.

"I lay there in the hospital and sorted out my life, found my objectives . . . formed a sort of pattern. I felt wonderful!"

WHEN she was well again and returned to the studio, people found it difficult to recognize this gay, cheerful, friendly girl who had once been sullen, irritable, almost impossible to know. Now she mingled, made friends, invited people to lunch, became the most co-operative of actresses about photographs, interviews, fittings. And she smiled constantly. She had lost her fear of life and of strangers, her fear of her own shortcomings.

"But even then I didn't know exactly—concretely—what I wanted, except in my work. That took form one day in a soda fountain in Toluca Lake! From way back I had worshipped Janet Gaynor on the screen. Well, I was sitting at the soda fountain, drinking a coke one day when Janet came in with her little boy. I gasped. I longed to speak to her but I didn't quite dare. But she smiled at me and I couldn't have been more delighted if I had never seen an actress before.

"She looked so serene and lovely, just as I had known she would. But then I knew suddenly exactly what I wanted from life. I wanted to work, as she did, until I reached my peak. Then I wanted to do as she had done—retire, marry and have children. It seems to me she has reached perfection in her career and in her private life. I want perfection, too.

"A career isn't enough for any woman, no matter how long she has wanted it and worked for it, or what she achieves. A home and family are necessities. I'm lonely when I go home to my little house. There is a great lack there. But it's—well—a healthy sort of loneliness, I guess. It's being lonely for the normal, natural things. And I know now that they will come."

The "little house" is a smallish bungalow with a garden around it. After she acquired it, it was some time before she could consider it even partially furnished, she was so busy. She invited her entire family—father, mother, sister, brother and small niece—to visit her the first summer she owned the house, before she had even bought any rugs.

Now, she says, nothing in her house has any real relation to anything else. Her method has been to drop into a furniture store or an antique shop and decide, sud-



Perhaps your pillow knows different

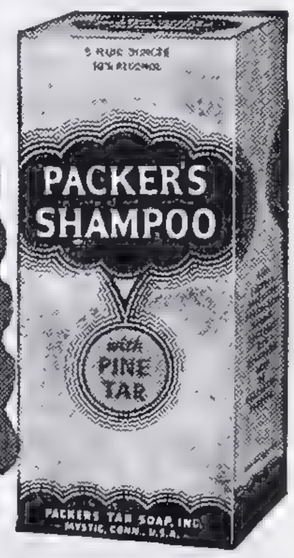
Are you *sure* you don't have scalp odor? It's so easy to offend—*and not know it.* Check your pillow, your hat, your hairbrush.

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denly, "I like that. I'll have it." In that manner she has acquired chairs, tables, settees and an enormous four-poster bed. This has a wooden frame above it to accommodate a canopy and not long ago her housekeeper became so depressed at this bare structure towering above the sleeping Eleanor that she had it removed. Eleanor wailed, "I have to have the frame up there. Even if I haven't a lovely, ruffled canopy—yet—I can lie here and imagine how it will look when I get it. Give me back my frame!" So back it went and there it still is, stark and undraped.

SHE frequently buys things because they are red—or white—or blue. Those colors stimulate her and she likes them in furniture and in clothes. A bright red chair or a blue sweater give her equal pleasure.

She subscribes to all manner of magazines about houses and she clips, somewhat haphazardly, everything she can find that has to do with a large, sprawling ranch house type of dwelling and pastes it in a book. She wants a "spread-out sort of home with big fireplaces and lots of ground around it and huge windows to look out on the trees and grass and sunlight"—someday. Then she will give her present house to her father and mother. She will give them a car, too. And—her favorite dream!—she will buy her mother a really wonderful fur coat.

Just now she lives with the housekeeper, "who is rather like a mother," and an old friend from Cleveland, a girl with whom she went to school, who is studying voice.

She likes to wear slacks (red, white or blue ones) and sweaters. She likes tailored suits and slim, plain evening frocks.

She has a fine collection of records, including almost every type of music. She thinks, with Lawrence Tibbett, that there is no "bad kind" of music.

After she came out of her shell and began to feel, as she puts it, "alive and real," she discovered a hobby. She bought herself a drawing board and began to sketch. She has had no instruction. She doesn't know whether what she draws is good or bad. But she loves doing it. It lifts her out of herself and relaxes her.

She finds herself being actually grateful for things which might have caused her acute woe a few years ago. For instance, she worried for a long time over the fact that she had strained her voice, weakened it so that occasionally it fails her completely. Now she realizes that that voice strain gave her the "throaty" quality which is so valuable to her now.

She is grateful for the fact that for the first time since she can remember, she actually, definitely enjoys eating. "Before my operation, it was so difficult for me to force myself to take food that I knew I had to have," she says. "I can't tell you what an interesting experience it is to be really hungry, to look forward to a meal. Certainly that's a simple, fundamental pleasure for most people. You can't know what an important pleasure it is unless you've been deprived of it!"

There are other things—niceties of living, exciting experiences with clothes, food, parties, people, entertainment—that she thinks she will learn to enjoy in a discriminating manner, when she has time, when she can cease to concentrate so completely on the actual business at hand. She looks forward to these things, looks forward to enlarging her capacity for enjoyment. Most of all, she looks forward to being friends with lots of people.

Oh, yes! One of her very first fan letters was from that smug "older boy," the one who called her a "silly girl." He took it all back. "But," Eleanor admits now, "d'you know, I'm still a little bit afraid of him!"

THE END

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Follow Me
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FOLLOW ME
(Suivez Moi)
The Perfume That Leads and Lasts

VARVA

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"Every Time I Leave You—"

(*Continued from page 47*) imagine," Marie answered defensively.

To prove to one another that they were not on any merry-go-round—for what reason they never will understand—they made a date for the following Wednesday. Ever since, spending virtually every hour of their spare time together—and comparatively quietly—they have been happier than ever before.

Their first date was a party. At midnight Marie suggested they go home. She knew Vic, who tested planes for Lockheed, must be up early. "You need your sleep," she told him. That sold "hard-boiled" Orsatti. No other girl had ever worried about his sleep. And two months later, on January 10, 1943, in the early part of the new year, Marie, the former Powers model, married a man she had known a long time who had dark eyes, dark hair and a dark complexion.

THEY thought if they went to Reno they would have a good chance of being married quietly, without benefit of reporters and photographers; as quietly as Marie might have been married if she never had left Burgin, Kentucky, or Yonkers, New York, where she subsequently lived. When, on the train, they spied Bill Thomas and Richard Arlen they ducked behind newspapers. Five minutes later, however, the train loud speaker bellowed, "Will Vic Orsatti please see Bill Thomas in Car So and So!"

"We won't butt in," Bill and Dick promised. "But we didn't want you to think you were putting anything over on us. We're not surprised. And we hope you don't expect anyone else to be. Also, you may as well know we're joining the Pine Company at Reno for location shots for 'Alaska Highway.'"

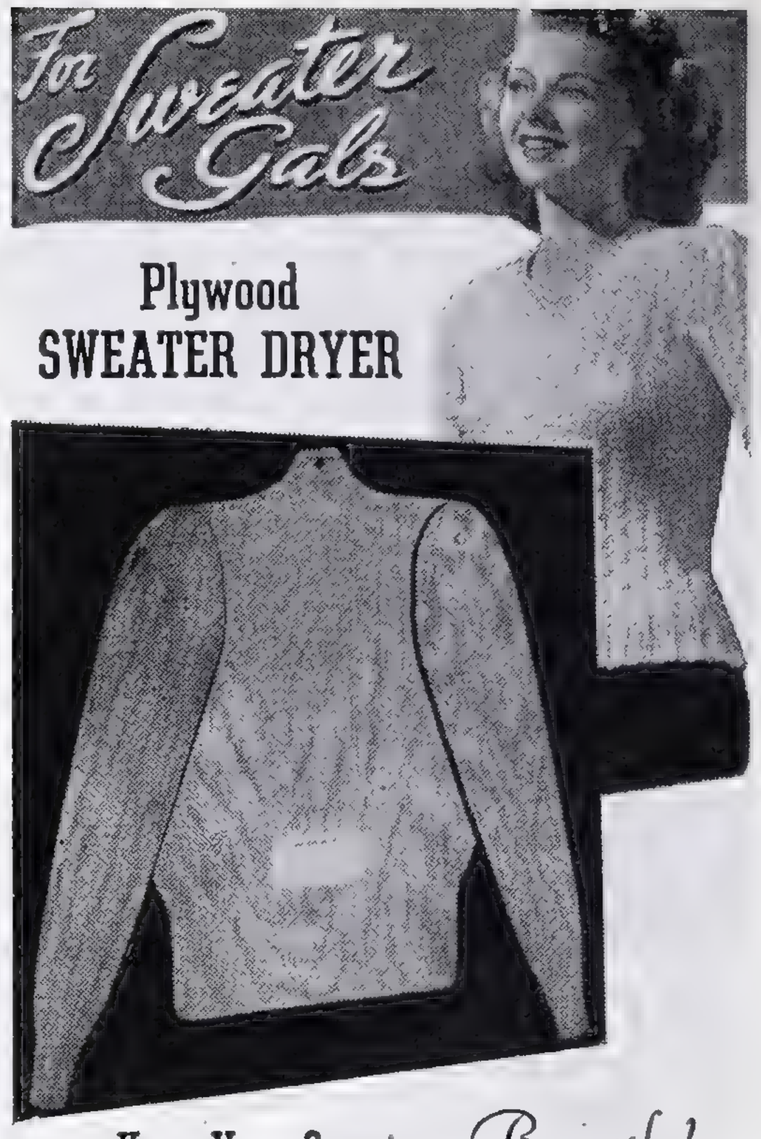
Vic had thought of everything. He had arranged for them to be married in a little white parsonage which stood at the end of a dirt road beside a babbling brook with snow-covered mountains in the distance. On the parsonage hearth a fire was blazing. There were white candles. Flowers were everywhere. Vic had thought of everything—*except a little thing like a marriage license.* They had to drive all the way back to City Hall for it. There photographers and reporters were waiting. "We knew you'd have to come here, sooner or later," they said. "Hey, Marie, stand a little closer to Vic, please. And how's about that big grin, Vic!"

Late that afternoon when Vic and Marie returned to the hotel to register as Mr. and Mrs. Victor Orsatti they found the Pine Company shooting craps in the bar. "Let the bride roll!" someone called. Marie, starry-eyed, rolled thirteen straight passes. Everyone was with her, financially and verbally, except the character actor. "I don't put my money on any dame that's just been married," he insisted. When the cup passed to Vic this man changed his tune. "All my money on the groom!" he cried. Vic rolled snake eyes. "No brandy," advised Marie, fresh from a nurse's aide course, kneeling beside the character actor's prostrate form. "It might be his heart. Bring water!"

He came around finally and Vic walked to the elevator with Marie as she went upstairs to change for dinner. "There's something about you, Baby," he said, grinning. "When you're around life's never dull certainly!"

"Complaining—already?" she asked.

She thought nothing of the man who got off the elevator and walked behind her down the hall, until out of the corner of one very large, very blue eye she saw he meant to overtake her. She increased her

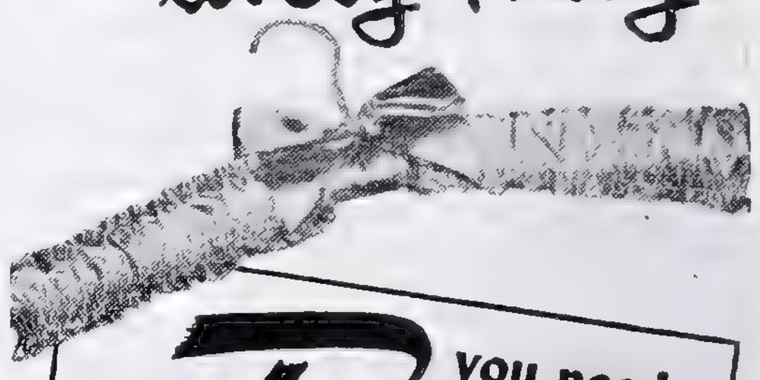


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pace. He did too. She broke into a trot. He did too. She began to run. He did too. Not one second too soon she rushed into her room and slammed the door behind her. He rattled the knob. She could hear him breathing outside—thought she could anyway. She flew into the bathroom and waited endlessly, afraid to come out again. At last there was a knock. It was Vic but he had to convince her of his identity before she would let him in.

"Anyone would think we weren't married," he taxed her. Whereupon she blurted out her story. Vic shook his head. "Every time I leave you," he said again, "something happens!"

A month after they were married Vic flew to New York to pick up a ship for delivery in Brazil. It was February and he encountered a blizzard. The foot pressure he was forced to use during the eight hours he fought his way through this storm caused a blister on his heel to break, the high altitude affected his circulation. Thirty-six hours after he should have been in New York, judging from the telephone call he put through to Marie from his last stop-over, she called everyone they knew there frantically. But none of their friends had seen Vic or heard from him. Then, very groggy, he called her. "I'm in a hospital but I'm okay," he said. "I'll call you again tomorrow." Of course she thought he had crashed in landing. When he didn't call the next day she got on a plane, explaining to the personnel that her flyer husband had cracked up and she must get to him. They were sympathetic. "If we have to put any passengers off for priorities we'll do it alphabetically, according to names," they promised. "Your name is Zeigler."

That night she stood at Vic's bedside, regarding his leg suspended in a cradle, hearing from his nurse what a close call he had had with blood-poisoning. She wore a new blue dress embroidered with her new monogram "M.O." "Hello Mo," Vic grinned. "How did you know I was here anyway?" He didn't remember that he had called her.

He got better. She took him back to California alone. After seeing her with him in the hospital his doctors knew she could manage—him, his medications and his hypodermics.

"Every time I leave you," she told him, "something happens." And it was as if he heard his own voice, so great is her gift for mimicry.

A PARTY Stephen and Racquel Ames gave brought Marie her chance to play *Miriam* in "Guest In The House." Hagar Wilde, who co-authored this successful play with Dale Eunson, was there too. "Ever since you came into the room," she told Marie, "I've been thinking how perfect you would be for *Miriam*."

When Marie finally got the part she was overjoyed. But not for long. The director, who had wanted another girl for *Miriam*, offered her no help or direction whatever. And after she had worked two days he went to Hunt Stromberg, the producer, and asked that she be let out. "I'm not running a dramatic school," he said, in effect.

Marie was humiliated. Naturally. Worried too. And heartbroken. She understood *Miriam* and wanted to play her desperately.

The girl who was the director's choice was brought on from New York and tested. Hunt Stromberg, however, preferred Marie. "I want you back in the cast," he insisted. She shook her head. "It wouldn't be any use. Your director's convinced I can't act!" Stromberg said, "Maybe you can't act. Don't let that worry you! Jean Harlow wasn't the world's greatest actress but she had sex appeal and natural charm and she

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SOME families have a double opportunity to discover Tampax. It may be the *daughter* who brings home the good news about this invisible type of monthly sanitary protection. Or it may be the *mother* who first gets these young ideas. Whichever way it happens, such a family will very soon have *two* voices saying "Thanks to Tampax!"

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got by all right. You will too!"

Marie wanted the part enough to take the chance. But it was tough going. Whenever she walked into a scene the director walked away. It was Aline McMahon, whom Marie adores, and Margaret Hamilton, also in the cast, who saved her life. Between scenes they made her laugh—told her, over and over, that she was going to be good.

All through this struggle Vic watched Marie carefully. He knew, though she pretended sleep, that she was wakeful and restless.

Worried, Vic sent for a doctor. He gave her a hypodermic. "She'll be better when she wakes," he promised Vic. "She hasn't had much sleep for a long time, apparently; been going on her nerves—and they've quit!"

MARIE slept all through the next day and when she awoke she was better. She had some of her old sparkle. She could talk about the things she had kept locked inside of her.

"I've been praying," she confessed, "that something would happen to that director. Nothing too bad . . . Maybe just that he'd quit—he's so disgusted with me—and get a better job . ."

That same week the director went to the hospital with acute appendicitis.

"Don't ever wish anything on me, will you 'Mo'?" Vic pleaded.

Marie, however, was not amused. Besides beauty, brains and backbone she has heart. Lots of heart. That's almost the best thing about her. She telephoned the hospital daily. And the wishes for a speedy recovery that accompanied her flowers were intensely sincere.

John Brahm finished the picture. "Don't you worry, you're going to be okay!" he told Marie.

She found this heartening but it really didn't prepare her for the review headline in the Hollywood Reporter, the film colony's bible, which said "McDonald Cast Hit." She saw it first when she walked into Hunt Stromberg's office. It was pasted across her portrait. And beneath it was another headline that had been lettered by the studio art department which said simply, "She Can Act Too!"

Other critics agreed with the Reporter. Other producers sought to borrow Marie. The USO asked her to go on a camp tour. The boys were clamoring to see "The Body." That was enough for Marie—for Vic too!

"I wish I were going with you," he told her.

"I'll be careful," Marie promised her worried spouse.

"You'll think you're careful," he said. "Anyway it isn't necessarily anything you do. It's just that—well, you attract events somehow!"

From the South he had word she was quarantined in a camp hospital with measles. From New York he heard that she had given an interview in which she discussed the padding stars wear inside stockings, bosoms and skirts—to make them prettier.

It was obvious she thought Vic was making a mountain out of a molehill. For, lacking both malice and guile, she had said what she said honestly and innocently and it would never occur to her to run to cover or deny it.

"Whenever you leave me . . ." Vic began skeptically.

But Marie stopped him. "Whenever I leave you I get lonely—and you do, too," she paraphrased. "And I'm coming home!" Which she did promptly.

Beauty plus brains and backbone. That's Marie McDonald Orsatti. With plenty of heart thrown in for good measure.

THE END

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International Diamond Co., 2251 Calumet Ave., Dept. 173, Chicago 16, Ill.

Gingham Girl with Sequins

(Continued from page 58) from her fascinating figure.

She now lives in a four-room apartment in Beverly Hills with her parents—in the midst of a continual skirmish between herself and her mother, which might be called the Battle of the Dolls. Gail, you see, has one of the largest collection of dolls in the country—dolls of all sizes and shapes, from all lands. It is her idea to lovingly litter the apartment with them, from one end to the other. But nothing is further from her mother's mind; and every day when Gail leaves for the studio, Mrs. Russell carefully puts all the dolls out of sight. Every evening Gail drags them out again!

ASIDE from this discord, all is peace among the Russells. Every dawning Gail rises (in midriff pajamas, of which she owns eight pairs in every color and print), and gets into a blue or red peasant skirt and blouse and a pair of bright playshoes. Then she fastens on one of her four pieces of jewelry—all of them gold—consisting of a baby ring, an anklet, a cross, and a St. Christopher medal. Then she does *not* eat breakfast—she's never hungry until sundown. She arrives at the studio, and does *not* eat lunch. By dinner-time, after an exhausting day's work, she finally has worked up an appetite; and her mother usually puts before her roast lamb, mashed potatoes and creamed broccoli, Gail's favorite meal. (Unless it's hamburger steak smothered in catsup sauce, which she can also eat by the plateful.)

After that, Gail is ready to get into her lounging outfit—those blue jeans, that plaid shirt. And off come her shoes! She's ready to listen for hours to her huge collection of records, most of them Jean Sablon songs. While she listens, she works at her drawing board, with her maltese terrier Corny lying at her feet. She seldom reads. The last book she read was "Ramona," and she read it eight times—but that was in honor of her pet actress, Loretta Young, whom she'd seen dozens of times in the movie of the same name. After "Ramona," her favorite story is "Seventh Heaven"; she read that as a syndicated newspaper story years ago and doesn't even know if it ever became a book. Mornings and evenings she grabs the newspapers feverishly, only for two reasons: The crossword puzzles and the comic strips "Li'l Abner" and "Prince Valiant." "I like the way those two funnies are drawn," says she.

Nights when she goes out, which are several a week, she usually moves in herds—her favorite herd being made up of Barbara and Sonny Tufts, Sue and Alan Ladd, Diana Lynn and Carmelita Lopez. To their homes she goes to parties; and when she isn't going to parties she loves bowling, ice-skating or moonlight horseback riding—usually with Carmelita, who's her best friend, and a couple of soldiers. (She's met a lot of soldiers by long-distance introduction through her brother George, who's a corporal on a remote Aleutian island. But best of all, she likes to sneak out to a movie and sit alone watching the film. She drives to the theater in her small convertible named "Jezebel" . . . we might as well break the news to you that Gail is a name-giver, and that she has plenty of possessions to name!

She's the proud owner of a horse named "Kelly"—because he's red in color, like the Irish, she explains—and of *ten* dogs! One of these is red also, being a cocker spaniel; so naturally his name is "Kelly" too! The others are, in order: "Hank," half-dachshund, half-cocker, named after her first picture, "Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour"; "Emily," a miniature schnauzer, and "Cornelia," a maltese terrier—

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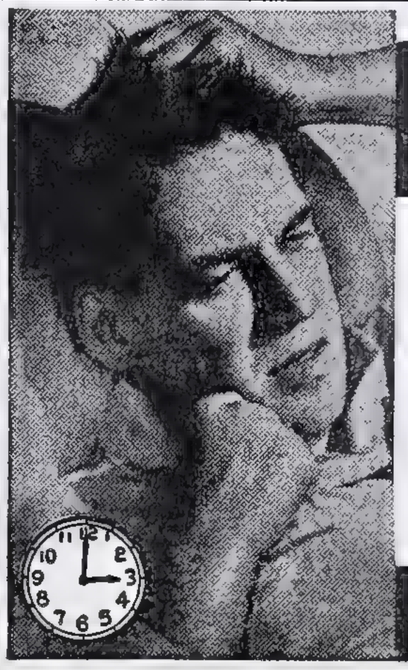
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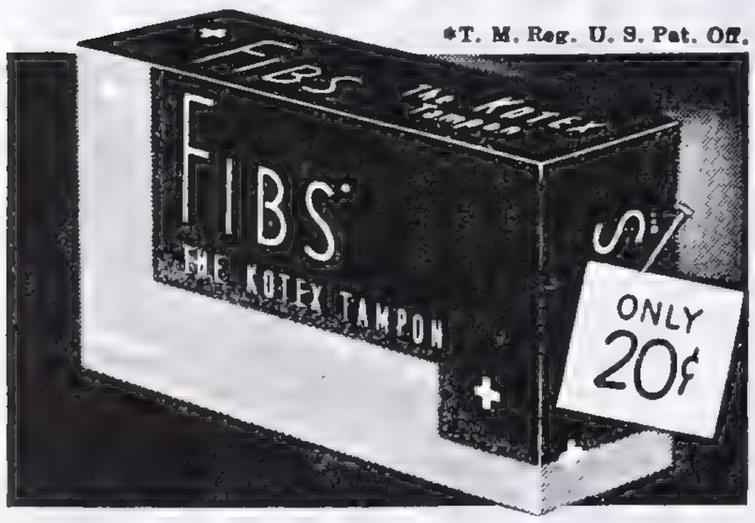
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both named for the authoresses of "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay"; and "Chili," a pure-bred mutt named because Gail bought him on a Mexican street in Los Angeles from his owner who was being cruel to him. The other five are nameless as yet—they only appeared recently, born to "Emily" in the middle of Gail's bed!

The horse and nine of the dogs are boarded out among Gail's friends until Gail can talk her landlady into a menagerie mood. But Gail goes to see them all regularly. Hank, for instance, is being kept by Petrini, the head waiter of the restaurant across the street from Paramount—so that Gail can drop affectionately in on him any hour of the day!

Now you know almost everything about the sequin-gingham girl, except for a few items: She was born in Chicago twenty years ago, where her father was in the automobile bonding business. Eight years ago, the Russell family moved to Los Angeles so Mr. Russell could retire in peace. Peace was hardly what they found, however; they moved so many times that Gail's head was whirling—to say nothing of her school teachers' heads. Gail wound up attending five high schools —Glendale, Fairfax, University, Hoover (for two days—then they moved again), and finally Santa Monica. That completes her history thus far. However, in case you happen to be a man reader, we'd better tip you off on a few of her idiosyncrasies:

She hates to talk on the telephone, so you'd better contact her by telegram or in the flesh, for a date. And if you take her out of a Friday night, don't go home thinking smugly, "Wonder if she's dreaming of me?" Because for two hours after you've left, she won't be dreaming of anyone—she'll be upended in the basin washing her hair! It's a Friday-night ritual with her, no matter if you're Gable. And when she's finally tucked in bed in her midriff pajamas, she still won't be dreaming for some time. Instead she'll be drinking milk and eating crackers . . . the worst offense any girl could commit, and sure proof that Gail Russell is made up out of two pieces of cloth: Sequin, and gingham!

THE END



Dress-up duo all in the family: Roddy McDowall proudly escorts his pretty sister



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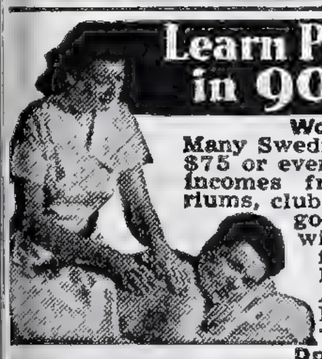
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If You Were the House Guest of Sonny Tufts

(*Continued from page* 53) everybody pitches in to eat it . . . out on the brick terrace. Around nine o'clock everyone goes home; for this is a crowd of actors and tomorrow's camera will wait for no one.

Then you and Barbara do the dishes, while Sonny sits astride a kitchen chair nearby learning his script for tomorrow's scenes. Sonny always learns his dialogue while Barbara works in the kitchen.

When his lines are learned, he grabs a copper pan and a spoon and does some quick (and very good) drum routines. Then Barbara cues him on his lines for the next day, after which the three of you go out to the veranda and sit for a few minutes looking down the valley, listening to the evening symphony of frogs, crickets and coyotes . . . for a very few minutes. By that time you're all sleepy. And you all troop off to bed . . . you having just decided to take them up on their suggestion that you stay overnight.

Upstairs, you find to your discomfiture that you're going to have Barbara's room —because, though there's a guest room downstairs, it's one of the rooms that Barbara hasn't yet furnished to her satisfaction in this new house. So they'd rather put you in Barbara's square, gay bedroom with its sloping ceiling and its tiny marble fireplace. The wallpaper is white with quaint nosegays of rose and maroon blossoms; and there's a cedar chest, a walnut double bed with a pale green spread, and a chaise-longue with a white fur thrown over it . . . but none of this is finished yet, Barbara tells you.

Sonny has his own yellow-tiled bathroom, but he doesn't like it so he shares Barbara's . . . and so do you! You love her dressing room, which is a fluffy combination of red and white; and on her frilled dressing table are two pictures of Sonny with the two inscriptions on them: "I love you, Baba—Sonny," and "To my beloved Baba—Sonny."

"WANTA see my room?" Sonny asks boyishly now, and even though Barbara protests that it isn't any more finished than her room, in you go. His room is almost Spartan in its neatness. A mahogany dresser holds some after-shave lotion, and a wooden paddle from his days at Yale in the DKE house with the legend burned into it: "Sonny Tufts from Tink Carey." There's also a picture of his brother David in his uniform as a lieutenant commander. On his chest-of-drawers are only three objects: A pair of cowboy boots with silver trimmings, flanking a stunning picture of Barbara dressed in Spanish costume. On the wall are two graduation diplomas, one from Yale, one from Exeter, and both made out in Sonny's real name: "Bowen Charlton Tufts III."

Now he guides you through Barbara's sewing room, and all of Barbara's sewing equipment from machine to wire dress form is here. Yes, Barbara not only paints china, cooks, cleans, gardens and upholsters, but she also makes all of her own clothes. She has even made plaid shirts for Sonny; and his favorite pair of slacks came out of her sewing machine. Sophisticated? Well, hardly!

Sonny's day begins long before you wake up the next morning, with a shower in which he invariably sings "Accentuate The Positive." By the time you yawn your way downstairs, Barbara has made his breakfast, and has driven him to Paramount Studios because Sonny hates to drive; and now she's back hard at work

Renée de Fontarce Mc Cormick

This charming Frenchwoman is the author of the best-seller, "Little Coquette" which has been acclaimed by critics for its authentic picture of French society. She is the wife of Leander J. McCormick of Chicago.



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planting water hyacinths in two big Chinese cooking pots sunk into the side lawn.

You spend most of the morning with her . . . an hour of it in the sunny breakfast room off the kitchen. You learn that Barbara dresses in black and red for Sonny, who loves those colors on her; that every time she decides to cut her long black hair he changes her mind for her; and that Sonny's own wardrobe is mainly lumberjacks and wool shirts in blue, with slacks. He wears these clothes to work and on the long hikes he takes over the hills of a Sunday morning—when he walks to the mile-distant reservoir and meets a small boy named Pete, whose father takes care of the reservoir; and together the two hike miles of hills. You learn that both Sonny and Barbara love records, and that they have a big collection now—opera music for him, Spanish dance music for her.

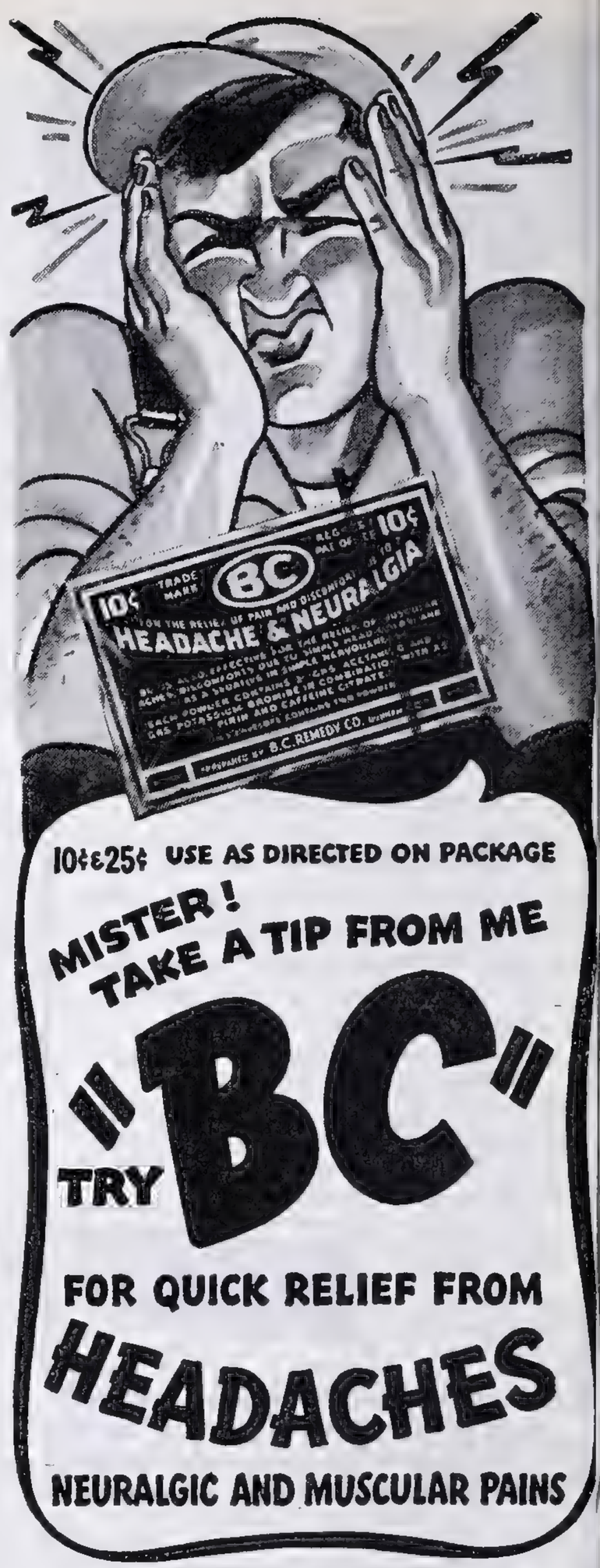
You know that Barbara was born in Los Angeles and her maiden name was Barbara Dare; and he was born three thousand miles away in Boston. You know that Sonny's father was a banker and director of public utilities; that his grandfather founded Tufts College—and that Sonny decided in prep school to start a band instead of a brokerage house, and did! You know that he continued his band playing several instruments and also singing, at Yale; and that he majored at college in anthropology!

You know that he made twenty-five round trips to Europe with his bands before he settled down; and that he spent six months in France and then two years in New York City seriously studying voice for the operatic stage. You know that during that time a friend led him to the apartment of Barbara Dare (who was herself in New York studying Spanish dancing for the stage)—and that a year later they were married. You know that marriage brought him Waca as a wedding gift from Barbara; and it also brought him enough responsibilities to forget operatic dreams and begin singing in Broadway shows ("Who's Who" and "Sing For Your Supper") and in night clubs such as the Glass Hat, the Famous Door, the Beachcomber, and Palm Beach's Whitehall. You know that a very rich Yale friend, Alexis Thompson, finally decided the big blond singer should get a break in Hollywood—and paid his and Barbara's way out to Hollywood for a screen test. You know that the test took, and Sonny found himself a couple of days later in "So Proudly We Hail," "Government Girl," "I Love A Soldier," "Bring On The Girls," "Here Come The Waves," "Duffy's Tavern," "Miss Susie Slagle," (and coming up) "Too Good To Be True," "The Virginian" and "The Well-Groomed Bride."

You know that Sonny loves swimming and spear-fishing—and skiing, and the studio won't permit that because once he did a high dive off a sixty-foot snowbank and broke his pelvis. You know that he hates telephoning, and that he reads every single comic strip printed in the Los Angeles papers; and that he loves acting in movies more than life itself; and that some day he and Barbara want to make endless trips from Hollywood to France. You know that they are filmdom's only non-gin-rummy players — that in fact they've never picked up a deck of cards in their lives; and that once Barbara had a gown shop of her own; and that this couple have one of the most interesting backgrounds and a collection of the most interesting tastes in Hollywood.

You also know that the next time they tell you to drop by of a Sunday, you'll not only come a-running . . . but *next* time you'll be smart enough to bring your pajamas along, just in case!

THE END



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 23)

✓ Where Do We Go From Here? (20th Century-Fox)

THE premise for this story is enough to send one into howls of hysteria, but unfortunately the picture loses something in the translation. Nevertheless, enough of the "fantasy ridiculous" remains to create many a man-sized guffaw.

Fred MacMurray, for instance, is a 4F in love with June Haver who is too busy dating men in uniform to pay her suitor the least attention. So when a genie appears before Fred, after he's rubbed a lamp collected in a salvage drive, he has one wish to make—to get into the Army. And what's more he does—only something goes wrong and our hero lands in Washington's army at Valley Forge. His efforts to make the general realize his friend Arnold is a traitor are ridiculously funny.

His desire to get out of the clutches of the Hessians recalls the genie for another wish—this time the Navy. Only it's Columbus's navy, with the usual trials and tribulations of a 1945 swain lost in the discovery of America.

Throughout the story that ends with the Dutch in New Amsterdam, Fred is constantly meeting up with June, in her various past lives, and the girl who really loves him, Joan Leslie.

Of course whom he eventually gets and where he eventually lands is a surprise we'll leave for you.

Songs and music with Fred on the vocal end intermingle in the various excursions to add pleasantly to the "doings fantastic" at which we guarantee you more than a chuckle.

Fred is wonderful, June and Joan beautiful, Anthony Quinn a perfect Indian, Alan Mowbray an impressive Washington, and Gene Sheldon a splendid, if slightly cockeyed, genie.

Your Reviewer Says: So silly it's plain funny.

✓ Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe (20th Century-Fox)

PRETTY, pretty, pretty are the scenery, costumes, settings and star, Miss Betty Grable, but silly is the story that wends its weary way amongst the music, color and backgrounds.

Dick Haymes is a personable young man, but who in heaven's name gave him those doll songs to sing? Or is our ear for music slightly cauliflowered? And what ghoul dug up that mildewed story about the lad who has stage ambitions but whose father wants him to be a doctor?

With Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe as a background, the production takes on plenty of glamour and Betty in her first role since motherhood looks as luscious as ever.

William Gaxton as Dick's father is a good actor who deserves a better story. To Phil Silvers and Beatrice Kay go the comedy honors. Both are amusing and Phil in a routine with Haymes is downright funny. The best of the songs is "I Wish I Knew" which Haymes sings delightfully.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh, you booful doll!

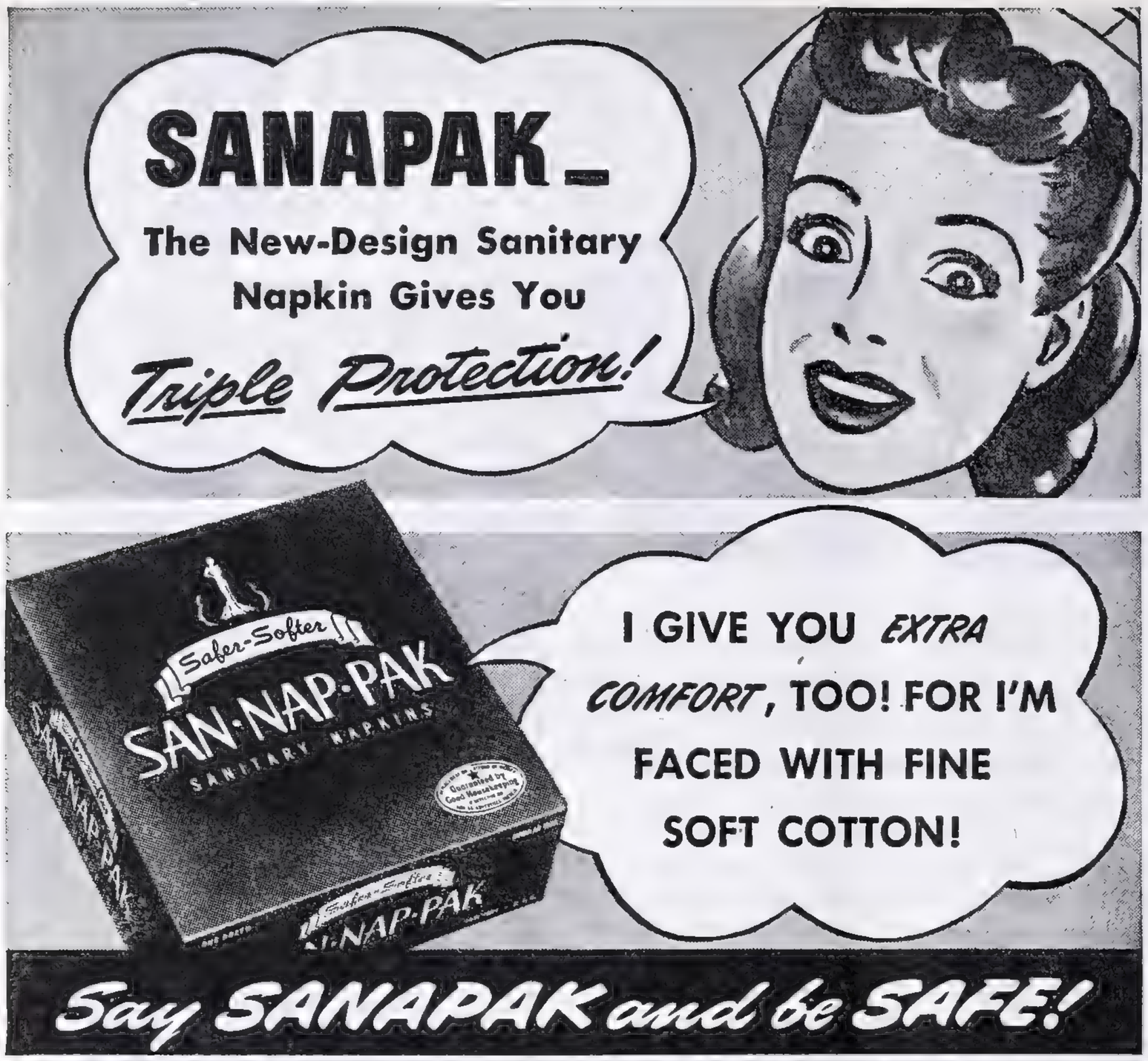
✓✓ Music For Millions (M-G-M)

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a symphonic orchestra, who learns the meaning of faith through prayer, June gives the best performance of her career.

Not far behind marches little Margaret O'Brien as June's kid sister, who delivers her lines and performs her scenes with rare understanding. Frankly we resent the "little child shall lead them" character wished upon Maggie, but she manages with much deftness to eliminate the excess saccharine through her dead-pan clowning with Durante who is tops in every department. Wait till you hear his "Umbriago" number.

The music flows in great golden chunks from the screen and Jose Iturbi, both as orchestra leader and pianist, is one musician who knows how to get right into the feel of the story itself. Mr. Iturbi is not only a great musician but a splendid actor, let it be noted.

Larry Adler and his harmonica is another high light in a story that hits the high spot in music. Marsha Hunt, Marie Wilson, Hugh Herbert and every member of the orchestra deserve bouquets of their own.

Your Reviewer Says: Music from the heart strings.

✓✓ Salome—Where She Danced (Universal)

A PICTURE you'll love and why not? It has color, Technicolor at that, romances galore, bravery, daring intrigue and Yvonne De Carlo to send it galloping off to the box office for a smash success.

The scenes are kaleidoscopic, shifting from Berlin to a small Arizona town, then to San Francisco, with never a let-up in pace and excitement. In fact, we ate it up.

Yvonne De Carlo who, through political intrigue, flees Europe with her accompanist J. Edward Bromberg, is a personable young lady for whom we predict a great future. She dances beautifully, sings well and has other accomplishments we must say.

David Bruce is so romantic as the stagecoach robber (this is 1865, folks) who eventually woos the popular De Carlo. Rod Cameron is very good as the newspaperman, also in love with the fair charmer. Walter Slezak is wonderful as the rich San Franciscan and one more victim of the De Carlo charms. We admire as always the smoothness and cleverness of his work.

Albert Dekker, a Prussian count, Marjorie Rambeau, J. Edward Bromberg, Kurt Katch and Abner Biberman are all a part of a truly good movie, wide in scope but closely knit in theme.

Your Reviewer Says: A goodie.

✓ Utah (Republic)

IT has Roy Rogers, his horse Trigger and a lot of pretty gals, pretty tunes and pretty scenery, so even if the action is almost nil, it's still a fair little out-West picture.

The story has Dale Evans, an actress, attempting to raise money to back a show by selling the family ranch she's never seen. Rogers, who manages the ranch and doesn't want it sold, steers Dale and sister onto the scrubby ranch owned by Gabby Hayes in the hopes the girls will be discouraged and give up the idea of selling.

But they don't and by golly it ends up with Roy chasing Grant Withers all through the Chicago stockyards.

The singing is fair and altogether it's sure to please the Rogers fans.

Your Reviewer Says: Cowboys have more fun than anybody.

✓ Molly And Me (20th Century-Fox)

IF the studio hoped, by teaming Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields, to achieve another "Holy Matrimony," they're doomed to disappointment, for this misty story of a crusty old recluse, soured by his first marriage, fails to come off.

Gracie, former actress, turns housekeeper and straightens out the misunderstanding between Woolley and his son, Roddy McDowall, shoves his blackmailing wife into some scared-green obscurity, and finally helps Monty to win back his place in the political sun with her cooking. She does a good job but there's too much indefinite material cluttering up the story for either Monty or Gracie to overcome.

Reginald Gardiner, Edith Barrett and Natalie Schafer are only a few in a cast too strong and too good for the story.

Your Reviewer Says: It's the stars, not the story.

✓ Sudan (Universal)

UNIVERSAL'S three horsemen, Maria Montez, Jon Hall and Turhan Bey, are together again in another of those Technicolor fancies with Montez a queen, Hall a light-hearted thief and Bey a dashing Egyptian bandit chief.

Montez, whose accent remains the same (and so do her stories) ascends the throne when her father is killed while riding to keep an appointment with Bey. Determined to avenge her father's death, Maria is imprisoned by George Zucco, adviser to the throne. It's Hall who rescues her and Bey who wins her, with a lot of gorgeous scenery thrown in.

Rocks roll, tempers flare and ze love—she is made by Maria and Turhan the Bey who is sooo romantic in all those colorful costumes yet. Andy Devine's comedy is so constrained it's hardly noticeable.

Your Reviewer Says: Pardon me, haven't we met before, little picture?

Dillinger (Monogram)

THOSE who find entertainment satisfaction in gangsterism will probably get a semi-kick out of this whitewashed story of killer Dillinger. The rest of us, wearied of gangster tales, will find in the work of Lawrence Tierney, who plays Dillinger, some little ray of cheer. The lad looks good in both the longshots and close-ups.

A really hand-picked cast when it comes to baddies, Eduardo Ciannelli, Marc Lawrence, Elisha Cook Jr., labor with the stereotyped material that lacks guts and force, seems to us.

Anne Jeffreys is good as the girl who betrays the killer to the FBI. Edmund Lowe seems more the mild-mannered citizen than a mob leader.

Your Reviewer Says: Why not let sleeping dogs lie?

The House Of Fear (Universal)

SHHH! Here come *Sherlock* and *Watson* again to busy themselves over the gradual disappearance from this earth (are these trips necessary?) of several elderly gentlemen who have clubbed together in a Scottish manse, aptly called *Drearcliff House,* to live out their lives in peace and quiet.

It's the fact that they don't get to live it out at all that brings our favorite sleuths into this mediocre film that doesn't matter a gosh darn anyway.

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Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce are *Sherlock* and *Watson,* of course. Aubrey Mather, Dennis Hoey, Paul Cavanagh and Holmes Herbert get mixed up in the business.

Your Reviewer Says: Quick, *Watson,* a better picture.

High Powered (Paramount)

IT'S the same old formula, friends, of the high-rigger hero who develops fear of high places when his friend is killed in a fall, and who is regenerated in an act of bravery when he rescues his boss Roger Pryor from a way-up-there predicament.

Phyllis Brooks, who runs a lunch wagon with her friend Mary Treen, is the girl who goads and loves Lowery. Joe Sawyer is Mary's lambie pie, Ralph Sanford is the sheriff. The knock-down, drag-out at the boilermaker's ball is a lulu. Remind me never to attend one.

Your Reviewer Says: Who dat up dere saying who dat down dere?

✓ Earl Carroll Vanities (Republic)

EARL CARROLL, the man who publicized his cafe with the slogan, "Through these doors pass the most beautiful girls in the world," is played on the screen by Otto Kruger against a trumped-up story of a princess who wants to sing and dance and, incidentally, to marry a commoner.

Let it be said Constance Moore as the princess does a better job of the singing and dancing than any princess we've ever glimpsed in the rotogravure. What's more, she's lovely to look at and listen to.

Dennis O'Keefe (how that lad gets around) plays the skit writer who gets the princess. Eve Arden, night club operator, is good so long as she doesn't sing or dance. In that department she's strictly outclassed by Miss Moore, who sings a couple of very hummable numbers.

Alan Mowbray is the inebriated prince, Pinky Lee a supposedly funny man, May Forbes a queenly queen, and Parkyakarkus a lunch counter proprietor.

Frankly, none of it adds up to much, but it has music, romance and fun of sorts, and that's something.

Your Reviewer Says: Such glamorous escape.

✓ Brewster's Millions (Small-UA)

EVER try to spend a million bucks in sixty days? Dennis O'Keefe does, and the results are not always as funny as they could have been. Or is anything about a million dollars ever very funny?

The story, the one dad and mother chuckled over years ago, has been brought up to date with O'Keefe out of the Army and all set to wed Helen Walker when he learns he's come into the seven-figure fortune which he must spend within the specified time in order to inherit seven times the amount. Well, everything he touches somehow multiplies rather than decreases, and he has one heck of a time of it with well-meaning friends (unaware of the secret provision in the will) almost gumming up the works at the last minute.

Eddie "Rochester" Anderson is a brunette riot with June Havoc and Mischa Auer also on the funny side of the plot.

Gail Patrick is a booful menace. Nana Bryant, Joe Sawyer and Herbert Rudley also get caught up in the greenback swirl.

Your Reviewer Says: All that dough makes us nervous.



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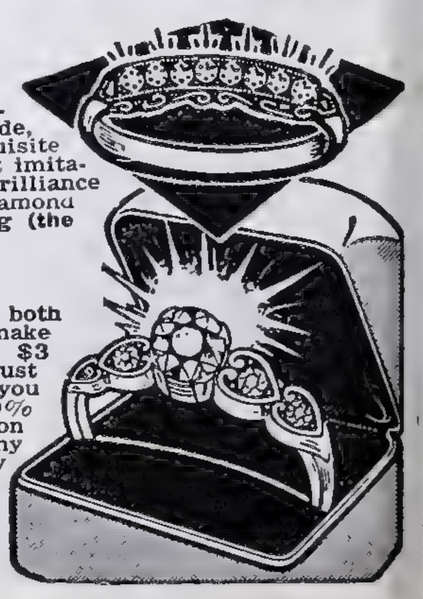


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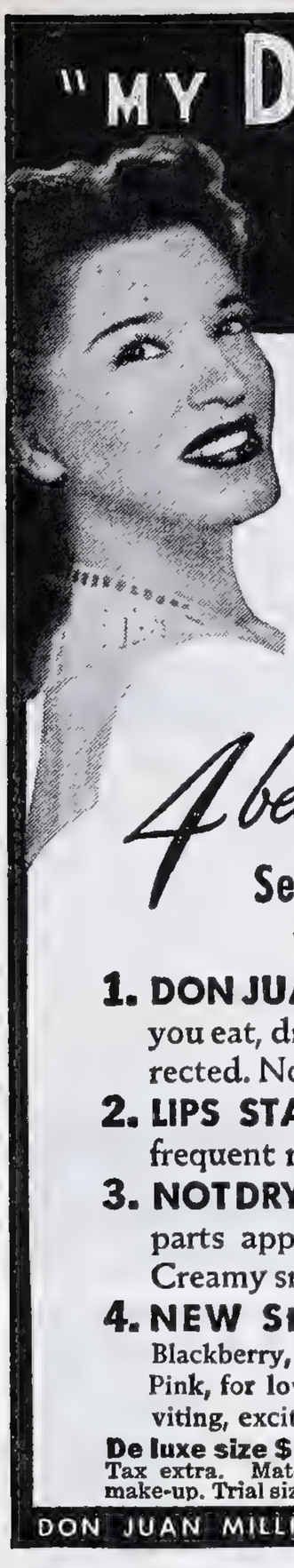


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Brief Reviews

(*Continued from page 24*)

✓*DELIGHTFULLY DANGEROUS* — Rogers — UA: Neither too delightful nor too dangerous, but it's good in spots. It tells the story of youthful Jane Powell, who is kept in an exclusive boarding school by her burlesque performer sister, Constance Moore. When Jane discovers the truth, she turns to producer Ralph Bellamy for help. Arthur Treacher and Louise Beavers lead the supporting cast. (May)

✓*DESTINY*—Universal: A strange and very entertaining film about an ex-convict, Alan Curtis, who finds himself innocently involved in another crime which sends him into hiding. He takes refuge on the farm of Frank Craven and his blind daughter Gloria Jean, who befriend him unquestioningly. Splendid support is offered by Grace McDonald, Frank Fenton and Minna Gombell. (Mar.)

DOCKS OF NEW YORK—Monogram: The *East Side Kids,* including Leo Gorcey and Huntz Hall, are here again in their usual type of picture. Gloria Pope and Carlyle Blackwell Jr. carry on whatever romance can leak into the ridiculous plot. Betty Blythe, Billy Benedict and Bud Gorman are also around. (May)

✓*DOUBLE EXPOSURE*—Paramount: Photographer Nancy Kelly joins the staff of a weekly magazine, of which Chester Morris is the editor, and outmaneuvers him professionally and romantically until she finds herself embroiled in a murder mystery and needs his help. Phillip Terry is Nancy's beau from the same small town, who follows her to New York to see no harm befalls her. (Mar.)

✓✓*ENCHANTED COTTAGE, THE*—RKO: A beautiful story, beautifully told, with Robert Young as the disfigured flier who marries homely housemaid Dorothy McGuire, and they both find themselves healed of disfigurement and ugliness through love. Both Dorothy and Young are wonderful. Herbert Marshall as the blind friend carries conviction throughout, and Mildred Natwick as the housekeeper rates applause. (May)

✓*EXPERIMENT PERILOUS*—RKO: This is an absorbing psychological drama dealing with a beautiful woman, Hedy Lamarr, who lives in a nightmare of terror that centers around her husband, Paul Lukas, and her small son. George Brent is the doctor and amateur detective who falls in love with Hedy and finally solves the reason for her terror. With Albert Dekker and Margaret Wycherly. (Mar.)

FOG ISLAND—PRC: George Zucco is an ex-convict who broods about his ex-partners whom he suspects railroaded him to prison. So he invites the lot to visit him, and when they arrive panels slide, passages go secret, walls pop open and finally they all try to kill each other. No kidding. Lionel Atwill, Jerome Cowan and Veda Ann Borg are in it too. (May)

✓*FRISCO SAL*—Universal: Susanna Foster comes to San Francisco's Barbary Coast in the Nineties in search of a brother she believed killed in Turhan Bey's cafe. She finally gets a job as singer in the cafe, Turhan falls in love with her, his rival Alan Curtis sets out to get Turhan, and you can take it from there. The whole cast is better than the material provided for them. (May)

✓*GENTLE ANNIE*—M-G-M: *Annie,* as played by Marjorie Main, is a likable character, and provides some really good moments of entertainment. Half the romance comes in when Donna Reed seeks shelter with Marjorie and her two sons, Henry Morgan and Paul Langton; and the other half arrives with James Craig, who's really a government detective. Barton MacLane is the sheriff. (Mar.)

G. I. HONEYMOON—Monogram: Gale Storm is the pretty bride and Peter Cookson the frustrated groom who can't get together for the honeymoon, due to circumstances brought on when the groom has to report to camp immediately after the ceremony. Frank Jenks in the train sequences is very funny, but you've seen this story before. (May)

✓✓*GOD IS MY CO-PILOT*—Warners: Full of action and emotion, and giving you the feeling you're seeing the inside story of some strictly inside events, this war picture is an excellent one. Dennis Morgan at last has the chance he deserves, and Andrea King as his wife, Raymond Massey as General Chennault, and Alan Hale as the priest all give fine performances. (May)

✓*GUEST IN THE HOUSE*—Stromberg-U.A.: An exciting story of a devoted couple, artist Ralph Bellamy and his wife, Ruth Warrick, who invite an ill, neurotic girl to be their house guest. Whereupon the neurotic Anne Baxter causes no end of unhappiness and destruction. Marie McDonald is Bellamy's model who fills Anne's heart with fearful jealousy and Scott McKay is the doctor in love with Anne. (Mar.)

✓✓*HANGOVER SQUARE* — 20th Century-Fox: An outstanding and gripping thriller, due to the expert job of picture craftsmanship, the logical reason that revolves the man Laird Cregar into a monster upon occasion, and the quiet authority of George Sanders as the Scotland Yard psychiatrist. Linda Darnell plays the girl who brings on her own un-

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doing; and the late Cregar's last performance is a superb one. (Apr.)

HAVING WONDERFUL CRIME—RKO: George Murphy and Carole Landis are newlyweds who are so devoted to Pat O'Brien that they take him along on their honeymoon to a resort hotel. There they get all mixed up in murder and mystery and bodies disappearing and appearing all over the place. In fact, the mystery is so mysterious that we still can't figure it out. (Apr.)

HER LUCKY NIGHT—Universal: Martha O'Driscoll and Noah Beery Jr. get all involved in a story that deals with a fortuneteller and George Barbier testing Noah's ability for a job. The Andrews Sisters shine in the singing and crooning departments, but it won't be the luckiest night you ever spent in front of the flicker screen. (Apr.)

✓*HERE COME THE CO-EDS*—Universal: Abbott and Costello are caretakers at a girls school under the strict supervision of Lon Chaney and to complicate their lives even more, Martha O'Driscoll, a night-club show girl, wins a scholarship to the school and headmaster Donald Cook falls in love with her. The boys are back in their stride and it's a very funny film in lots of spots. (Apr.)

✓✓*HERE COME THE WAVES*—Paramount: A happy-as-a-lark story about the girls of the Navy, with Bing Crosby as a crooner who's the idol of the bobby-soxers, Betty Hutton as twins (imagine two Huttons in one film) and Sonny Tufts, who even sings with Bing. Betty's cute, the show's cute and you'll just naturally want to see it. (Mar.)

✓✓*HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN*—Warners: A great big star-studded musical, with the story telling the adventures of two soldiers, Bob Hutton and Dane Clark, who visit the Hollywood Canteen. Bob meets and falls in love with star Joan Leslie, and Dane falls for Janis Paige. The conglomeration of stars includes Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Jane Wyman, Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson and many others. (Mar.)

HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN—Universal: Boris Karloff is the mad scientist, Lon Chaney the Wolf Man, and John Carradine the deformed Monster, and they engage in all kinds of repulsive goings-on. Anne Gwynne is the girl in love with the Wolf Man; and Elena Verdugo, Sig Ruman and Lionel Atwill have the misfortune to know all these unattractive people. (Mar.)

✓✓*I'LL BE SEEING YOU*—Selznick International-UA: Ginger Rogers possesses a new sincerity as the girl "on furlough" from prison who visits her relatives for Christmas and meets Joseph Cotten, a war-shocked soldier on furlough from a hospital. Shirley Temple plays Ginger's cousin and Tom Tully and Spring Byington are her parents. It's a different, appealing picture. (Mar.)

✓✓*IT'S A PLEASURE*—International: Nothing new has been added to the plot of the wife who clings to the husband who drinks too much, or to Sonja Henie's brilliant skating achievements, but the picture has charm and some of the loveliest Technicolor imaginable. Michael O'Shea is believable as the man Sonja loves, but Marie McDonald doesn't ring true as the heavy. (May)

✓✓*IT'S IN THE BAG*—Jack Skirball—UA: An amusingly silly, wholly irresponsible picture. The plot, which concerns itself with Fred Allen's amazing legacy from a murdered uncle, gets in the way of the funny sequences and outlandish goings-on, and it's all strictly madhouse. Don Ameche, Rudy Vallee, Victor Moore, Bill Bendix, Bob Benchley and Binnie Barnes are all mixed up in the fun. (May)

✓✓*KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY*—M-G-M: Here's that WAC picture you've been waiting for, with Lana Turner, Susan Peters and Laraine Day a trio of beauties who enlist together, endure together and finally graduate together. Lana plays the wealthy playgirl, Laraine the all-knowing member of the group, and Susan the even-tempered one who tries to keep peace between Lana and Laraine. (May)

✓✓*KEYS OF THE KINGDOM, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Powerfully moving and tenderly touching is A. J. Cronin's story of the humble and seemingly misfit priest who accepts a post in China and endures through plague and revolution with strength and humility. Gregory Peck gives a splendid characterization as the priest and Vincent Price, Thomas Mitchell, Rosa Stradner and Edmund Gwenn turn in fine performances. (Mar.)

MAN WHO WALKED ALONE, THE—PRC: David O'Brien is a discharged overseas veteran who thumbs a ride into town with Kay Aldridge. The ride lands them in jail on a stolen car charge, and when they get out they break into a mansion and land back in the hoosegow. Guinn Williams, Ruth Lee and Isobel Randolph help cover the plot territory and it's a good-natured little picture. (May)

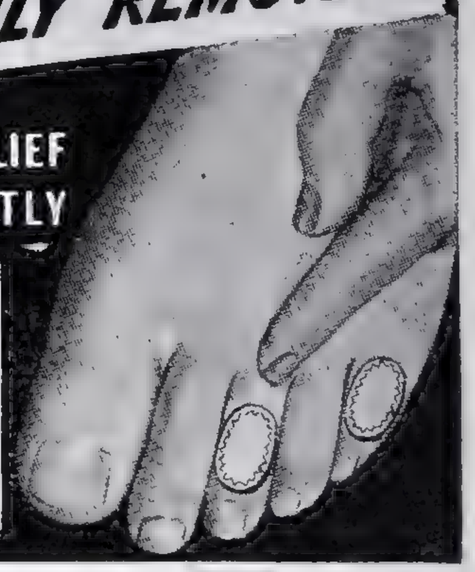
✓✓*NATIONAL VELVET*—M-G-M: A picture to be enjoyed by every member of the family is this story about a little girl, Elizabeth Taylor, who wins a horse in a lottery and enters him in the Grand National. Elizabeth is a wonderfully talented youngster, Mickey Rooney as the homeless kid is terrific, and Donald Crisp, Angela Lansbury, Anne Revere and Jackie Jenkins are all so good. (Mar.)

✓✓*OBJECTIVE BURMA*—Warners: Based on an actual event in the horror of jungle warfare in the

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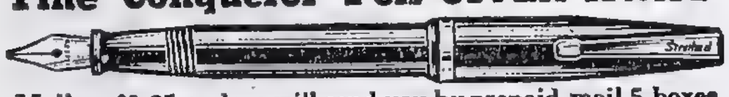
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South Pacific, this is an exciting story told with no false heroics. Errol Flynn has been considerably tamed in his war-winning antics, Jim Brown does his best job to date, and William Prince, Henry Hull, John Alvin, George Tobias and Dick Erdman all turn in meritorious performances. (Apr.)

✓*PAN AMERICANA*—RKO: Phillip Terry, magazine photographer, Audrey Long and Eve Arden go off on a tour of the South American Republics for the purpose of doing a magazine feature. Robert Benchley is the foreign editor of the magazine and as amusing as always. It's full of love and romance and there's a lot of laughs and color. (Apr.)

✓✓*PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY, THE*—M-G-M: Hurd Hatfield plays the beautiful young man whose portait gradually takes on his complete degradation while he himself remains untouched by age and corruption in this picturization of the famous Oscar Wilde story. Hatfield gives his role a finished coldness, and Lowell Gilmore as the painter, George Sanders as the cynic and Angela Lansbury are excellent. (May)

✓✓*PRACTICALLY YOURS*—Paramount: A thoroughly delightful and enjoyable comedy reunites Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray for another hit. Fred as the returned hero who finds himself, through a misunderstanding, engaged to a girl he isn't even fond of, and Claudette as the unwanted fiancee, give bang-up performances. Gil Lamb and Mikhail Rasumny are both so very funny. (Mar.)

✓✓*ROUGHLY SPEAKING*—Warners: Louise Randall Pierson's widely read autobiography takes on considerable life with Rosalind Russell a perfect Louise and Jack Carson a fabulous Harold. The picture is overlong, but there's charm galore in the episodic story of the often comic trials, tribulations and predicaments of Roz and her five children. Jack Carson is magnificent and Rosalind has never been better. (Apr.)

SEE MY LAWYER—Universal: Olsen and Johnson try to antagonize night club patrons so they can break their contract and go to Hollywood, but it's a long dry spell between laughs. Noah Beery Jr., Richard Benedict and Alan Curtis are swell as poor but ambitious lawyers mixed up in the deal; Grace McDonald and Franklin Pangborn got into the act, but it's still mediocre stuff. (May)

✓*SHE GETS HER MAN*—Universal: Even in this corny picture, Joan Davis is so very funny that you'll find yourself laughing all over the place. She's hired to run down a murderer who has been plying his trade among the town's leading citizens, and you can just imagine Joan as a detective. William Gargan and Leon Errol add to the fun. (Apr.)

SONG FOR MISS JULIE, A—Republic: Two New York playwrights, Barton Hepburn and Roger Clark, invade an old Southern mansion in order to get material on its former occupant for a play, but what they don't know is the fact that the old occupant was quite a cut-up in his day. Shirley Ross, Cheryl Walker and Elizabeth Risdon have good roles, but the picture could have been better. (May)

✓*STRANGE ILLUSION*—PRC: While Jimmy Lydon's on vacation, he has a nightmare that warns him something was wrong with his father's death. When he returns home, part of his dream seems to come true so he seeks the aid of Regis Toomey. Warren William is very good as the "dream" man, Charles Arnt capable as the nasty psychiatrist, and we enjoyed Sally Eilers too. (May)

✓✓*SUNDAY DINNER FOR A SOLDIER*—20th Century-Fox: Anne Baxter is head of a family consisting of irresponsible Charles Winninger, two small brothers and a little sister who live on a Florida houseboat. When they decided to have a soldier to dinner, he turns out to be John Hodiak and the picture turns into a charming story. Anne Revere is very good as the meddlesome widow. (Mar.)

✓*SUSPECT, THE*—Universal: You'll like and sympathize with murderer Charles Laughton, who kills his first wife and then marries Ella Raines, only to have the past catch up with him. Stanley C. Ridges is the relentless inspector, Dean Harens is Laughton's son, and both Ella and Laughton give fine performances. (Mar.)

✓*THEY SHALL HAVE FAITH*—Monogram: The timely theme of this story on infantile paralysis deals with the work of Army doctors with the disease as applied to soldiers on battlefronts. Gale Storm is suddenly stricken with polio and John Mack Brown is the Army major who helps her regain her health. The cast is splendid, including Conrad Nagel, Sir C. Aubrey Smith and Mary Boland. (Mar.)

✓*THIS MAN'S NAVY*—M-G-M: The story that surrounds the activities of the blimps in sinking submarines, rescuing wrecked planes and crews, and other vital duties, tells of the experiences of Wallace Beery, assigned to training young recruits. Tom Drake is his protegee who joins the service, Jan Clayton is the girl, and James Gleason is Beery's skeptical pal. (Apr.)

✓*THUNDERHEAD, SON OF FLICKA*—20th Century-Fox: The white horse *Thunderhead, a* magnificent and amazingly well-trained animal, all but steals the show from the human actors. Roddy McDowall, who owns and loves *Thunderhead,* and Preston Foster and Rita Johnson as his parents

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are swell, but honors go to the equine performers who give us a truly entertaining show. (May)

✓*THREE CABALLEROS, THE*—Walt Disney-RKO: Three Disney characters, American *Donald Duck,* Brazilian *Joe Carioca* and Mexican *Panchito,* visit the Latin American countries and meet up with such real-life characters as Aurora Miranda, Carmen Molina and Dora Luz. The color is heavenly and the magic of Disney's pencil out of this world, but the story lacks continuity. (Mar.)

✓✓*TOMORROW, THE WORLD*—Lester Cowan-UA: Skippy Homeier from Germany comes into the American home of Fredric March, bringing with him all the hatred and trickery of his Nazi upbringing, and sets out to break up the home and community. In Skippy's interpretation of a Nazi-bred youth we see clearly the future of the Germans and the drastic measures necessary to stop it. With Agnes Moorehead, Betty Field and Joan Carroll. (Mar.)

✓✓*TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT*—Columbia: A musical which tells the story of a London theater that stayed open during the bombing raids, this is different, appealing and warming, adorned with Rita Hayworth's beauty and enhanced with the amazing dancing of Marc Platt. Lee Bowman is very handsome as Rita's pilot beau, and Janet Blair is fair as Rita's best friend. (Apr.)

✓✓✓*TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN, A*—20th Century-Fox: Here is everything—tenderness, pathos, reality, humor. Dorothy McGuire is *Mama,* growing cold and bitter under the strain of poverty; Peggy Ann Garner seems to feel every ache and sorrow of *Francie;* Jimmy Dunn is a magnificent *Johnny,* a man of weakness and charm; and Joan Blondell as *Aunt Cissy,* Ted Donaldson, Lloyd Nolan and James Gleason offer gems of performances. (Apr.)

UNSEEN, THE—Paramount: Joel McCrea hires Gail Russell to take care of his two young children, but strange, mysterious goings-on occur in the neighborhood and right in his own home. The story's so garbled and the mystery so mysterious that you'll never quite figure it out. Herbert Marshall is McCrea's doctor friend. (Apr.)

✓*WHAT A BLONDE*—RKO: Leon Errol as a harassed man with five chorus girls living in his house is very funny at times as the share-your-car-driver who suddenly finds himself a share-your-home husband whose wife returns unexpectedly. It's a silly story but it grows fairly comical as it progresses along. (Apr.)

Casts of Current Pictures

AFFAIRS OF SUSAN, THE—Paramount: *Susan Darell,* Joan Fontaine; *Roger Berton,* George Brent; *Bill Anthony,* Dennis O'Keefe; *Mike Ward,* Don DeFore; *Mona Kent,* Rita Johnson; *Richard Aiken,* Walter Abel; *Chick,* Byron Barr; *Nancy,* Mary Field.

BILLY ROSE'S DIAMOND HORSESHOE—20th Century-Fox: *Bonnie Collins,* Betty Grable; *Joe Davis Jr.,* Dick Haymes; *Blinky Walker,* Phil Silvers; *Joe Davis Sr.,* William Gaxton; *Claire Williams,* Beatrice Kay; *Specialties,* Carmen Cavallaro; Willie Solar; *Mrs. Standish,* Margaret Dumont; *Harper,* Roy Benson; *Pop,* George Melford; *Carter,* Hal K. Dawson; *Dance Director,* Kenny Williams; *Interne,* Reed Hadley; *Clarinet Player,* Eddie Acuff; *Grogan,* Edward Gargan; *Wardrobe Woman,* Ruth Rickaby.

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—Small-UA: *Monty Brewster,* Dennis O'Keefe; *Peggy Gray,* Helen Walker; *Jackson,* Eddie "Rochester" Anderson; *Trixie Summers,* June Havoc; *Barbara Drew,* Gail Patrick; *Michael Michaelvich,* Mischa Auer; *Hacky Smith,* Joe Sawyer; *Mrs. Gray,* Nana Bryant; *Swearengen Jones,* John Litel; *Nopper Harrison,* Herbert Rudley; *Col. Drew,* Thurston Hall; *Mr. Grant,* Neil Hamilton; *Attorney,* Byron Foulger; *Cab Driver,* Barbara Pepper; *Notary,* Joseph Crehan.

CLOCK, THE—M-G-M: *Alice Maybery,* Judy Garland; *Corporal Joe Allen,* Robert Walker; *Al Henry,* James Gleason; *The Drunk,* Keenan Wynn; *Bill,* Marshall Thompson; *Mrs. Al Henry,* Lucile Gleason; *Helen,* Ruth Brady.

COUNTER-ATTACK—Columbia: *Alexei Kulkov,* Paul Muni; *Lisa Elenko,* Marguerite Chapman; *Kirichenko,* Larry Parks; *Galkronye,* Philip Van Zandt; *Colonel Semenov,* George Macready; *Kostyuk,* Roman Bohnen; *Ernemann,* Harro Meller; *Vassilev,* Erik Rolf; *Stillman,* Rudolph Anders; *Ostrovski,* Ian Wolfe; *Weiler,* Frederick Giermann; *Krafft,* Paul Andor; *Grillparzer,* Ivan Triesault; *Mueller,* Ludwig Donath; *Huebsch,* Louis Adlon; *Petrov,* Trevor Bardette; *General Kalinev,* Richard Hale.

DILLINGER—Monogram: *Dillinger,* Lawrence Tierney; *Specs,* Edmund Lowe; *Helen,* Anne Jeffreys; *Murph,* Eduardo Ciannelli; *Doc,* Marc Lawrence; *Kirk,* Elisha Cook Jr.; *Tony,* Ralph Lewis; *Otto,* Ludwig Stossel; *Mrs. Otto,* Else Jannsen; *Waiter,* Lou Lubin; *Salesman,* Lee "Lasses" White; *Blonde,* Constance Worth.

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—Republic: *Danny Baldwin,* Dennis O'Keefe; *Drina,* Constance Moore; *Tex Donnelly,* Eve Arden; *Earl Carroll,* Otto Kruger; *Grand Duke Paul,* Alan Mowbray; *Claire Elliott,* Stephanie Bachelor; *Pinky Price,* Pinky Lee; *Queen Mother,* Mary Forbes; *Waiter,* Parkyakarkus; *Dashek,* Leon Belasco; *Waiter,* Tom Dugan; *Mr. Weems,*

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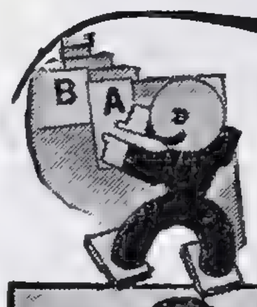
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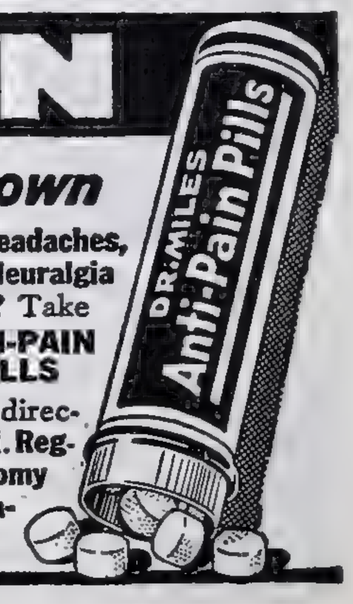
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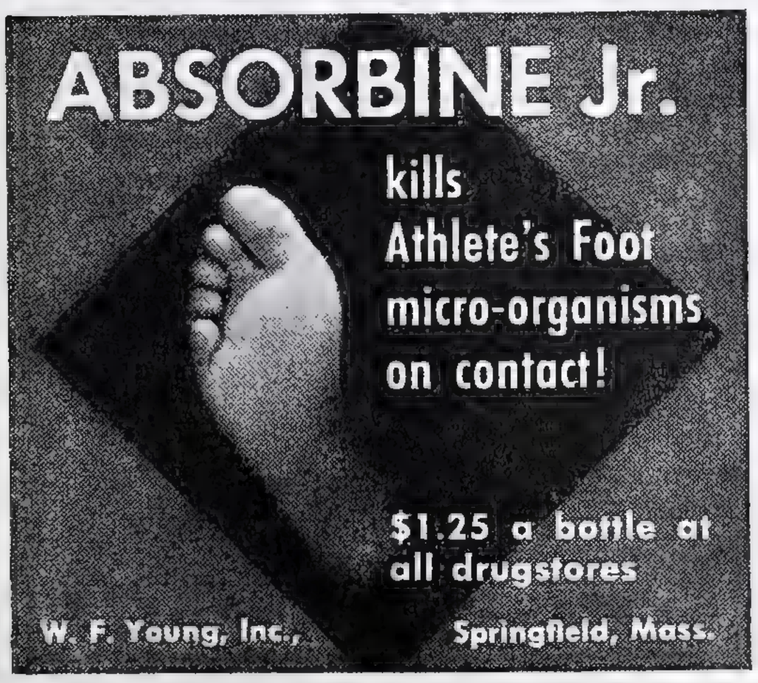
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HIGH POWERED—Paramount: *Tim Scott,* Robert Lowery; *Marian Blair,* Phyllis Brooks; *Cassie McQuade,* Mary Treen; *Spike Kenny,* Joe Sawyer; *Rod Farrell,* Roger Pryor; *Sheriff,* Ralph Sanford.

HOTEL BERLIN—Warners: *Tili Weiler,* Faye Emerson; *Martin Richter,* Helmut Dantine; *Arnim Von Dahnwitz,* Raymond Massey; *Lisa Dorn,* Andrea King; *Johannes Koenig,* Peter Lorre; *Hermann Plottke,* Alan Hale; *Joachim Helm,* George Coulouris; *Von Stetten,* Henry Daniell; *Heinrichs,* Peter Whitney; *Frau Sarah Baruch,* Helene Thimig; *Kliebert,* Steven Geray; *Maj. Otto Kauders,* Kurt Kreuger; *Walter,* Paul Andor; *Dr. Dorf,* Erwin Kalser; *Bellboy No. 6,* Dickie Tyler; *Woman Telegraph Messenger,* Elsa Heims; *Fritz,* Frank Reicher; *Kurt,* Paul Panzer; *Von Buelow,* John Wengraf; *Gretchen,* Ruth Albu; *Gomez,* Jay Novello; *Frau Plottke,* Johanna Hofer; *Franz (the barber),* Torben Meyer; *Weyhart Wolle,* Fred Essler; *Furst,* George Meader.

HOUSE OF FEAR, THE—Universal: *Sherlock Holmes,* Basil Rathbone; *Doctor Watson,* Nigel Bruce; *Alastaire,* Aubrey Mather; *Lastrado,* Dennis Hoey; *Simon Merrivale,* Paul Cavanagh; *Alan Cosgrave,* Holmes Herbert; *John Simpson,* Harry Cording; *Mrs. Monteith,* Sally Shepherd; *Chalmers,* Gavin Muir; *Alison MacGregor,* Florette Hillier.

MOLLY AND ME—20th Century-Fox: *Molly,* Gracie Fields; *Graham,* Monty Woolley; *Jimmy Graham,* Roddy McDowall; *Peabody,* Reginald Gardiner; *Kitty,* Natalie Schafer; *Julia,* Edith Barrett; *Pops,* Clifford Brooke; *Musette,* Aminta Dyne; *Lily,* Queenie Leonard; *Mrs. Graham,* Doris Lloyd; *Ronnie,* Patrick O'Moore; *Sir Arthur Burroughs,* Lewis L. Russell; *Mr. Lamb,* Ethel Griffies; *George,* Eric Wilton; *Pierre,* Jean Del Val; *Manager,* Leyland Hodgson; *Perkins,* Lillian Bronson; *Angus,* David Clyde; *Messenger Boy,* Jerry Shane; *Lord Alexander,* Boyd Irwin; *Lady Alexander,* Ottola Nesmith; *Flower Boy,* Tony Ellis; *Grocery Boy,* Walter Tetley; *McDougall,* Gordon Richards; *Sergeant,* Matthew Boulton; *Policeman,* Leslie Denison; *Bar Maid,* Jean Prescott.

MUSIC FOR MILLIONS—M-G-M: *Mike,* Margaret O'Brien; *José Iturbi,* himself; *Andrews,* Jimmy Durante; *Barbara Ainsworth,* June Allyson; *Rosalind,* Marsha Hunt; *Uncle Ferdinand,* Hugh Herbert; *Doctor,* Harry Davenport; *Marie,* Marie Wilson; *Larry,* Larry Adler; *Kickebush,* Ben Lessy; *Travelers Aid Woman,* Connie Gilchrist; *Elsa,* Katharine Balfour; *Helen,* Helen Gilbert; *Anita,* Mary Parker; *Jane,* Madeleine LeBeau.

ROYAL SCANDAL, A—20th Century-Fox: *The Czarina,* Tallulah Bankhead; *Chancellor,* Charles Coburn; *Anna,* Anne Baxter; *Alexei,* William Eythe; *Marquis de Fleury,* Vincent Price; *Capt. Sukov,* Mischa Auer; *General Ronsky,* Sig Ruman; *Malakoff,* Vladimir Sokoloff; *Drunken General,* Mikhail Rasumny; *Boris,* Grady Sutton; *Variatinsky,* Don Douglas; *Wassilikow,* Egon Brecher.

SALOME—WHERE SHE DANCED—Universal: *Salome,* Yvonne De Carlo; *Jim Steed,* Rod Cameron; *Cleve Blount,* David Bruce; *Col. Ivan Dimitri,* Walter Slezak; *Von Bohlen,* Albert Dekker, *Madame Europe,* Marjorie Rambeau; *Prof. Max,* J. Edward Bromberg; *Dr. Ling,* Abner Biberman; *Count Von Bismarck,* Kurt Katch; *Jed,* Joseph Haworth; *Lafe,* Matt McHugh; *Col. Henderson,* Gavin Muir; *Seven Veil Girls,* Poni Adams, Kerry Vaughn, Barbara Bates, Kathleen O'Malley, Daun Kennedy, Karen Randle, Jean Trent.

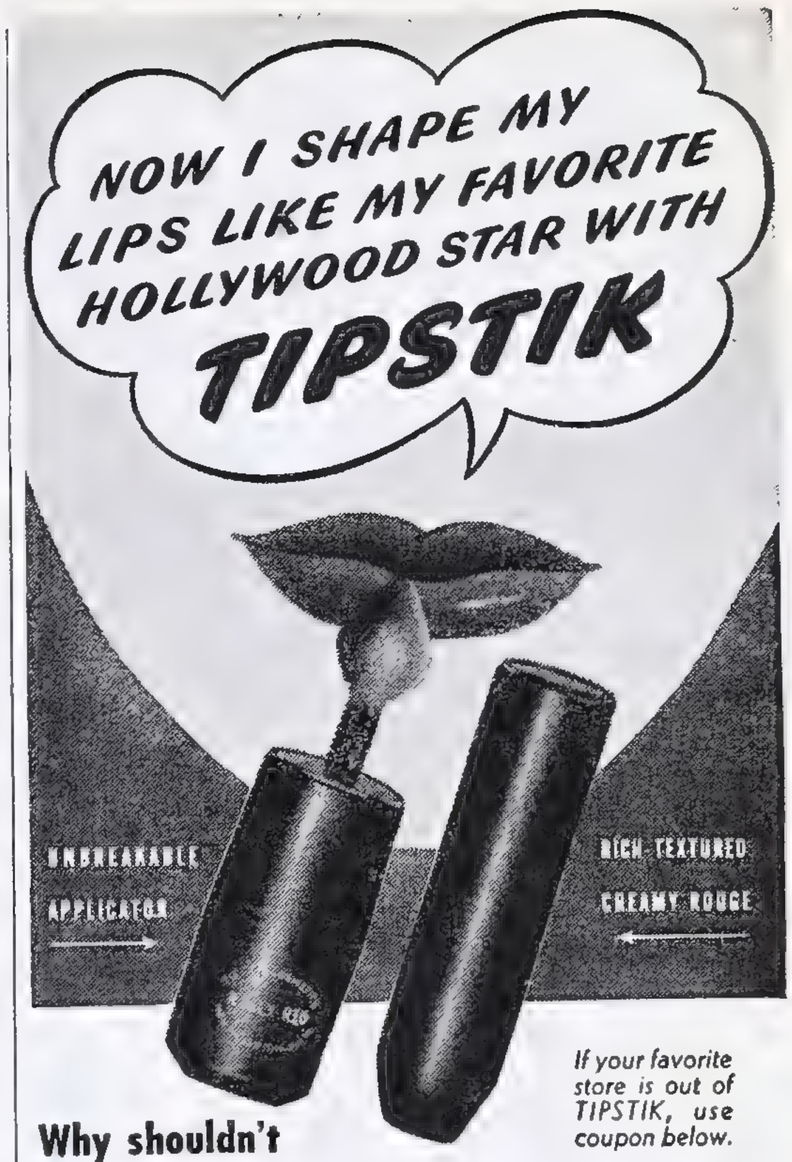
SALTY O'ROURKE—Paramount: *Salty O'Rourke,* Alan Ladd; *Barbara Brooks,* Gail Russell; *Johnny Cate,* Stanley Clements; *Smitty,* William Demarest; *Mrs. Brooks,* Spring Byington; *Doc Baxter,* Bruce Cabot; *The Babe,* Rex Williams.

SUDAN—Universal: *Naila,* Maria Montez; *Merab,* Jon Hall; *Herua,* Turhan Bey; *Nebka,* Andy Devine; *Horadef,* George Zucco; *Maatet,* Robert Warwick; *Setna,* Phil Van Zandt; *Uba,* Harry Cording; *Bata,* George Lynn; *Khafra,* Charles Arnt.

UTAH—Republic: *Roy Rogers,* Himself; *Gabby,* George "Gabby" Hayes; *Dorothy Bryant,* Dale Evans; *Jackie,* Peggy Stewart; *Wanda,* Beverly Loyd; *Babe,* Jill Browning; *Stella Mason,* Vivien Oakland; *Ben Bowman,* Grant Withers; *Steve Lacey,* Hal Taliaferro; *Sheriff,* Jack Rutherford; *District Attorney,* Emmett Vogan.

WERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?—20th Century-Fox: *Bill,* Fred MacMurray; *Sally,* Joan Leslie; *Lucilla,* June Haver; *Genie (Ali),* Gene Sheldon; *Indian Chief,* Anthony Quinn; *Benito,* Carlos Ramirez; *Gen. George Washington,* Alan Mowbray; *Christopher Columbus,* Fortunio Bononova; *Hessian Colonel,* Herman Bing; *Kreiger,* Howard Freeman; *Benedict Arnold,* John Davidson.

WITHOUT LOVE—M-G-M: *Pat Jamieson,* Spencer Tracy; *Jamie Rowan,* Katharine Hepburn; *Kitty Trimble,* Lucille Ball; *Quentin Ladd,* Keenan Wynn; *Paul Carrell,* Carl Esmond; *Edwina Collins,* Patricia Morison; *Professor Grinza,* Felix Bressart; *Anna,* Emily Massey; *Flower Girl,* Gloria Grahame; *Caretaker,* George Davis; *Elevator Boy,* George Chandler; *Sergeant,* Clancy Cooper.



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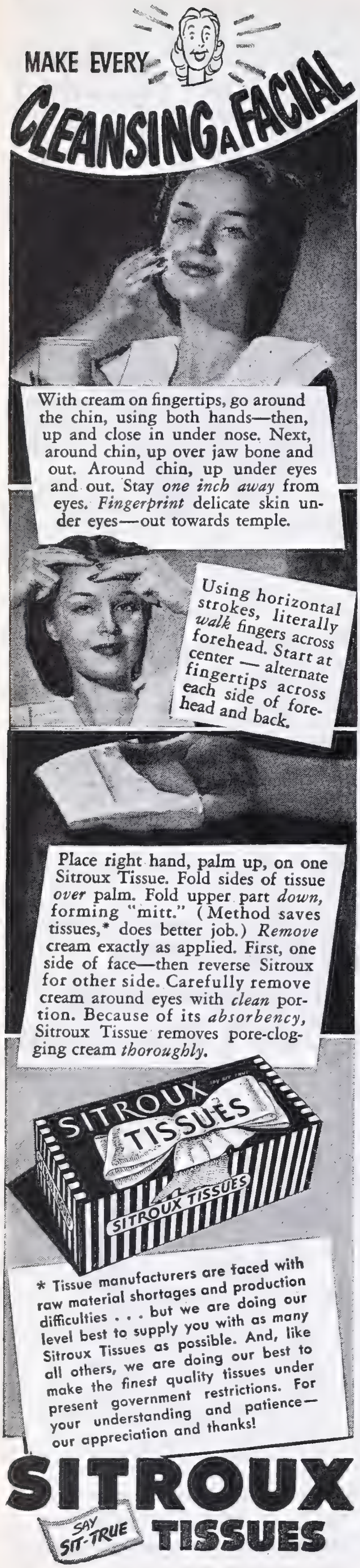
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Beach beauty—Andrea King, in "Shadow Of A Woman"

Summary for Summer

Your Lipstick: According to Wally Westmore, Paramount's make-up expert, your lipstick will behave better in summer if you first draw the outline with a brush. Fill in the center and blot with tissue. Then powder generously, removing excess. Again apply lipstick and blot once more.

Your Hair: In her purse, Diana Lynn totes a small hairbrush wherever she goes, to banish the dulling, drying effects of sand, sea salt and dust. Laraine Day of RKO's "Those Endearing Young Charms" advises oil shampoos at least twice a month in summer, to help keep hair soft, amenable and prevent ends breaking.

Your Legs: Men shudder at anemic pale legs, so wear stockings or leg make-up beautifully applied on un-fuzzy legs. Leg make-up lotions and creams, these days, are quick, easier to use than ever, and very lasting. Pat up and down your legs with the flat of your hands while make-up is still moist. This breaks up streaks *and,* with blending, gives a smooth mat finish. Quickest way to remove leg make-up is under the shower, using lots of soap with bath brush. Scrubbing is good, too, for rough or blotchy legs.

Your Toes: Pale nails aren't pretty peeking through open-toe shoes or wiggling, bare and unadorned, into the sand of the beach. In applying polish do as a famous Fifth Avenue salon does. Twist two sheets of facial tissue into a thin roll and weave it over and under your toes to separate them. Your polish is easy to apply this way and won't smear. A nail polish finish over this dries them fast as a flash.

Your Face and Figure: After a session in the sun, use a good skin cream or oil on face and throat particularly, to ward off drying effects. Wear sun glasses to combat squint lines. Wear your greaseless sun-tan lotion even on the street to help maintain your golden tan. As for your figure, Andrea King says good posture is half the battle on the beach. Top of your head should push up toward the sun with chest held high and hips tucked under.

Beauty Workshop by Betsy Sanford



Picker-upper! Ever since the drive started, Nancy has salvaged more tin cans than any other child in her block. Salvaged them for our Government, which needs them so badly.

Now, after her last delivery, Nancy drifts off to a well-won sleep, relaxed from head to foot by the marvelous cushioned luxury of Beautyrest—the *dream* mattress. Made by Simmons Company. Today's owners of Beautyrests are lucky people. For Beautyrest has 837 individually pocketed coils and a sag-proof border. Take care of *your* Beautyrest, for we're still all-out on war work, with no end to it in sight.

If you *need*—really *need*—a new mattress now, we suggest our famous WHITE KNIGHT. The "mattress-within-a-mattress"—soft, durable, with layer upon layer of fine resilient cotton. READ ON! The Government has permitted us to make a limited number of Beautyrest Box Springs. $39.50 each.

BEAUTYREST—The world's most comfortable mattress!

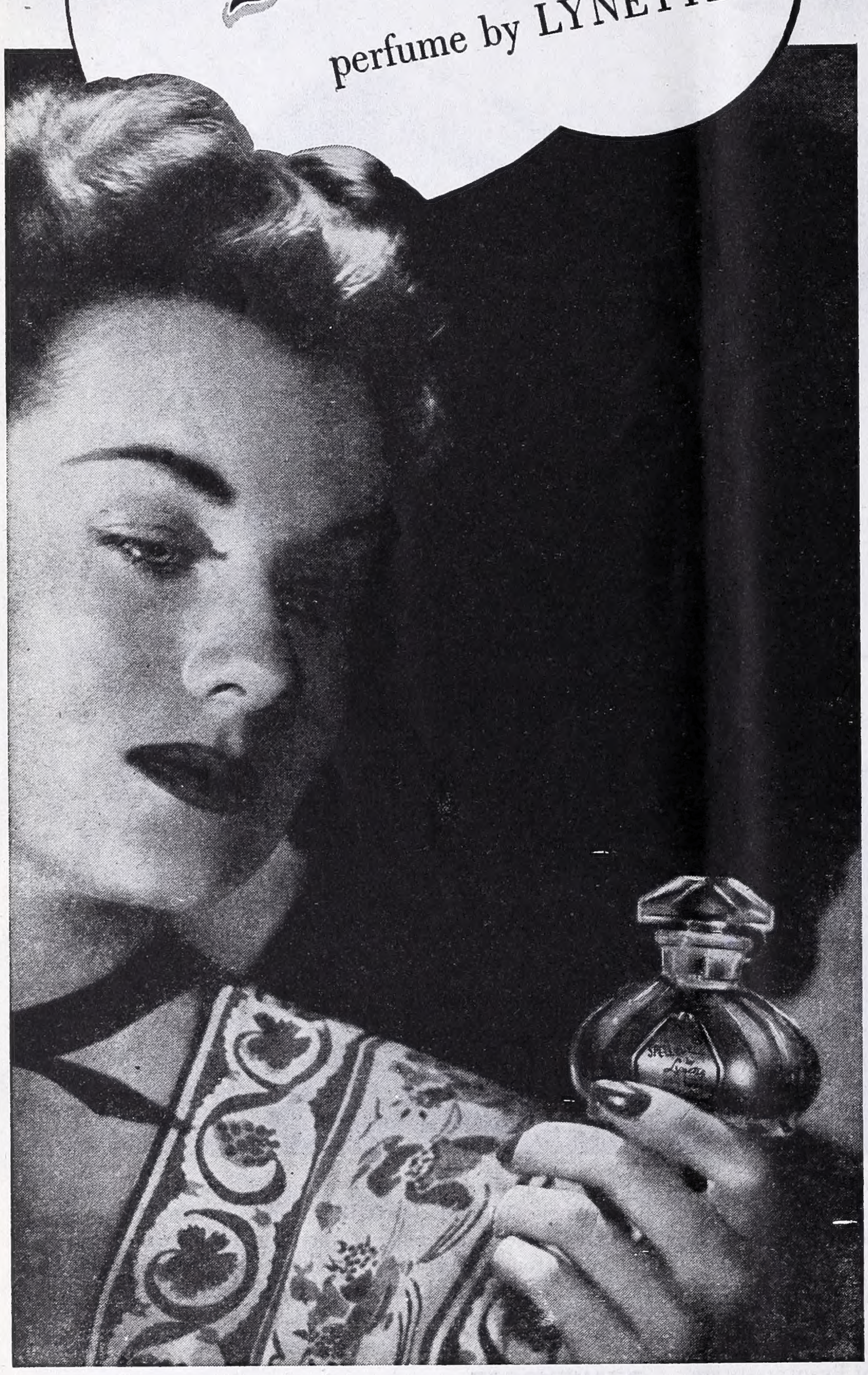
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I'm Like This—

(*Continued from page* 55) enough to get where I wanted in five years instead of ten.

I'm looking at this when I look in my mirror: A blonde girl with green eyes, who stands five feet six and three-fourths in her stockings and who weighs 123½ pounds. Want to know how to know her on the street? Look for a shoulder-bag dangling from a blonde—I don't even own any other type of purse!

I'm a believer in big families: Speaking as an only child, I'm agin lone offspring. I want at least two children and probably three. And in twenty years, when I'm forty, I'd just like to have a home with those children in it. I don't want to stick around playing old-age parts in the movies.

I'm a good cook: That is, if you're mad for coffee, bacon or eggs. Also, I can open cans beautifully and add water. Otherwise I'm helpless; Mother always did the cooking for me. But I seriously want to learn how. If I were on a desert island—well, you know, you have to be prepared for an emergency!

I'm a great girl for comfort: So my ideal home is going to be devoted to just that. It'll be away from things—not on top of a road or other houses. A tennis court and pool aren't necessary factors—what I'm really after is a house where my feet can go on tables, and my feet can go on chairs; and where my blond cocker Droopy's feet will feel welcome too! You'd understand better what I mean if you saw me around the house—always in slacks or a robe, and gigantic white fur slippers.

I'm not famished: I don't gnaw on things all day long the way so many people do. I love to eat at meal-times, of course. But just simple foods—no liquor flavor in them; I loathe brandy this or rum that. I'll admit I drink coffee endlessly; and once in a while I have a bedtime snack of milk and crackers and cheese.

I wear all my jewelry every day: Since I only have four pieces; plain gold earrings, bracelet, watch and ring. I feel faint with horror over lots of stones in jewelry; or over diamonds; or over varying shades of gold. I just like gold jewelry, gold-colored, and I like that to excess!

I'm a collector of nothing at all: Unless you count interesting and unpretentious friends as collector's items. I constantly listen to good music over the radio; I smoke like a stack; I don't drink at all; I loathe the four-room Beverly Hills apartment I've lived in for two years with my mother; I sleep in the raw or in short pajama-tops type of nightgowns; I chew gum when I can get it; and I thoroughly appreciate the fame that Hollywood has brought me. But mainly, I'm still as relaxed as a rag doll—and I hope I always will be. You know what? I'll bet I'll be just that!

THE END

How good would you be

at answering a super Hollywood questionnaire?

You're going to have a chance next month with

Elsa Maxwell's Hollywood Quiz!

It gives you the answers, too, in her own gay and amusing style

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leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage... only Drene with Hair Conditioner!

Make a Date with Glamour! Right away . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. ✓ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair. This soap film dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene is different! It leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam.

✓ *Such manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing . . . due to the fact that the new improved Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner!

✓ *Complete removal of dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Fashion News for the June Bride

three stunning head dresses... three appropriate hair-dos!

On this page, NORMA RICHTER . . . lovely New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl" . . . models three stunning, new bridal head dresses and shows you an appropriate hair-do for each. (*Above*) An exquisite head dress of orange blossoms and pearls, shaped like the brim of a bonnet. Here Norma's hair-do is suitably demure, but smart . . . the front held close to the head, the back in a soft page-boy roll. The shining beauty of her hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, which Norma always uses. She knows no other shampoo leaves her hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

All bridal head dresses on this page by John Frederics famous New York hat designers

FOR THE INFORMAL WEDDING, this adorable coronet of pink carnations, held on with narrow satin ribbon, tied under the hair at back. With this head dress, Norma's bewitching hair-do (with its Empress Eugenie look) is simply perfect! Bewitching, too, is Norma's shining smooth hair, shampooed in Drene with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo can make your hair look so lovely!



PALE PASTEL SHADES are now good taste, even for formal weddings. This head dress is just a simple bandeau of tulle, to which the veil is attached. Norma's lovely hair, swept up at back, forms a tiara of shining puffs. Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner deserves the credit for that wondrous, lustrous smoothness. No other shampoo gives such thrilling results!



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